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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1922

THE YEAR ENDING AND THE YEAR TO COME

BY HENRY W. BUNN

An appropriate date, perhaps, wherewith to end or to begin a review of world events for the year 1921 would seem to be November 12, the date of the opening of the Conference on the Limitation of Armament; for that date may mark the end of the ancient international order of distrust, vengefulness, Machiavellianism and wars, and the beginning of a new international order of mutual confidence, good feeling, open dealing and peace. The reactionaries and a certain sort of "Liberals" are apt to say: "Three years since the Armistice, and things grow worse and worse!" I think it were truer to say: "Only three years since the Armistice, and see how already hopes are reviving, how the ruins are being cleared away and are being replaced by cleaner and sounder construction!" It is significant that in restoration of the Devastated Area of France the last word of sanitary science is being applied.

Western Europe is still suffering terribly from many ills, but a careful scrutiny shows improvement almost everywhere, and in almost every respect. Not least of these ills are the disease of exchange and kindred maladies; but such projects as the Ter Meulen scheme and Mr. Vanderlip's plan of a Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe indicate how wise heads are working toward the discovery of sovereign remedies. The German paper mark is naught; but German industry is booming and there

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is little unemployment. The Polish mark is in an equally bad way, but the Poles are raising enough food to subsist themselves. The Succession States formed or augmented from the Austro-Hungarian Empire are coming to it slowly, but they will level their silly economic barriers and recover their prosperity. The French are not daunted by a fantastic budget, Fate's whimsical reward for unexampled sacrifices. By retrenchments and hard work the Italians manage to hold on; the industrial disorders of last year have not been repeated this. Western Europe is weathering by. An international Economic Conference should follow the Conference on Limitation of Armament and should find means to restore the shattered mechanism of European credit and trade.

Despite a terrible deal of unemployment, despite the Irish crisis and despite alarming reports from India, Lloyd George was justified in sounding that note of confidence at the Lord Mayor's banquet not long ago. There has been a cyclone, but it has spent itself. The ship of state, though needing repairs, is discovered to be seaworthy, and the seamanship has proved adequate. Trade is reviving, however slowly. Though the Irish negotiation is in "an extremely delicate state," it is unthinkable that the truce should be declared off, that a solution should not be found. Hindu St. Gandhi and the Mohammedan Ali brothers, in unnatural conjunction, are trying to obstruct the sound and gradual preparation of India for self-government, but, if the worst comes to the worst, it will be found that the breed of Wellesleys, Lawrences and Outrams is not extinct. The far-flung Indian Nationalist propaganda doubtless greatly exaggerates the danger to the British Raj.

Hopefulness towards the Turkish question may not appear justified; but I think this may be said: that the Angoran Government, which has a certain look of permanency, promises to be less rather than more Unspeakable than the ancient "Amurath to Amurath" *régime*.

Japan is at a desperate crisis, like a

> swimmer in the sea,
> Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
> Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.

It is my opinion that the wave will fall on the safe, the landward side.

The Chinese problem will furnish the severest test of the wisdom of the Washington Conference. Have the conferees the knowledge and wisdom for devising an international policy toward China which will enable China to reconstruct herself on lines conformable to her national genius and not in stupid imitation of Western patterns, yet so as to maintain relations of mutual advantage with Western Powers? Hope, not confidence, of the right solution, is justified.

As to Russia, suspension of judgment is "indicated". No man in the world is qualified to prophesy concerning Russia. Now one feels that the people must rise and overthrow that strange crew in power; anon, one despairs of any such thing.

For us, Mr. Hoover, Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board, all those best qualified to speak, declare that the corner has been turned, that "the trend is upward".

* * *

Very little legislation was consummated during the Short Session of the latter days of the Wilson Administration. The 67th Congress met in special session on April 11, to deal with its heritage of important problems. Its record of achievement has been considerable but not extraordinary.

The Senate ratified the Colombian Treaty, carrying an appropriation of $25,000,000.00 to sweeten for Colombia the loss of Panama; but the original clause expressing regret for the circumstances of its seizure was eliminated. Whether ratification, at this late date and unaccompanied by any gracious gesture, will go far to conciliate the affection of Latin America, is doubtful; and the affection of Latin America is important to our trade.

An Act restricting immigration from any country to an annual three per cent of the number of nationals of that country resident here in the census year 1910, became effective on May 10. It expires June 30, 1922. It is to be hoped that before the latter date permanent immigration legislation will be enacted.

The treaties with Germany, Austria and Hungary were ratified by the Senate against rather unimportant opposition. These treaties define (by meticulous citation) the rights and advantages to which we are entitled under the Armistice agreement and the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon. The Opposition

desired amendments by which we should explicitly define and acknowledge our corresponding obligations. I confess to a sympathy with the Opposition. We do ourselves the honor of recognizing our own magnanimity and fairness, but doubt on these heads is permitted to others, and should in decency be satisfied.

The two most striking episodes of the year in America were that of the disorders in the Mingo coal field of West Virginia and that of the railroad crisis, which threatened a nation-wide railroad strike. In neither case was the settlement entirely satisfactory.

One of the most promising achievements of the year was that of the National Conference on Unemployment, in session September 26 to October 13, under the chairmanship of Mr. Hoover. Reports had indicated a minimum of 3,500,000 unemployed and a possible maximum of 5,500,000 (the much larger number of dependent non-workers should be remembered in this connection). There was prospect, unless drastic measures were taken, of widespread misery during the winter. The emergency measures recommended by the Board have been eagerly adopted and put in effect throughout the country, Chicago being the one important city refusing to coöperate, and reports give assurance that the problem is measurably solved. But 'ware statistics! Mr. Hoover told the conference that not more than one-fifth of those reported as unemployed were emergency cases. And it should be remembered that the number of "normally unemployed" is about 1,500,000.

Our new Administration's record in domestic matters has been respectable. Its conduct of foreign relations has been of an unexampled brilliancy. Our position at the end of the Wilson Administration was one of isolation; it is now one of confident and trusted world-leadership. Perhaps the former isolation was due to Republican obstruction; but the facts are as stated. In the series of notes on Yap, Mesopotamia, and mandates in general, in a note to China, in the note indirectly addressed to the Chita Government, Secretary Hughes, in language of a refreshing lucidity, directness, and vigor, asserted the two main principles of the Administration's foreign policy: the open door and equal opportunity. Those principles, one may be sure, the Administration intends shall have their supreme expression in Conference agree-

ments as to China and Siberia. Only four months after the Administration's assumption of office, and the Powers were invited to confer on limitation of armaments. Only eight months, and there they are in conference, recovering from the shock of that amazing opening speech by Mr. Hughes. Nothing like this was ever known in international dealings: such swiftness, sureness, inevitableness, elegant simplicity.

Though the process of post-war readjustment is far from complete, the worst is past and the prospects of domestic trade and industry are bright. The unhappy condition of our foreign trade, on the contrary, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that of 1,464 steel ships controlled by the reorganized Shipping Board, only 420 are in service. The remainder lie at "dead moorings". It is true that if, as some prognosticate, Europe should fall into complete economic chaos, we could subsist ourselves and after some adjustment escape serious discomfort. But, if Europe should be economically restored, we should enjoy a period of unexampled material prosperity. *Ergo*, it behooves us to lend our genius to such restoration. We have done and are doing so. The German reparation settlement was due in greater degree than is generally understood to our influence. Lenin knows that the Russian policy of our Government has been Bolshevism's undoing. The Washington Conference should (why not say "will"?) pacify and reassure Europe as well as the East. Then, when all hands are in a mood of cheerfulness and mutual confidence, will be the time to propound a scheme for the industrial and economic rehabilitation of Europe with American aid on the grand scale.

* * *

The reconstruction troubles of Great Britain came to a head in the strike of the coal miners, which lasted three months (April to July), threatened to involve the Railwaymen and Transport Workers (the other two groups of the great "Triple Alliance"), greatly increased the volume of unemployment in other industries, suspended export of coal, rendered idle hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping, did in fact throw out of gear the entire machinery of industry and foreign trade of the Kingdom. On March 31 the mines, of which the Government had assumed control as a war measure, were returned to the control of the owners,

and the latter announced greatly reduced wage schedules. The miners at once struck for "nationalization"; that cock refusing to fight, they demanded a "national wage" (i. e., uniform rates of pay throughout the industry) and a national "pool of profits", the two together constituting an allotropic form of nationalization. Their union funds exhausted, and faced by the spectre of starvation, the miners at last capitulated. The terms of settlement have been rightly praised, as embodying the principle of share of profits between owners and workers. But the fundamental solution is still to seek. The magnificent structure of British industry and trade has been raised on the basis of cheap coal. A complete reorganization of the industry on broad, economical lines, taking a leaf out of the American book, is "indicated"; so as to insure a generous wage to the workers in this most dangerous of industries, a decent profit to the owners, and, above all, cheap coal for industries and the freightage of outgoing bottoms. The necessity of such reorganization has since many years been pointed out by enlightened owners. Either the Government has not seen the light, or it dangerously postpones action. Britain cannot afford such another strike.

It may seem surprising that there should be so much talk of an unemployment crisis in Britain, when statistics show a remarkable decrease of unemployment within the past few months. I shrewdly suspect that the enemies of the Government, especially the Labor Party, are making the most of that issue of unemployment while it is still serviceable as a bludgeon wherewith to batter the Government. The true solution of the unemployment problem is, of course, revival of trade, especially with Europe, including Russia; but such revival waits upon pacification and rehabilitation of Europe. Meantime the British Government resorts to partial solutions and to palliatives. Of the former the best is encouragement by liberal grant of emigration to the Dominions. Among the latter may be mentioned insurance by the Government of foreign ventures, credits to Central Europe, guarantee of interest on loans contracted by great enterprises—all gambling of sorts; a great appropriation for public works; and (most lamentable, most dubious, however necessary) unemployment insurance benefits on a grand scale.

The clamor for retrenchments, for economy, for reduction of commitments, for recovery of trade at whatever cost to national honor and pride; the agitation of pacifists, radicals, and suchlike tribes, war-weariness, and a certain general slackening of the will to empire, probably only temporary, have greatly embarrassed the Government in its foreign policy. Persia (northern Persia, that is, for I cannot believe that Britain has abandoned the oil-fields of southwest Persia, or Bushire, or the railroad route to India) has been allowed to throw herself into the eager arms of Moscow. The British force in Mesopotamia has been reduced from 100,000 to 15,000; the latter obviously insufficient to maintain mandate authority in the new Kingdom of Irak should the tribesmen fall foul of each other, or to protect the Mosul oilfields should Turk or Muscovite invade. The protectorate of Egypt is to be given up and the poor fellaheen are to be turned over for "exploitation" by the most rascally and rapacious upper class on this or, doubtless, any other planet. The policy of the Government toward Turkey has been fatally vacillating; with result that, while on the one hand the Treaty of Sèvres has been allowed to go by the board, while Mustapha Kemal has been permitted to thrash the Greeks and assert his rebellious authority over Anatolia, and while, incidentally, the Armenians have infamously been abandoned, on the other hand Britain is held responsible by the Islamic world (including, what is most important, the 70,000,000 Mohammedans of India) for the humiliation of the Caliph; the which has given an impetus to the pan-Islamic development, and in India has caused the Mohammedan leaders to ally themselves with Gandhi in the menacing non-coöperation movement.

But least of all like the old imperial and imperious Britain of Chatham, Channing and Palmerston, has been the Russian policy of the British Government. In the fatuous hope of buying off the Bolshevist anti-British propaganda and other activities in the East, the British Government concluded its trade-agreement with Moscow. The results have been: as to trade, nothing; as to propaganda, an increase thereof.

I have drawn a rather gloomy picture of Britain and the Empire. The retrospect is indeed dark; but the prospect is in general of a sober cheerfulness. There is, however, in that prospect an area,

which I take to be Ireland, gazing at which the vision is perplexed; now a momentany gleam of celestial light, anon *crépuscule*, then "darkness visible,"—again the gleam, and so on.

* * *

The Germans continued to shuffle, to evade in respect of disarmament and reparation up to May 1, the time limit set by the Versailles Treaty for definitely fixing the reparation total. In January the Supreme Council, sitting at Paris, drew up a reparation programme which the German Government contumeliously rejected. In March a German delegation headed by Simons presented to the Supreme Council, sitting in London, a counter-programme, remarkable for the ridiculous smallness of the reparation offered and for the violence of its assertion of German innocence. In the most eloquent of his speeches Lloyd George contemptuously rejected the German offer, reaffirmed (with telling citation) German guilt, and announced that, should an adequate German offer not be presented at once, penalties would be imposed. Such offer not forthcoming, Allied troops occupied the important industrial towns of Düsseldorf, Ruhrort and Duisburg, and the vexatious Rhine customs barrier was erected. The sorry business dragged on, Germany hoping for a favorable "break". On the very eve of the fateful May 1, the German Government played its last card, inviting the United States Government to arbitrate and fix the reparation total. The American Government of course declined, but offered (with the consent of the Allied Ambassadors at Washington) to bring to the attention of the Allied Governments proposals which should "present a proper basis for discussion". The German Government submitted proposals which did not present such a basis, and was advised by Washington to go direct to the Supreme Council with "clear, definite and adequate proposals". Nine French divisions were held ready to invade the Ruhr basin. But the Supreme Council acted with clemency and magnanimity. It waited, at London, until May 5 for "clear, definite and adequate proposals"; but in vain. On May 5 the Supreme Council addressed an ultimatum to the German Government. That Government must promise to pay the bill declared by the Reparations Commission (132,000,000,000 gold marks), must pledge imme-

diate disarmament as per the Treaty and the Spa agreement, and must engage to bring to trial the Germans accused of war-crimes. It must subscribe these terms before May 12. The Fehrenbach cabinet resigned. On May 11 a new cabinet headed by Wirth subscribed the terms, and the Reichstag ratified.

Ah! it is one thing to subscribe; it is quite another to fulfill. What has been done towards fulfillment, and what are the prospects as to further fulfillment? The Reparations Commission provided for merciful gradation of payments so that the first instalments should be very easy. The instalments to date have been paid, but there is doubt about the instalment due November 15. The Reparations Commission granted fifteen days of grace, on the understanding that the money would surely be paid down on December 1 through a loan from the German industrial magnates. But there is doubt about that loan. Acceptance of the conditions attached would amount to repudiation of the experiment of State Socialism and to acknowledgment of Stinnes, Stresemann, Thyssen and Company as a Super-Government. The Reparations Commission is in Berlin, investigating. The reparation prospect is dubious. The Wirth "Government of fulfillment" holds by the most precarious of tenures. The paper mark is almost precisely naught. A declaration of bankruptcy seems inevitable, unless the industrial chiefs will otherwise. But many think that the industrial chiefs have planned bankruptcy. At any rate, the flourishing condition of German industry is not consistent with honest bankruptcy. Bankruptcy then; what next? A reparations moratorium; that's the answer.

It is not the answer. I take it the industrial chiefs hope for two things: to vassalate or supplant the present Government, and to bluff the Powers into granting suspension of reparation payments and reduction of the reparation total. This new bluff will be called; and rather than have an Allied Commission of Liquidation running the country, Allied occupation of the Ruhr basin, their grandiose schemes shattered, these gentlemen will coöperate in putting German finance on a working basis.

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It is almost precisely a year ago that General Wrangel, with a remnant of his army, took shipping at Sevastopol, and the last

great White attempt to overthrow the Red *régime* in Russia ended in disaster. The history of Russia during the past twelve months lacks color and incident compared with the history of the stirring years preceding. There has been the usual crop of *émeutes* and insurrections, scantily and obscurely reported, but, except for Ukrainia, where insurrection is chronic, they appear to have been stamped out. At one time Western Siberia seemed entirely lost to Moscow, but, in the elegant language of a Soviet official, "the unhappy events along the Trans-Siberian have been completely liquidated." Tchitcherin apparently speaks truly when he claims that the Muscovite power has been greatly consolidated in the past year. He points with pardonable pride to the treaties concluded with Nationalist Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Bokhara and Khiva. Of these states Bokhara and Khiva have been in fact vassalated, and Persia and Afghanistan have been cleverly converted into Bolshevist spheres of influence. But despite the treaty there is reason to believe that relations between Moscow and Mustapha Kemal have become distinctly cool. If that is true, it is one of the most important developments of the year. Not long ago Muscovite detachments cut short the career of that White adventurer Baron Ungern-Sternberg and helped to establish a Soviet Government in Mongolia; most bizarre of political creations. Muscovite influence dominates the Far Eastern Republic; sufficiently proved by the fact that a Muscovite delegate has been admitted on terms of equality to the negotiations at Dairen between representatives of Tokio and Chita. Diplomatic relations have been established with Berlin. Transcaucasia has been completely incarnadined; the "Transcaucasian barrier" (Georgia and Caucasus Armenia before their conquest) is no more. Soviet Russia marches with Nationalist Turkey. And, finally, there is that supreme triumph, the trade-agreement with Britain.

So much on the whole to the good. But to the bad? The trade-agreement has not improved relations with London. Tchitcherin thought he had taken the measure of the British and could go any length in insolence and perfidy. He continued his anti-British propaganda in the East. Two recent caustic notes from Lord Curzon to Tchitcherin indicate that Britain is of a mind to chuck that ignoble connection. The refusal of the British

Government to extend credits for famine relief is attributable to conviction of Bolshevist bad faith.

Communism has shortened sail. It is trimming its boat. The crew remains the same, the port the same. But the course has been changed; they dare not yet undertake the dangerous navigation ahead. The date of arrival is indefinitely postponed. To change the figure, it is found necessary to pretend friendship with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. Fanatic zeal for the world-revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat is unabated, but must be dissembled for a space.

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Spain continues to be bedevilled by the Syndicalists, who have revived murder as a fine art. An insurrection of tribesmen had almost cleared the Spanish Zone of Morocco of Spanish detachments, but fres h Spanish troops are recovering the ground inch by inch.

Italy for the most part saws wood and waits for better times, but of late the Fascisti and Communists have taken again to knocking each other o'er the pate. The chief menace to outward peace was removed by consummation of the Treaty of Rapallo, which adjusted the boundaries between Italy and Jugoslavia and settled the Fiume question.

The Succession States, formed or augmented from the shattered Austro-Hungarian Empire, have not yet levelled their preposterous economic barriers raised against each other. They will probably do so in the near future, when prosperity should follow. The misfortunes of Austria especially engage the sympathy of the world, which is inclined to forgive her participation in the war and to remember only her great contributions to science and art —Mozart, Schubert and the rest. The League of Nations proposes to apply for Austria's benefit the Ter Meulen credit scheme. If prosperity should result, the clamor for union with Germany would probably cease.

For reasons not clear, Hungary has been permitted to maintain an army far in excess of the Trianon Treaty allowance, to the alarm of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and other neighbors. At last the great Allies have taken order to disarm her, whereby her head will be reduced to reasonable dimensions. Charles

of Hapsburg, by two *coups* during the year, tried to recover the Hungarian throne. As a result of the second *coup*, he is now resident at Funchal in the Madeiras, and the House of Hapsburg has been declared forever barred from the throne of St. Stephen.

Eastward and westward the lines of battle have swayed in Anatolia during the past year. Once the Greeks were almost in sight of Angora, and doubtless they hoped to make such a slaughter of Turks beneath the walls as did Timur the Lame when he met there and conquered the Sultan Bayezid. But instead they have been driven back and still farther back toward the wine-dark Ægean, and now they are begging the Allies to mediate for them with Mustapha Kemal; foiled, it seems, of their great adventure.

Mustapha Kemal lacks not of friends, for the French have just made peace with him, turning over in return for economic concessions Cilicia with its Tarsus plain, one of the richest regions of the world.

China? The events there are incident to a process of transformation, and the recital of them would not edify the reader. I think of China as having reverted to the condition which existed towards the end of the Chóu dynasty. The Empire has been parcelled out among a number of feudal barons called Tuchuns, and the President corresponds to the last shadowy Chóu emperor, Nan-wang. May we not hope to see a new Shi Hwang-ti arise and restore the ideal government, the government of *literati* (Plato's "philosopher-guardians")?

Upon the whole, then, the outlook for the twelvemonth ahead is hopeful, whereas a year ago it was, almost however viewed, gloomy. Should the Washington Conference achieve genuine success, the outlook will be rosy. One may then feel that man is at last by way of becoming master of his fate. The American bugler sounding taps at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier will become a familiar symbolic figure.

HENRY W. BUNN.

NEW PROSPECTS FOR AMERICAN CAPITAL—I

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

It will be difficult for the historian of the twenty-first century to exaggerate the sensational character of the changes in the world situation which were brought about by the Great War. The development of civilization seems to proceed through long periods of comparative quiescence, during which the incubation of new forms of human growth takes place, and the rearrangement of the stresses and strains of the human conglomerate accumulates statically; until in a sudden dynamic catastrophe the old shell cracks and bursts and, with all the labor and pains of birth, a new era is introduced to the light of day.

The catastrophe of the four years, 1914 to 1918, has had consequences as radical as were the combined effects of the great movements at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution and the Napoleonic era remade Europe, politically and industrially, in a period of twenty years. Perhaps it would be necessary to go back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to the effects of the discovery of the new road to the Old World and the road to the New World, to find a parallel for the rise and fall of empires and the complete upsetting of trade relations and routes that have recently occurred.

But changes equivalent to those that occupied the greater part of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and more than two decades one hundred years ago, have in our time been condensed into four years.

It is little wonder then that we have not been able to grasp the significance of the revolution that has occurred; that we have not adjusted ourselves to changed conditions; and that we still talk,

work and govern our affairs, public and private, largely according to policies which were derived from the experience of the last century under circumstances which have passed not to return.

Out of the throes of this upheaval the United States has been thrust into a position of preëminence. It is now the great Power, financially, industrially, and perhaps even commercially. The period of European preëminence has closed. That of North America has opened. We are no longer a debtor nation, but the world's greatest creditor. We are no longer a seller of food and a buyer of manufactures, a frontier, colonial people. Our status in the world at large and our relations with other nations have been suddenly and completely changed.

Among the most radical changes that our new position as a financial creditor and an industrial exporter has brought about is in the field of the investment of capital. Not only has the future supply of domestic capital for investment been greatly enhanced, but also the channels into which these funds will or should flow have been fundamentally modified. If a proper appreciation of these new ruling factors does not become common, it is likely that much capital will be dissipated in ventures which might have been successful under the old auspices, but which will now have the stars in the heavens set against them.

Before the war it was commonly estimated that about two billion dollars of new capital was available for investment each year. As soon as we have recovered from the temporary ills of our surprisingly rapid and radical deflation and liquidation, it is reasonable to expect that the savings of the people will again yield about this annual increment. The price level may remain somewhat higher for a time, which would tend to make this figure proportionately greater. But to offset this influence there will be the counteracting effect of the lessened share which goes to the capitalist—the saver—in a time of gradually declining prices. The high taxes will have little effect in diminishing savings, because as soon as there is a settled and permanent fiscal policy the business world will, as always, adjust itself, and taxation will be absorbed into cost of production. In this particular instance, since practically the whole industrial world is equally debt-ridden, there will be no competition to speak of which will be enabled to under-

sell our producers because of a lower tax rate. In former cases foreign competition sometimes forced the capitalist to pay the taxes out of his current savings. But now such a necessity is practically eliminated. In view of all these considerations it is safe to assume that our normal savings will at least equal our figures before the war.

During the next twenty-five or fifty years there will be an additional increment of investible capital from two new sources which will greatly increase the total funds available each year. I allude to the retirement of our national debt and the liquidation of foreign indebtedness to the Government and people of the United States.

It seems not to be generally recognized that taxation for the purpose of retiring national debt is a form of compulsory savings, when it is looked at from the point of view of the whole people. Liberty bonds were originally paid for out of the current savings of the nation over a period of three years, and out of the credits issued to individuals on pledges of savings not yet accomplished. This latter fund of frozen credit is rapidly being liquidated and most of the outstanding national securities are now owned outright by the investor. The proceeds of this financing have been spent or lent, not invested, by the Government. Deducting the loans made to foreign Governments, about fifteen billion dollars of the savings of the people have been used up in current expenditures. There are no assets to speak of to counter this liability, for the credit of the Government lies in its power to tax the individual proprietors of the country, not in its owned assets. Though the individual naturally regards his Government bonds as a part of his capital, the aggregate of the bonds is not a part of the national capital, but represents property used up with nothing permanent or tangible to show for it.

To retire such a debt, the people must produce each year additional savings over and above their personal expenditures and pay them over to the Government in the form of taxes. The Government in turn will indemnify the original lenders of capital until the whole account is settled. To the lender the cash received at maturity appears to be merely the repayment of his principal, formerly advanced, and there is therefore a strong tendency to retain it as capital and to re-invest it. What was at first largely

a paper lien against non-existent savings becomes, as the bonds are retired, a real enhancement of the national capital fund, and is an additional increment available for productive investment as long as the process lasts.

During the next quarter to half-century twenty-five billion dollars of paper assets will in this way be converted into real assets in the hands of our people. And since no one will regard his share of this national accumulation as a part of his individual accumulation during the period, there will be little or no tendency for the process to diminish or replace normal savings.

The second of the new sources of supply of investible capital will arise from the repayment of the world's indebtedness to the United States. Europe is the principal debtor, and probably through the ramifications of international trade the repayment of the entire amount will devolve upon Europe; therefore I shall refer hereafter to this debt as the European debt. While a greater or less part of this debt may be refunded at maturity, the necessity now exists that this collection of obligations must be paid off during the next twenty-five to fifty years, for the option to refund lies with the creditor, not the debtor. Reinvestment of the proceeds of these foreign loans in the same form will be considered in connection with the other possible fields of investment. Suffice it to say at this point that a sum variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty billions is now owing us. As it is paid it will constitute an addition to our normal supply of new capital. Nearly ten billions of this is owing to our own Government and will therefore be paid to our capitalists as a part of the retirement of our own national debt in the way already described. But there is between five and ten billions besides which exists in the form of credits of short or long term to foreign Governments and foreign individuals, extended by private interests in this country. The unfunded debt of foreign buyers which now rests in our banks, in the form of frozen loans, is estimated to be about four and one-half billions. In addition to this there is the funded debt in the form of external bonds of foreign Governments, municipalities and private concerns, owned by our investors and corporations; the credits granted by the United States Food Corporation and other official bodies; the purchase of foreign drafts by speculators

in foreign exchange, which classification seems to cover all the male citizens of voting age and some others; and finally the speculative purchase of foreign internal securities. No reliable estimates of the aggregate amount of these credits is available, but the figure must be a large one, and the end is not yet. The score is still mounting and will continue to mount until international trade is restored to its normal equilibrium.

Setting aside the rather remote possibility of any number of our debtors becoming permanently bankrupt, either fiscally or commercially, somewhere between fifteen and twenty billions must be paid back to us, the floating portion first and rapidly, the funded portion gradually over a period of from twenty-five to fifty years. What are the forms which this payment will take? There are six possible mediums in which international settlements may be made.

The first is gold, the international money. The reasons why gold cannot effect any considerable portion of these settlements are so obvious that it is not necessary to discuss them.

The second medium is the transfer of titles to tangible permanent property located outside our borders. This covers securities representing actual ownerships, such as stocks, titles to real estate, etc.

The third medium is new funding or refunding operations upon the indebtedness itself. This represents merely a postponement of the payments, although by constant renewals there may be set up what will, in effect, constitute a revolving fund which will provide for a part of the debt with more or less permanence.

The fourth medium is services, such as freight, insurance, etc. What this will amount to depends very largely upon the successful development of our own merchant marine. To the extent that our exports and imports move in our own bottoms, our acceptance of bills for freight, etc., will be reduced. It is not impossible that this item may become an element of invisible export instead of invisible import as it has been in the past.

The fifth medium consists of remittances to travelers and nonresidents, and remittances from immigrants to their families in Europe. It has been estimated that before the war our tourists alone carried across the water $250,000,000 a year. Therefore this is an item of considerable importance.

The sixth form of payment lies in an excess of imports over exports. This constitutes what is known as an adverse balance of trade, for the reports of exports and imports cover only the movement of visible raw materials and manufactured products.

Whatever part of the annual payment of principal and interest upon Europe's fifteen or twenty billion dollar debt to us is not accepted by our investors in the form of titles to property or new evidences of indebtedness, and whatever part conditions prevent our receiving in the form of services or counterbalancing with remittances to Europe, must of necessity appear in the form of an unfavorable balance of trade.

It will be a shock to America when this occurs. We have grown up with the idea, correct under then existing conditions, that a favorable balance of trade spells prosperity. That is the reason it has been called "favorable". Now, however, we have changed from a debtor to a creditor nation. From a condition in which we balanced invisible imports with surplus visible exports, we now have a flow of invisible exports which must be balanced with surplus visible imports. As a result we must adapt our ideas of prosperity to an adverse balance of trade, for this condition is now coming as inevitably and inflexibly as the change of seasons. And the combined efforts of Congress, bankers and business men cannot stop it.

The pressure of international settlements seeking a level is a force beyond the control of man. Contrivances may postpone its action, may divert its courses, but the dams of tariff walls cannot hold back its flows. When we dam it up in one or many spots the pressure will vent itself all the more violently at some other point.

The gold point in most of the foreign exchanges will doubtless be a fiction or a fond memory for many years. The international balances are too far from equilibrium to be adjusted by minor shipments of gold, and for a period of many years adjustments will be effected through a medium of greater and more flexible proportions, namely, variations in the relative price levels, corresponding variations in the exchange rate, and the consequent movement of goods. For the present, at least, the rates of exchange will remain abnormal—far from the gold point for currencies that are far from the gold basis—and will be free to register as a

gauge the pressure of settlements due and payable on a scale which will make the fluctuations of normal times seem diminutive by comparison.

Exchange rates are determined by the balance of trade and by the relative purchasing power of the currencies. Yet each of these factors has a great influence over the other, and the normal reaction to exchange rates which do not represent gold parity is that a stimulus is set up toward the automatic rectification of these variations. Gold parity cannot be secured by freedom to ship gold. The balances and the inflations are too great to permit the condition to be corrected in this way. It can and will be reached when the world is paying us for our exports and for its debts in goods, and when through deflation the price levels of these goods in foreign markets decline to a point where they can compete in our markets at prices based on gold parity.

Until this deflation of foreign currencies is achieved, exchange rates will fluctuate to whatever extent is necessary to bring the foreign price level in terms of our currency to a point where we can import a sufficient quantity of some materials and goods each year to cover our exports and add whatever excess is necessary to balance the principal and interest of the indebtedness due and payable to us that year and not cared for otherwise.

Natural imports under normal conditions consist of those materials or products which we cannot produce, or which can be better produced, or produced more cheaply, elsewhere. Natural exports are those materials or products of which we have a monopoly, or which can be better or more cheaply produced here than elsewhere. Through the breakdown of foreign productive ability, the effects of which will doubtless last many years, we will, for some time to come, be able to produce in general better and, in terms of gold, cheaper than will our old competitors. There will then exist a situation in which natural exports will tend to exceed natural imports. Yet this result cannot follow, because the force of compulsory invisible exports, acting through the exchange rate, must necessarily compel an unfavorable balance of trade. What will occur is that materials and products which we are able to produce better and more cheaply than other countries in terms of the nominal values of currencies will be enabled to flow into this country

in spite of all handicaps, because of the automatic variation in the exchange rates of those currencies or of the comparative price levels in terms of those currencies. And such adverse exchange rates will, of course, put our exports at a corresponding disadvantage and thereby effect a marked reduction in all but those upon which we have a practical monopoly.

The effect of a tariff evenly distributed over all commodities entering into international trade would then be nil. For such an *ad valorem* tariff would immediately and automatically be reflected in an adjustment of exchange rates to absorb the duty. Tariffs, however, are not usually constructed on this basis. Protective tariffs are intended to protect those producers who are most likely to suffer from foreign competition and to leave unprotected the stronger industries, extractive and manufacturing, which, because of their efficiency or advantages, seem not to need it. The result of such a protective system under present conditions will be to inhibit or prevent imports in those commodities which it would be to our advantage to import; to raise the barrier of exchange rates against us; and thereby to encourage imports and discourage exports of those commodities of which we naturally have an exportable surplus. Such a tariff, by which we protect our weak industries at the expense of our strong industries, in the forlorn hope of preventing the inevitable payment of debts due us in the form in which such payments must to a great extent exist, is the paradoxical remedy for industrial depression still advocated by many who adhere to principles politically successful and therefore deemed economically sound half a century ago.

While such unsound expedients may radically alter the character of our imports and radically curtail our natural exports, neither a tariff nor any other system will prevent the foreign debt from being liquidated in due course. As a creditor nation we will see to it that what is owing us is paid, and the judgment of our investors will determine to what extent we are paid in securities and how largely in an adverse balance of trade.

C. Reinold Noyes.

THE RETURN OF A NATIVE

BY P. W. WILSON

To revisit England after an absence of three years—and especially three years of the social turmoil that has followed the armistice—could not but be for an Englishman an experience at once fascinating and poignant. About the landscapes, so familiar, there was now a strange unfamiliarity, as if something—or someone—had changed—a change, not indeed in those fields, by comparison with the prairies so curiously green, or in the hedges that enclosed them, but in the eye itself which for the first time views them, as it were, from a distance, objectively. One realized why it is that Englishmen, after domicile abroad, whether in Asia, Africa or America,—for in this respect it makes no difference,—can never again be quite at home in England. These nomads have seen with their eyes what their people at home have not troubled as yet to imagine. They have looked over the hedges to the horizons beyond, and in their gaze these far horizons must ever be reflected. For every pilgrim who goes forth, the New World is a discovery, but for the American of seventy times seven generations the Old World remains, as Rome remained to the Celts of Cornwall, a sub-conscious memory—like a child's sense of the mother who died at his birth. The Old World can never know the New World as well as the New World knows the Old.

Take Fleet Street, the proverbial haunt of the press. Of her newspapers, dignified, accurate, and restrained, Britain has been justly proud. But in Fleet Street to-day there is a crisis. While the price of paper in the open market has fallen, many journals are tied to war contracts which have still a period to run. Labor is costly and the coal strike slumped advertisements, which source of revenue is only beginning to recover. All this means that newspapers are apt to be smaller than their normal size and that there is room for an ampler interpretation

of life and events overseas. At the Foreign Office I found men like Sir William Tyrrell, who accompanied Lord Grey to Washington, and Sir Arthur Willert, who gained his experience in that city as correspondent of *The Times;* but even in the Foreign Office, though humanized out of all recognition, one was amused by the whimsical remark, "The spirit of Lord North is not dead."

One noticed first how large and crowded are the cities for so small a country. Here is population twice as dense per square mile as that of Japan. And for England, as for Japan, the fundamental problem is how to maintain and, still more, how to raise to a higher level the standard of life on an area so restricted. In the States, where poor men can and do constantly become rich or at least "comfortably off", you can talk plausibly to the wage-earner about production and output and an opportunity for all, but in Great Britain where, broadly speaking, the coal and mineral fields are under full development—and some approaching exhaustion—there is not this sense of limitless resources, still to be tapped. The English feel that for them there is so much and no more to be spent and enjoyed per head, and the question how the heritage is to be shared thus becomes vital to every household. When politicians call upon the workers to increase production, the workers have hitherto listened, if at all, with impatience. To them, output means export—commodities for others than themselves to enjoy—and export, so they think, means higher profits for the employer at stationary wages for the employed. Labor, thus arguing, is faced this winter by a sad disillusionment. The idea that the markets of the world will pay any price asked by British industry, whether Capital or Labor, for British coal, iron or cotton, is slowly but surely disappearing under the harsh stress of unemployment. France is getting her coal from Germany, and Germany is supplying finished steel at a figure which Britain must demand for pig-iron. Hence the great blast furnaces which I saw standing cold and silent—a spectacle all the more significant because it is reported as general. That the iron industry will revive, everyone believes. Railways, both in Britain and in India,—to give one factor,—must have metal. But the busi-

ness has received, for the moment, a knockout blow and at Mansfield, in the very heart of a prosperous mining area, I watched hundreds of men spending an idle day in the town square, where the only activity was displayed by a newspaper boy, selling a sheet called *The Early Bird*, entirely devoted to those sports which inspire betting. There is among the English a passion for glorious uncertainty which drives them into every quarter of the world, and when they remain at their own fireside, on humdrum money when Saturday comes round, they find an outlet either in religious emotion, as inspired by Wesleys and Whitefields and Moodys, or in games and races—football, pigeon flying, celery-shows, horses, dogs, fowls—any medium for competition with prizes. In many quarters, I heard regrets that the bookmaker should have so thriving a business. It was pointed out that mathematically his must be an undertaking which, on balance, draws money from the pocket of the wage-earner—money not to be spared with ease by the wage-earner's wife and family.

Unemployment has thus failed to limit expenditure—at any rate, to the extent one would have expected—or out of door recreation. Cricket and football are supported by a generous patronage. The famous games at Grasmere drew to that charming village among the Lakes of Westmoreland an amazing train of char-a-bancs and motorcars, most of them hired by persons of small means. Agricultural shows, improvised in remote dales, gathered hundreds of pounds in an afternoon, at the gate. There are those who believe that it will take one more stern lesson this winter to teach the nation the duty of daily work; that with all the distress and anxiety, thrift has still to be learned. My impression is that a salutary awakening has already come. At the various Trade Union congresses the proceedings have been conducted in a very gentle tone. The miners, for example, are less than they used to be in the hands of their young and advanced rhetoricians, and in negotiations they now refrain from pressing demands which, as they rightly perceive, must imperil their own—and indeed all—industry. Railway men openly confessed to me that the time had come for everybody to settle down to his task, and in quarters where I should not have

expected it I found a strong conviction that industry requires a complete liberation from the barbed-wire entanglements of Trade Union rules. Some of these, as quoted to me, seemed almost inconceivable in their economic futility. With large reserves of labor unemployed, there must be of necessity a chance for the open shop which the masters are advocating with unaccustomed boldness. I gathered that objection is not taken to Trade Union hours and wages so much as to the regulations which appear to waste the workers' energies and fritter away his time. For these regulations, it may be that employers have only had themselves to blame. In many industries before the war unfair wages and hours provoked among the workers their still existing unreasonable attitude. The reaction against organized labor is, however, none the less severe on that account. A policy of strikes has impoverished the Unions, which have had to realize their accumulated investments at heavy depreciation. While paying their dues, the members of the Unions have begun to ask what precisely, of recent years, have been the benefits accruing to them as contributors to a common fund. There is in Britain undoubtedly what in the United States would be called a "radical" movement. Of this movement, the large circulation of *The Daily Herald*—this despite its price raised to twopence or four cents—is evidence. But it did not seem to me that the intellectuals in British Socialism—men like Ramsay Macdonald—were holding their own. Mrs. Philip Snowden, after visiting Russia and seeing things there for herself, has swung clearly from the left wing to the right. Her husband is no longer reckoned among the firebrands. Indeed, the fear in some quarters is that the reaction will sweep the country too far. Every reasonable person admits that the sweating system, as denounced by Charles Kingsley and immortalized to infamy in his *Song of the Shirt* by Tom Hood,—a system which condemned thousands of women to toil for three cents an hour and even less,—was a blot on the industrial escutcheon of England. A dozen years ago Sir Herbert Samuel, then at the Home Office, established Trade Boards which rescued these virtually enslaved workers. The Trade Boards are now being assailed and their abolition is demanded, which,

to be candid, seems an indefensible proposal. It is not the 10½d (21 cents) an hour made payable to seamstresses that imperils British industry. At present rates of exchange, it only works out at about seven dollars a week. The attack on the Trade Boards does show, however, in what direction sentiment is moving.

While the middle classes have rallied against insurgent Labor and with remarkable success, there is throughout the nation a cheerful camaraderie. The very retail tradesmen who suffered most severely from the coal strike collected money to pay for meals to be given to the miners' children. "No boy or girl in our district," said one business man, "went hungry." Yet this business man was an outspoken critic of the Trade Union leadership. There is, I think, a feeling that, after all, rich and poor in Britain have suffered and fought and died together, and that three years after the armistice they are together confronted by common dangers. If the workers are foolish, then, it cannot be claimed that the thinkers have been altogether wise. Among all classes there have been faults, followed by an atonement of heroism.

I cannot say that I found in Britain evidences of a religious awakening. The great Brotherhood meetings and adult schools, which were such a feature in the Churches before the war, are still staggering under the loss of their bravest and best young men, killed or crippled. Dr. Jowett, summoned from Fifth Avenue by command of the King and persuasion of the Prime Minister, has preached with tender sympathy, but, at the moment, he is in the south of France, recruiting from ill-health. Veterans like Dr. Clifford of the Baptists and Dr. F. B. Meyer of the Congregationalists do not seem to have successors. Indeed, the Free Churches, which have lost Dr. Campbell to Anglicanism and are hardly represented by that brilliant expositor, Dr. Orchard, appear to be fighting a soldiers' battle for faith and reverence. The Established Church is in the exactly converse situation. On social and industrial questions, the Archbishops and Bishops issue quite audacious pronouncements and the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral rings with the consecrated cynicism of Dean Inge. Socialists like Father Adderly of

Covent Garden are heard with attention, and feminism—inevitable where women are in an excess of two millions—makes its influence felt especially in a Church where the majority of worshippers has long been drawn from that sex. I am told, however, that the progressive leadership in the Church of England has yet to penetrate rural deaneries. There is a background even here of intense conservatism. It is only in Wales that the Church is disestablished, and Welsh Episcopalianism promptly voted itself an Archbishop. Also, an acquiescent Prime Minister compelled Parliament to nullify disendowment by grants of public money!

That England is ripe for a great era of personal and national religion, is obvious. All that I am indicating is that the character of that era has not yet declared itself. Many Churches are crowded. On a weekday, there were at least six hundred persons attending evensong in St. Paul's Cathedral. To the lessons, as to the exquisite and unaccompanied singing, they listened with profound attention. The fact is, of course, that the British are to-day a nation of mourners. Everywhere it is the same; children killed, or children sent on service to the ends of the earth. Even to-day the outpouring of the nation's best life is wonderful. And with it there is a great zeal for higher education. Historic schools like Eton and Harrow and Winchester, which sent their boys by the thousand to battle and the grave, are crowded once more by a new generation. Oxford and Cambridge are full of undergraduates, so full that foreign students cannot always find accommodation. As India is discovering, the governing reserves of England are gravely depleted, but the gaps are already being filled, and it is even said that some professions—medicine, for instance—are overcrowded.

I am not myself much inclined to admire obelisks, and when I saw London's memorial to Nurse Cavell, I confess that I was disappointed and even indignant. That such a monument should have been reared without including the immortal utterance, "Patriotism is not enough," among its inscriptions, seemed to me an outrage upon a great international martyr and heroine. Londoners themselves are far from satisfied with this addition to their sights to be seen. But with the cenotaph in Whitehall,

"To the Glorious Dead," I was impressed far more deeply than I could have thought possible. I had not realized the touches of sombre radiant color, yielded by the flags, motionless as sentinels, nor the banks of flowers, perpetually renewed by rich and poor—wreaths and crosses and humble bunches of wild blossoms that for weeks at a time have stretched across Whitehall and forced the police to divert the traffic from that busy avenue. In the Abbey one heard, as usual, the guides droning their rigmarole about kings and queens long ago dead and gone, but there did not need to be any guide to the simple stone in the nave, beneath which lay, in French soil brought with him, the ever unknown soldier. All day and every day, crowds gather around that spot and linger over the grave, with faces bent and eyes often averted from observation. Very pathetic were these emotions among a people reckoned to be so reserved as the English.

Not that on the surface you would detect sorrow. On the contrary, what I saw everywhere was a smile. It was the kind of cheerfulness that pervades a hospital, where all are comforted because all share the same trouble. "The reason why people here are so happy," said I to a friend, "is that they have now no treasures on earth, but only in heaven!" So heavy have been financial losses that the victims have nothing now to worry about; for thousands, it is a case of starting things afresh, from scratch. Hence, there is a new appreciation of those benefits which money cannot buy. At the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool—raided by the unemployed a few days after I landed—no fewer than eight hundred persons daily passed the turnstile and studied the pictures. In the National Gallery, fronting Trafalgar Square in London, I found crowds of people, examining the rearranged masterpieces of that collection. There and at Hertford House, where the Wallace Collection is again to be seen, the roofs had been rearranged with a view to better lighting, and lectures on the art of which examples are shown were regularly delivered for any who wished to listen. It seemed as if "admiration, hope and love"—by which we live—were asserting once more their claim over the spirit of the nation.

P. W. Wilson.

LUXURY AND WAR

BY REAR-ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

It is interesting to realize that the attempt to make money and achieve "higher standards of living" has brought many nations into competitions and resulting disputes with other nations, that have eventually led to war. In fact, an impartial student of history can hardly avoid the conclusion that war is a twin brother of civilization, in that it has often been brought on by attempts of men to better the conditions under which they lived.

Another conclusion which a student of war is apt to reach is that men and even beasts rarely fight merely to fight. Most savages, lions, tigers and even wasps seem to be peaceably inclined, unless they feel impelled to fight in order to get food, to guard themselves and their families, or to secure advantages of some kind. From the earliest times, men and beasts have fought against each other. In savage countries, they fight against each other now. Why do they fight? Because the beasts try to steal cattle or other possessions from the men. They fight for material possessions.

In primæval times, the members of one family would band together for the protection of—what? The possessions of the family; the hut that covered them, the goats that gave them milk. Naturally, the brunt of the fighting fell on the man, because he was the one who could fight the most effectively. The same conditions prevail in savage countries now.

Restricting our attention to those tribes and nations that have developed into modern nations which make war, it is easy to see that families banded together to form tribes "for mutual protection". Mutual protection of what?

Of themselves, of their own persons? Yes, but only secondarily; because no tribe would undertake the highly dangerous, difficult and laborious task of attacking another tribe unless that tribe possessed something that the first tribe wanted. It might

possess a fertile area of land, or some sheet of water rich in fish, or fine herds of cattle. The Chief of the first tribe seeing this, and realizing that it would enrich his tribe and increase his own prestige and power to seize them, decides to try to seize them. He makes such preparations for an attack as may be necessitated by the presence of warriors in the other tribe. He then attacks. He "makes war".

This may seem like a very crude way of making war. It is; but it is no more crude than the way in which Frederick the Great made war upon Silesia in 1740. It is true that Frederick had certain claims that he put forward as giving him a right to Silesia. But Frederick did not attack Silesia because he had those claims: he attacked Silesia because he wanted Silesia. The claims were merely the excuse that he gave.

Many wars have originated in causes as simple as those of the savage chief just suggested, and the attack of Frederick on Silesia. Ordinarily, however, in modern times and among great nations, the causes have not been so simple; or rather they have not seemed to be so simple. But the reason why they have not seemed to be so simple has often been that the matter had gradually become involved in a bewildering maze of arguments. For, as time has gone on, especially among Christian nations, the desire to support every project with reasons based on right and justice has been keenly felt; so that cases like that of Frederick have been rare. Doubtless, this has had the effect of averting some wars; but in many instances it has had the effect merely of postponing them. In many cases, such as Prussia's war with Denmark in 1864, her war with Austria in 1866, and her war with France in 1870, the intense desire of one country to get something from the other has been retarded only slightly by the desirability of giving to aggressive measures the apparent sanction of right and justice.

It is interesting, though depressing, to note how a careful study of war, even among Christian nations, and even when religion has been invoked by all of the participants, brings out what seems to be a fact, that the coveting of some material possession, such as land, or mines in the land, or trade advantages, has been the fundamental cause of many wars. This may not have been consciously realized by the participants; for all candid people must

admit that it is easy for us to believe in the righteousness of "our cause" when our cause and our interests are allied.

A realization of the material character of the bottom causes of many wars is shown by the sentence one sometimes hears, "the causes of all wars are fundamentally economic." This is an elegant way of expressing an idea which might be more shockingly expressed in the words "all wars are fought to make money or its equivalent". The Bible says that the love of money is the root of all evil. Similarly, one might say the love of money is the root of all war. Certainly, it has been the root of much war.

Yet money is itself merely a medium of exchange. We deal so much in dollars and cents that we often forget this, and therefore forget that what people want is not so much money as the things that money can buy. From the earliest days, traders have sold to people for money the things which the people wanted.

But even in the most primitive stages of civilization, as well as in the highest stages, and in all the stages that lie between, most of the things that have been wanted (especially the expensive things) have not been wanted by the men, but by the women. As a rule, men buy things not for themselves personally so much as for their families. The human male is quite a simple person after all, with very simple wants; and for himself, he seldom wants very expensive things.

The very expensive things are not mere food or mere shelter or mere clothing, but such artificial things as silks, furs, velvets, jewelry, automobiles, fine houses, table appointments, theatre tickets, and in general the luxuries and pleasures of life in cities. If it were not for the luxuries and pleasures of life, men would not congregate in cities, there would be no necessity for foreign trade, and therefore there would not be great competition among nations to increase their foreign trade. Neither would there be any great desire for increased territory and the consequent increased wealth. This means that there would not be much cause of war among the nations.

But, in the world as it actually is, every head of a family, the poor and the rich alike, is impelled by the requirements of his family to make as much money as he can. This produces auto-

matically great competition among men to make money. Money can best be made by industrial and manufacturing work on a large scale. The exportation of articles manufactured, and their sale by the great commercial agencies engaged in foreign trade, cause the flow to our cities of the natural and the manufactured products of other lands: and these are bought with money.

Of course, it would be unfair to say that it is the demands of the women for luxury and pleasure that have brought on the wars. But it must be admitted that it is the inborn instinct of men to protect and care for women and their children; that it is the inborn instinct of women to demand from men the utmost of protection and comfort that is possible; and that it is the women who have brought to bear on the men the real pressure which has made them struggle to make money. This instinct on both sides is, doubtless, perfectly natural and proper. So, doubtless, is the endeavor to make money; because it has been the endeavor to make money (or its equivalent) which has gradually produced civilization.

Nevertheless, it cannot reasonably be denied that the intense desire of a very great number of women for luxury and pleasure has brought about a tremendous striving for money: in fact one reason for the struggle for money has been their desire for luxury and pleasure. Let anyone walk on Fifth Avenue, New York, from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street, where land is more valuable than in almost any other place upon the earth, and he will see that three-quarters of the shops are for the sale of women's finery and jewelry, and, in general, of articles of luxury. In that small area, you can get a better conception probably, than in any other area in the world, of equal size, of the fundamental causes of war.

BRADLEY A. FISKE.

JAPAN'S CIVILIAN PREMIERS

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

It came to pass, in the words of a native Japanese historian, that "the power of the Tokugawas that had ruled an empire for centuries . . . fell to pieces in the space of a single morning." That was the end, too, of two and a half centuries of profound peace, initiated by Iyeyasu Tokugawa, founder of the line of Shoguns and an ancestor of Iyesato Tokugawa, now at Washington. At that epochal crisis in Japanese affairs the northern clansmen, even in the face of certain defeat, were loyal to the Tokugawa Shogunate. But happily for them in their defeat there was opened up a new path toward a larger life. In perfect calm, these defeated northerners resolved that they would seek instruction in the long-banned Christian religion; and many of them, coming to the capital and its chief seaport, Yokohama, sought the teaching, help and intellectual hospitality of the American missionaries who were stationed there. Among the lads from these northern parts were two future Premiers of Japan. One was Kei Hara, born in 1832 at Awomori—once the scene, about 800 A.D., of a decisive battle between the white Aryan Ainu and the southern Japanese. The other was Takahashi, from Sendai, whose feudal lord in the seventeenth century had sent an embassy to Europe, by way of Mexico.

"Hara" means prairie, meadow, or moor, and the family name is an old one, going back even to the era of mythology, when the Sun-Goddess gave to her grandson, founder of the line of Mikados, for his conquest what we call "Japan," that is, "The Luxuriant Country of Reedy Moors." "Takahashi," also a very old name, reflects the later era of valley-spanning and bridge-building, in the nascent civilization. It does not matter what the "Christian" or personal names of these youths were. The spirit and form of impersonality runs through all the Japanese language, literature, customs and thought. Buddhism knows no such

thing as a personal, self-conscious, indestructible human soul; nor does Shinto extricate the individual from the mass. In the days of feudalism, whose traditions and customs still linger, a man might have a dozen different given names in the course of his lifetime, much to the confusion of the police and the foreign merchant and teacher. It was a common experience for the American professor, in the early 'seventies, on calling the roll of his students in the class room, to have no response to the name, long familiar, of a student looking directly at him. The lad, hearing what had been the accepted cognomen of yesterday, sat there before you, as silent as the sphynx, nor would any active emotion shown by the pedagogue at such apparent insubordination move either tongue or facial muscle. Called on for explanation, the information given by the lad was that the individual, so nominated on the roll, had changed his name. One who looks in the reference books of a decade or two ago will recognize both Hara and Takahashi by their personal records, but not by the "Christian" names borne by them.

Both boys were born in 1854, as Perry's ships sailed homewards. Both also in their hazards of new fortune came to Yokohama, when, after 1860, it had risen out of the swamps and levels but had not yet begun to cover the bluff and hills overlooking Mississippi Bay. Hara at first had the happier experience. Takahashi walked at once into the wolf's den—perhaps we might say was caught in the American eagle's talons. It was not easy at once to distinguish between missionaries and some men on the soil of Japan who have said that they would, if they could, turn the brown people into copper and export them for gain. On the promise of a free education in America, a coffle of Japanese boys were carried across the Pacific. One American, nameless here lest he have living relatives,—it was in the days of African slavery in America and of the dominance of the doctrine and practice of legalized spoliation of Asiatic peoples,—concocted a plan for exporting Japanese "coolies" to California. Why not, when the Portuguese had barracoons at Macao, and when fleets of European and Peruvian ships carried cargoes of human freight, "shanghaied" after being plied with liquor, to be practically sold in the states, American and otherwise, bordering on the Pacific?

Young Takahashi had a hard time of it in America. Happily a slander turned boomerang and helped to strike a blow for liberty. It was the standing joke in the clubs at Yokohama during the dark days of our Civil War, when there were few Americans in Japan and the *Alabama* was sweeping the seas of our ships, that Perry and Harris had "opened the country to British trade and American missionaries." One virulent specimen of the yellow press charged the American missionaries with this crime of enslaving free Japanese. In reality, the typical American missionaries, Brown, Hepburn and Ballagh, were those who made known the fact to our Government. One, especially, was the Putnam who entered the wolf's cave and put in operation what led to the release of Takahashi and his companions.

I met Takahashi, a plump and well-favored lad, shortly after my arrival in 1870, and lived in the same house with him for several weeks. From him I improved my rudimentary knowledge of Japanese speech. Takahashi is shown in an old photograph in my possession standing plump and hearty, with the inevitable sword, token of the Samurai, which was given to the boy at twelve, held in front of him. Both the boy and the picture impressed me mightily with the strength of that filial piety which is the base of Japanese civilization.

As teacher, interpreter, statesman and viscount, Takahashi has done much for civilization and the union and reconciliation of Orient and Occident. My own personal debt to him, gladly confessed, is one of culture. In Dr. Verbeck's house in Tokio he read to me out of the stories of Japanese literature; fiction, poetry, travels, history and the classics of Bakin, Rai Sanyo, Murasaki, and, most of all, from that "cleverest outcome of the Japanese pen", as Professor Chamberlain calls it, the *Tokaido Hizakurigé*, a wonderful, witty, sarcastic and informing picture of life on the greatest high road of the empire and of its fifty-three stations, or relays, in the days of spectacular feudalism.

Takahashi was able to talk American and other varieties of English, and he had an idiomatic grasp and true insight into structure and syntax which was always of invaluable service. The literal meaning of interpreter is, in Japanese, *tsuji*, or "cross-roads," and he was an incarnate signpost to both Oriental and

Occidental, in pointing the way to mutual understanding and satisfactory action. Later he became a most excellent teacher in the Osaka High School, but from the first the bent of his mind was towards figures and statistics.

Nevertheless after long exile from his native land, in California, he was not on firm ground when attempting to calculate with the *soroban*—that abacus, or counting board, which we see in every Chinese laundry. This box of knobs or buttons, sliding vertically on bamboo pins, dominates the mathematical situation from Moscow to Tokio. By means of it one can add, subtract, multiply, divide, work decimals and common fractions, find the square or extract the cube root, and do this far more quickly than the average Western clerk or cash girl.

Nine-tenths of the untaxed and pensioned Samurai or gentry, in silk and with swords, scorned this instrument. They were rather proud of their aristocratic distaste and ignorance of figures. That is the reason why we in Tokio expected to hear of the speedy assassination of Baron Shibusawa, now in Washington, for uplifting the merchants' social status, and, in his public manifesto demanding reform and change from petty bookkeeping, of stocking dimensions, to modern ledgers, and a national budget. He, like my pupil for three years, Count Komura, who signed the Portsmouth treaty, knew his *soroban* well.

I well remember when Dr. Murray challenged Takahashi's accuracy, in an estimate demanding proof on the abacus. This, at the moment, confused the lad, as well as the machine. But in time the perseverance which Takahashi manifested argued well. His triumphs, with both brain and fingers, proved the earnest of his ability manifested in the raising and handling of millions during the Manchu and Muscovite wars. When the clash with Russia was inevitable, Takahashi's thorough knowledge of the American people proved a tower of strength to the nation. That an army of public school boys and university graduates, using with superior intelligence the latest refinements of ballistics and strategy, would overcome in a fair field, was a foregone conclusion to those who knew.

Four years of intimate acquaintance with Takahashi proved what an experience of over fifty years with Japanese in every

social station has demonstrated to me—the fact that the Japanese have a genius for friendship. I had not seen Takahashi for thirty years when I called on him in New York, and he, seeing me first, came forward with name uttered and extended hand in greeting.

As Finance Minister in both the previous administrations and in that of his old neighbor and friend Kei Hara—the Commoners' Cabinet—Takahashi heartily supported the policy of his chief. He was earnest in mediating at home between the militaristic powers that be, by tradition, evidence and reality, and those ever increasing elements that are Christian, commercial and patriotic. The latter embody the hopes which spring from industry and toil, from the women, from the educated classes, and from the better ethical and cultural life and institutions. These all unite in striving to win fame and honor for Japan, not as a bully but as a friend to both East and West.

With Hara, who was less of a student, academically, than his fellow-northerner, I had not so much intimate personal acquaintance as with Takahashi; for Hara was in the lower classes when I was in Japan, and his foreign culture was rather in French than in English; though as a correspondent I found him frank and responsive, simple in that friendship which I have enjoyed with his countrymen.

Hara early turned away from the reading of books to that of men. Even the study of law, which he attempted for a while, was abandoned for that of journalism. This gave opportunity for many interviews with prominent men, whom he studied at close range. In this way and as the private secretary, in succession, to several Premiers, he gained that power of reading, appraising and handling men and measures that made his own administration as Premier so marvelous a success. It is only those who know the social and historic background of Japan who can rightly appraise that success, or love him because of the enemies he made—even to the cowardly murderer who illustrated the sinister side of *Bushido*. Let us remember that the Constitution of 1889 ordains the "fixed expenditures"; that is, about seven-eighths of the government's outlay, which the Diet cannot touch. This arbitrary provision keeps the Elder Statesmen, the military class and

the bureaucracy terrorizing the country. So, also, the Ministers of War and the Navy are kept in office in the cabinet and are irremovable, whatever the Diet or the national electorate may vote. This means that the names of political parties in Japan are meaningless in the American or British sense and that militarism, on the Prussian model, is entrenched in power. The ministers are responsible not to the Diet, but to "the Emperor"—which term, in politics, is but a paraphrase for the exertion of the power behind the throne. Yet despite all these obstacles, seen and unseen, what Hara accomplished in his three years of power-holding was the increase of the real authority of the legislative arm of the government. In most of his measures, he secured the virtual responsibility of the ministers to the Diet and not to the throne.

What is by no means to be despised is the improvement in the status of the merchant and working classes. In this, Hara is not to be judged fairly from the criticisms of his political opponents. Possibly an alien may see more clearly and appraise more justly. When one remembers the almost total want of any commoners' rights which the two-sworded men of old were bound to respect, and the grovelling attitude of all the lower classes before their armed superiors, the triumph of this Premier, the initial commoner and the first northern man to serve in this high office, seems almost startling. In the very week of Hara's elevation to the Premiership, as he announced to the writer in a personal letter, he gave orders to the Japanese school teachers in Korea to take off their military uniforms and the swords which they wore in the schoolroom. At home also he promulgated the rule that military dress should be worn only by the men of the army and navy in active service.

In brief, I have faith that the future will show clearly that the administration of Takashi Hara was one of notable constitutional advance, when militaristic and bureaucratic government began to weaken, and true party government started on its beneficent career; and the pledged word of Korekiyo Takahashi gives assurance that the hopes and ideals of the martyred Premier will be followed by his friend and successor.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

NON-MANUAL TRADE UNIONISM

BY G. D. H. COLE

During the years from 1914 to 1920 the number of workers organized in British Trade Unions almost doubled, rising from about four and a half millions at the end of 1913 to between eight and nine millions at the end of 1920. This rapid growth of organization extended, of course, to many different trades and occupations, and was most marked, numerically speaking, among the less skilled groups of the manual workers. But, although the non-manual workers organized in Trade Unions still form only a very small proportion of the eight or nine millions referred to above, there is no section in which the growth during the past six years has been more remarkable. For the most part the non-manual workers' associations which now exist have actually come into being during this period. There were, indeed, sections of non-manual workers who were fairly strongly organized before the war. The clerks in the Post Office and on the railways had formed vigorous Trade Unions, and the Civil Service contained a number of somewhat loose associations which occasionally acted along Trade Union lines. But the National Union of Clerks, which attempted to organize clerks in all branches of industry and commerce, was very small, and the great mass of the non-manual workers were still completely untouched by organization.

During the war the tendency of Trade Unionism to extend to fresh sections of workers gradually became manifest. As prices rose the manual workers generally took measures to secure something like proportionate increases in their rates of wages. When strikes were threatened or actually took place in important industries over these questions, the Government was induced to introduce emergency legislation providing for the settlement of wages questions by arbitration or by reference to some sort of impartial tribunal, and the great mass of wage increases which were granted during the war were given, not by employers, but

either by one of the tribunals established for the purpose by Act of Parliament or directly by the Government itself. Meanwhile the non-manual workers, far more weakly organized or not organized at all, found that they were being left behind. The manual workers were securing advances; but there was little disposition to grant to the majority of the non-manual workers in industry or commerce salary increases anything like sufficient to compensate them for the fall in value of their pre-war money wages. Thus the non-manual workers found their standard of life steadily deteriorating, and this fact furnished them with a powerful incentive to follow the example of the manual workers, and to form combinations with the object of securing advances which would enable them at least to maintain their pre-war standard of life.

The circumstances, moreover, were highly favorable to combination. When the manual workers first set out to form Trade Unions and to secure the recognition of their right to bargain collectively with their employers, they had to rely entirely on their own organized strength; and in almost every case they secured recognition only after a series of failures and set-backs in which they became involved in premature strikes or lock-outs. But during the war the position was different, and the forming of associations and the putting forward of demands for increased remuneration or improved conditions of employment usually led, not to a strike, but to a reference of the dispute to arbitration or to its settlement by the intervention of a Government department. Thus non-manual workers who would, in many cases, have shrunk back before the prospect of strike action, or of becoming involved in a serious conflict with their employers, felt no such hesitancy in entering into associations with the object of getting their grievances redressed by negotiation or arbitration.

The movement towards combination among the non-manual workers naturally came to the front first among those groups which were most closely in contact with the organized manual workers in industry. For example, the foreman in an engineering shop found that men under him were securing increased remuneration which frequently brought their weekly wages above his own upstanding wage or salary. Similarly the draughtsman

in the drawing office of the same factory found that the men in the shops were earning more than he. Thus the weak Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, which already existed before the war, gained rapidly in strength until it included the great majority of the skilled men in the occupation. The foremen, confronted with a more determined resistance on the part of their employers, found it more difficult to form a stable association of their own; but numerous local societies of foremen were created, and these gradually drew together into three larger bodies, the National Foremen's Association, the Amalgamated Managers' and Foremen's Association, and the Scottish Foremen's Protective Association.

At the same time, the tendency to combination was manifesting itself very greatly among Civil Servants, who, like the non-manual workers in private employment, had to struggle hard in order to secure advances, even for the lowest paid grades, at all equivalent to the rise in the cost of living. They secured at length the creation by the Government of the Civil Service Conciliation and Arbitration Board; and the necessity of laying cases before this body undoubtedly helped to stimulate combination throughout the service. This movement towards Civil Service Trade Unionism was greatly strengthened towards the end of the war period, when the Government was at last induced, much against its will, to agree that the Whitley scheme of Joint Industrial Councils should be applied to the Civil Service and to other employees of the Government. It became necessary, under the Whitley scheme, for the Civil Service to constitute, both for the service as a whole and in each department, bodies fully representative of the staff; and the natural result of this was a big growth of combination which made most of the Civil Service grades practically a hundred per cent organized.

It was not only after the actual conclusion of hostilities that the movement towards combination began to spread at all widely among non-manual workers in private employment; but during the years from 1919 to 1920 hardly a week passed without the formation of some new association attempting to organize a group of workers for whom there had previously been no special provision. At the same time the membership of the existing associa-

tions grew rapidly, although it was still by no means as inclusive as in the case of the Civil Service or the teachers.

At the same time, organization was spreading among the technicians in industry. The Electrical Power Engineers' Association, the Society of Technical Engineers, the Architects' and Surveyors' Assistants' Professional Unions, and similar bodies, were formed and grew rapidly in strength. The Actors' Association converted itself into a Trade Union; and both it and the Variety Artists' Federation greatly increased in membership.

Where these associations, and especially those of supervisory and technical workers, came into close contact with large organized bodies of employers, it became at once manifest that these employers were most unwilling to accept the accomplished fact of organization among their salaried staffs. It was, according to the theory of the employers, permissible perhaps for wage earners to form unions and to demand the right of collective bargaining; but the relation between the employer and his salaried staff, it was urged, was and must remain a personal relation inconsistent with collective action and still more with any common action between the organized salaried workers and the ordinary wage earners. Consequently, the demands of the new associations for recognition were in almost all cases refused by the employers; and the association had to get on as best they might unrecognized by the employers, and therefore unable to negotiate, on behalf of their members, collective agreements with the big employers' associations and federations.

It is no longer possible for the associations of non-manual workers to rely for the settlement of their grievances on the method of arbitration, or on securing the intervention of a Government Department. As a number of recent cases have shown, the Ministry of Labor is now very little inclined to intervene when a dispute breaks out between a body of salaried workers and their employer or group of employers. Consequently, the non-manual workers' associations find themselves in a position closely resembling that which the manual workers' Trade Unions occupied at the earlier stages in their development. They are working for recognition; but they have no means of securing recognition except the power of their own organization.

The Trade Union movement, then, among the non-manual workers stands now at a very critical point. It has grown up under the abnormal conditions of the war period; and it is quite certain that nothing like the same rapid growth could have taken place unless these conditions had been present. It has been working largely by methods which are only applicable under these abnormal conditions; and its stability will depend on its power to adapt itself to the new conditions which confront it. When the Labor Party in 1918 came forward with its big scheme of reorganization, and attempted to reconstitute the party on the basis of an effective alliance between the "workers by hand and brain", it was clear that such a movement for a political alliance would be effective only if it found its parallel in a similar alliance in the industrial field. There is no doubt that hitherto the non-manual workers' associations, however hesitant they have been, have for the most part been tending solely towards the consolidation of an alliance with the Trade Unions of manual workers. They have not for the most part adopted a "strike policy", although a few of them have done so; but almost all of them have proclaimed that in any dispute arising in industry by which they are likely to be affected they will adopt an attitude of "neutrality", by which they mean that they will not undertake any work which would normally be done by the men who are on strike, or act in any way so as to make the success of the strike action more difficult. They will continue to do their own work in such a case; but they will do no more.

Apart from the difficult question of "neutrality", non-manual workers' associations have shown a tendency to enter into closer relationship with the manual workers by other means. A number of their associations have affiliated directly to the Trades Union Congress. The National Union of Journalists has become a constituent part of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation. The Draughtsmen's Association has been discussing amalgamation and closer working arrangements with the Amalgamated Engineering Union and other engineering societies. Moreover, a considerable number of the non-manual workers' Unions have formed a federation of their own, the National Federation of Professional, Technical, Administrative and Supervisory Workers,

which has superseded certain smaller attempts at federation which preceded it. One of the first objects of this federation has been to work out a policy defining the relations of the non-manual workers' Trade Unions to the general Trade Union movement. The National Federation of Professional Workers is not yet a fully representative body; for a number of associations still hold aloof from it. But it is a powerful organization with about a quarter of a million members, and speaks more authoritatively than any other body on behalf of the employed non-manual workers.

Recently, fresh influences have been brought to bear upon this new and still hesitant movement. An appeal has been made by the Middle Classes Union and by other bodies for a different solidarity, resulting, not in an alliance between the manual and non-manual workers for the defense of their professional interests and for the winning of a measure of control over their industries and services, but in a semi-political organization of the whole of the middle classes, directed in theory against both the manual workers and the representatives of big business, but in practice operating largely as the auxiliary of the richer classes in the community against the manual workers. The advocates of "Middle Class Unionism" have been very active among the members of the non-manual workers' associations, and have endeavored to set up, against the idea of a union of "workers by hand and brain", the rival idea that the interests of the salary earners are threatened by the claims of what is usually called the "working class". This movement has undoubtedly caused considerable discussion inside the manual workers' associations; and a certain amount of response has been secured to the new appeal, with the result that the supporters of alliance with manual Labor and the "Middle Class" Unionists are at present contending for supremacy in many of those associations which have gone least far towards the adoption of definitely Trade Union methods.

It is easy to understand why this new appeal for "middle class" solidarity has large resources behind it, and an influential backing among the supporters of the present economic system. It is clear enough that the possibility of an alternative industrial and social order to that which now exists depends very largely on the extent to which manual and non-manual workers can

come together and coöperate in its establishment. The principal challenge to the continued existence of the present system in industry comes from the organized manual workers, and their Trade Unions in seeking a change of system, are necessarily and inevitably the principal disturbing factors in our internal situation to-day. More and more the manual workers' Trade Unions are putting forward a claim for the concession to them of an effective share in the control of industry. But it is clear that, even if the manual workers are able to a large extent to challenge the present industrial system and to insist on its modification, their power to create an alternative industrial order is greatly restricted as long as the masses of the technicians and administrative workers side with the classes to which the manual workers find themselves opposed. Manual and non-manual workers together would be capable of running the industrial machine under any system; for together they possess both the manual strength and skill which is necessary for the execution of productive tasks, and the directive and technical ability which are no less essential if work is to be efficiently done. Clearly, then, an alliance between manual and non-manual workers would present the most formidable threat to the continuance of the present industrial system; and those who are anxious that this system shall continue are therefore determined by all means in their power to prevent the consummation of such an alliance. It is undoubtedly a strong argument, from a purely material point of view, that the advocates of "Middle Class Unionism" hold in their hand. They rely on an appeal to the short-sightedness, and also to the timidity, of the employed non-manual worker.

On the other hand, the bond of professional unity, when once it has been brought into existence, is not easily severed. The non-manual workers still find their standard of life seriously threatened, and are likely in the near future to encounter even more obvious threats to it as the attempt is made to apply the reductions in wages which are forced upon the manual workers, to their non-manual colleagues. There is no chance now that the non-manual workers will find themselves exempt for any considerable time from demands for big reductions in wages and salaries. The reductions are being pressed, first, upon the organized groups of

manual workers; but it is certain that the turn of the non-manual workers will come before long.

When it comes, will the non-manual workers' associations hold together and be prepared to adopt a considerably more militant policy than has hitherto been demanded of them? Will they take the risks, usually heavier in their case than in that of the manual workers, involved in actual conflicts with their employers? These are the questions which are before all these associations at the present time. I believe the answer will depend to some extent upon the degree of unity which can be secured among the non-manual workers' associations themselves. Hitherto there has been a considerable degree of isolation, and a serious lack of common action and policy. This was doubtless inevitable in the earlier stages of a new movement which was still attempting to find its feet; but it is clear that the prospects of success for the non-manual workers' associations in the more difficult times that are coming will depend largely on their capacity to act together and to frame a common policy.

At the moment, the principal question is whether the idealism of that minority which is aiming at an efficient industrial system based on the common conduct of administration by the "workers by hand and brain", acting in close alliance and participating in control according to their various functions and capacities, will be strong enough to overcome the appeals to "middle class" solidarity on the one hand, and on the other the mere timidity and fearfulness of taking risks which characterize so many of the members of the salaried classes. No one can answer this question at the present time; but the answer to it may go far towards the determining of the future course of industrial organization in this country; for manual and non-manual workers together can, if they will, become powerful enough to do what neither can do apart, and it may be that the prospects of the coming of a democratic industrial system depend, more than upon any other single factor, upon the conclusion of a real alliance, industrial as well as political, between the "workers by hand and brain."

G. D. H. Cole.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF BELIEF

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

Mr. Herbert E. Miles contributed to the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the correspondence on religion between himself and John Burroughs, and contributed to The North American Review of the same month the article "Shall Progress Reach the Bible?" They are in a way connected contributions, because the same reflections and aspirations that caused Mr. Miles to seek the correspondence with Mr. Burroughs, led him also to publish in this magazine the article about the reconstruction of the Bible.

It will be found that Mr. Burroughs in the *Atlantic* letters dissented very heartily from Christianity, which he described as a whining, simpering, sentimental religion, and announced himself a Pantheist, whose only God was the one he saw daily and hourly about him, and is identical with nature. He seemed to have the idea that the Christian God was antagonistic to creation and the development of life. Christianity, he said, turns its back on nature and relegates it to the devil. Mr. Miles was distressed at these views, and the correspondence is the record of an effort, not very successful, to bring Mr. Burroughs to a better understanding of Christianity. Mr. Miles apparently believes that Mr. Burroughs was hindered from such an understanding by some things that are in the Bible, and he certainly believes that many other people are so hindered, because his proposal is for a revision and rearrangement of the Bible, which would remove objections to it which he believes to be reasonable, and help to bring into association with the churches fifty million people in the United States who now have no such association.

Of course, he would leave out a good deal, including what he calls "the offensive sex-narratives of Genesis", and the "obsolete and confused ritual regulations of Leviticus and Deuteronomy", and "Jonah and similar pure fiction; accounts of fierce and

savage warfares, and endless genealogies," and there should be, he says, "a decided condensation of the Prophets and a more accurate rendering of the Psalms." Then his new Bible would have a first part, called perhaps "The Hebrew Foundation," to include all that is best of the Old Testament and remain in the language of the revised version, and that part which he calls "Legend" when retained should be put as Legend, cherished for its literary and historical value, its holiness removed.

The second part, practically the New Testament, he would divide into three parts; the first of them, which he rates as of least value, being the accounts of the miraculous in the life of Christ, including the stories of His birth, miracles, and ascension. It would probably be agreed, he says, that all the demonology and other questionable beliefs common to the day in which the writers of Christ's life lived can be left out. This part, he thinks, might be called "The Accounts of the Miraculous."

The next part would be the rest of the New Testament with the omissions indicated, and perhaps with the four Gospels consolidated, which he would call "The Ministry of Christ", and the third part, in modern English, would be a recapitulation, which he would call "Christian Principles". For this work of revision and reconstruction he thinks there might be a high commission of ten men, including four clergymen and two laymen of the Protestant Churches and four outside the Church to represent the millions of agnostics, and to this number, if the Roman Catholic Church should find itself interested, two more might be added to represent it.

The Bible has been in existence and use a long time and has seen and survived a good deal of progress and could probably survive this particular step of progress, which Mr. Miles suggests, without harm. If a dozen respected men can be induced to make the revision, omissions and changes that he recommends, and the result of their labors is published, there would be no objection that I know of for putting it out in competition with the Bible as we know it now. That it should supersede our present Bible is inconceivable, and that it should appreciably affect its circulation is very unlikely.

The Bible is an altogether extraordinary book. What anyone finds in it depends upon what he knows already. Mr. Miles seems not to have got below its surface. He himself believes a good deal. He believes in immortality, and in the invisible world, and in God, but the Bible as it stands is the record of God's dealing with men, and is largely concerned with the invisible world, and is the book to which people turn who are concerned about that world and their relations with it. In such matters most people prefer the original documents on which accepted beliefs are based, and in the Bible as it is they come pretty near to getting them.

Christianity in nineteen centuries has very likely gone off a good deal from its primitive vigor and faith, but the Bible has not gone off at all. It is just what it was. A church council in very early times declared which of the books of religion were authoritative, and what witnesses could be trusted. It sifted the material for the New Testament and gave us what we have. Mr. Miles seems to think that it did not do much of a job, but the dissent from that opinion will be very lively and comprehensive.

Mr. Miles seems disposed to revise the Bible in a way to make it more acceptable to agnostics. He cannot do that and not make it less acceptable and less useful to believers. The more people know, and the more they believe, about the invisible world and the things with which religion is most concerned, the less disposed they will be to have the Bible disemboweled and pared down to suit people who believe less. As it stands, it is the great touchstone of belief. The world just now is full of spiritism. A good many people think they are in communication with the unseen world, and for many of them the test of what they think they know is whether it squares with what they find in the Bible. If they find spiritism in the Bible, they have more confidence that it is a living force to-day. Mr. Miles thinks that "all demonology and other questionable beliefs common to the day in which the writers of Christ's life lived" might be left out by general agreement. He seems to think that such beliefs are generally understood to be fallacious or unimportant. The dissent from that opinion would be very

vigorous indeed and he would find a strong existing conviction that the only trouble about the beliefs common to the day in which the writers of Christ's life lived is that in a materialistic world they have grown faint, though for many Christians the Bible has preserved them.

There is another thing. Parts of the Bible are pretty old and are derived from writings still older. In them are echoes of prehistoric times which are of great interest and value to students who try to learn what this world and human life were like in days long gone, and where the peoples came from whom we know. Somebody in Toronto, for example, has just published a book to prove that the English and most of the Americans are descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel, and represent Ephraim and Manasseh. The theory is not novel, but the way this inquirer digs up the Bible to prove it is highly entertaining, even though not conclusively convincing, and of course for such investigations as that a sawed off, bored out and expurgated Bible would not do at all.

Mr. Miles's suggestions imply that he thinks that the men of our day know enough to decide what belongs to knowledge and what does not. But they do not. They have merely nibbled at knowledge, and the understanding of spiritual things is hardly more complete than chemistry or physics. What we find in the Bible depends, as said, on what we have learned to understand, and the more understanding advances the more the Bible yields to qualified readers.

However, Mr. Miles's project will take care of itself. It is not dangerous. When one has stated his suggestion, that is really all that is necessary.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

OF PYRAMIDS AND PYGMIES

BY ROBERT WITHINGTON

In this day and age, when good folks run to legislative halls with nostrums which, if put into the form of bills and passed as laws by equally well-meaning and hard-working Congressmen, will cure all the ills which the twentieth century has fallen heir to, the profession of law-maker has attained a greater importance than it ever had before; and we look with profound respect upon those bodies of legislators who sit, like King Canute, upon the edge of the ocean, and decree that from this day on the tides shall rise no more, or who, like Joshua of old, command the sun to stand still in its course, and vote millions to enforce this law. If we trained professional legislators—men who were to make a career for themselves as politicians (in the original and best sense of the word) and serve the people, legislatively, with the same freedom and permanence as, judicially, the Supreme Court serves—it would be well to prepare them as we train our law-interpreters, so that they would have a clear idea of what is within their province and what is not; but we pull the farmer from his field, the journalist from his printing-press, the lecturer from his Chautauqua circuit, the manufacturer from his office, and set these humble neighbors in lofty places—and behold, they are become as the great ones of the earth, and their heavy words are weighted with meaning, because, forsooth, are they not Congressmen and Senators, and do not the tides cease at their bidding, and does not the sun stand still at their words?

And it has come to pass that our big guns are either men of large calibre, or else great bores. And the latter are in the majority. But our voting machines continue to turn out more big guns, without observing the difference.

Nigh to two hundred years ago, one Edward Young, in his forgotten *Night Thoughts*, delivered himself as follows:

> Can place or lessen us or aggrandize?
> Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
> Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.

These verses have a semblance of truth; but the deep thinker—he who penetrates beneath the surface of things—will note at once the fallacy. How many men are listened to because of their position! How many pygmies, perched so to speak on Alps, have—with the mountain—the weight of a pyramid! And how many pyramids, hidden away in vales, are lost sight of, because our eyes are strained to distant peaks, where the pygmies strut their hour without fretting, because they know full well that there is little danger of being displaced by a pyramid, which could not climb a mountain if it tried!

Of course, public office is only one of many places which endow men with authority: there are pygmies on boards of directors; as presidents of banks and railroads; in professors' chairs; at teachers' desks; on bishops' thrones; as executives, as superintendents, as foremen. And there are pyramids as well—even in Congress! But we are ready to confuse the stature of a man with his position, until proof is given that the two are distinct.

There be those who derive comfort from the above bit of verse, because, living in vales, they immediately conceive of themselves as pyramids. This is a peculiar form of logic, but widespread. Often the fact that accidents happen is the only proof of regulation in a family—and the well-known, comfortable saying is blithely quoted to support the proof. Many who see in themselves the faults of the great, argue that they themselves are great; and if "pyramids are pyramids in vales"—which is obvious—then those in vales are pyramids, and are much neglected, if not entirely overlooked. Some also reason that once on a peak one becomes *ipso facto* a pyramid, and must be listened to as such.

Among the self-appointed pyramids, on the peak of publicity, is the so-called "parlor Bolshevik," who sometimes speaks from the vantage-ground of "social position," or of literary notoriety. Why "parlor" is prefixed to his title, I know not; he frequents drawing-rooms, where he addresses women's clubs, or holds

forth before the fire after a good dinner to a more select group—and he also speaks. This Bolshevik rampant, parlant—not to say parlous—may have an efficient press-agent, and occasionally dresses for his part; he often has an independent fortune, else he lives off those who have—and it is interesting to speculate on what would become of the fortune, and of him, if his theories found general acceptance; for, in a general way, he knows less about work than a "piazza yachtsman" knows about a boat. He sometimes has "education," and a college degree; and it grieves him that his preachments about "the evils of Capitalism" (which he always spells with a Capital Letter) are not taken seriously by more people. The Thoughtful Worker, whose Apostle he has chosen to be, is as likely to regard him with awe—not to mention affection and respect—as a seaman would a millionaire who should advance to instruct him in tying a reef at the moment when the tempest was at its height.

If Bolshevism has three elements, Karl Marx, German marks, and easy marks, our friend is of the third. A little honest work and serious thought—not to insist on reponsibility—would knock the nonsense out of him.

Then there is the "labor leader," who uses his position as a peak, and harangues his fellow-workmen about the evils of the "system" and the "octopus grip" of Capital, without bothering to explain how any given industry could start unless someone furnished the money. Again it is interesting to speculate what would become of him and his fellow-workman if his ideas found general credence. To Edward Hallin, property meant "self-realization"; and the abuse of property was no more just ground for a crusade which logically aimed at doing away with it "than the abuse of other human powers or instincts would make it reasonable to try and do away with—say love, or religion." Since Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote *Marcella*, the abuse of human powers has become reason enough for doing away with them.

But the fact remains that all talk of a "capitalistic system" is nonsense. There is no system about it. Rich men have, it is true, treated their less independent brethren with injustice; and they deserve scant pity for the way in which the victimized

workingman seeks retaliation. There have been abuses in the past; but there have been men who were both rich and just. There is a tendency in some quarters to-day to regard poverty as the *sine qua non* of right thinking: the king can do no wrong—and Labor is king. The "syndicalist" forgets the etymology of his name—he should be one who works with (*syn*, σύν) justice (*díkē*, δίκη)—and one of the evils of trade-unionism, as we have it, is that it seeks ever to receive and never the more blessed state of giving. Past injustice, however it may explain, does not excuse present unfairness on either side; and tyranny is the same, whether wielded by a mediæval emperor or a modern walking delegate.

The motive power of human action, economically, is a desire for independence; we want money, primarily, so that we need not choose between taking orders from another, and starving. We seek wealth so that we may have a reserve strength to fall back on, and that we may leave our children in ease and independence; we do not want to be dictated to—either by a Rockefeller or by a Trotzky. But to get wealth, we must work and save; and we can make our saving earn for us if we lend what we have saved to those who need money for developing industry. Dividends represent thrift—either our own, or that of those who have gone before us. As soon as we have money in a savings-bank, we become "capitalists," though we may not throw up our jobs at the mill or in the office; we are lending money to others, and our independence has begun. Remove the chance of earning independence, and you remove all motive for saving; if a man cannot benefit by his abnegation, he will earn only enough for his immediate wants; he will not make hay while the sun shines, because somebody will later remove the hay from his barn, and he will have nothing for his labor after it has been done.

As Dr. Johnson says, men need not so much to be informed as to be reminded.

The pygmies on the mountain-tops assure us that a maternal government (vastly to be preferred to the late paternal government of the Teutons) will take care of our rainy days. But they do not explain just how this will be done. It is much like promising that the tides will cease to rise and fall; but some of us have got

into the habit of listening to these demagogues without question. We would believe them if they said there would be no rainy days! We see class-legislation going on before our eyes; we hear (and apparently believe) that individual independence does not—can not—exist, and that the Government can succeed where private enterprise fails—with a suggestion that it is above economic laws. We look upon life as Californians or New Englanders, as farmers, or railwaymen, or cotton manufacturers, or even as Socialists; rarely as Americans, more rarely still as humans. The Socialist, like the Prohibitionist, sees only what he wants to see; he looks at the future through the pink lenses of his desires. For him, as for the Prohibitionist, the loss of liberty and independence is a small price to pay for the ultimate benefits he sees in his mind's eye. In this, both resemble the Pacifist, who would willingly sacrifice honor to save human life. "To the wise," says Montaigne—and surely these people fall into that category—"it is no novelty to preach things as they serve, not as they are."

Suppose the "Plumb Plan" were to go into operation; the taxpayers would, through the Government, guarantee wages to all union railwaymen—then someone else would want *his* wages guaranteed, and the railwaymen, with all other citizens, would be taxed for that. It is easy to see that we should not be better off—even if we were railwaymen—were everyone to pay everyone else's wages. If we were to stop with the railwaymen, we should be carrying a class upon our shoulders, even as France was saddled with her nobility before the Revolution.

Sometimes people forget that real wealth is the difference between income and outgo—wages and expenses. A man who earns $15 a week, and spends $14, is richer than one who earns $100,000 a year, and spends $100,001. For the first man is $52 to the good at the end of the year, while the second is in debt.

One of the reasons why the worker who lives from hand to mouth, so to speak, cannot see the "rights of capital" is that he does not understand the risks involved. Explain to him in terms of gambling that the less likelihood there is of a certain number turning up, the greater return there must be when it does, and he may grasp your meaning; but he does not understand why some business has to pay high rates of interest to attract capital. He

may readily see that a risky or disagreeable job commands more wages than an easy or pleasant one; but he seems to think that even a three per cent return on capital is a gift. There were citizens who, during the war, prided themselves on their patriotism because they subscribed to Liberty Bonds carrying a small rate of interest, when the really patriotic thing to do would have been to give the money outright to the Government—at the least, getting it back without any interest at all. That would have been better than paying an indemnity to a victorious Germany; but the patriotism of our people was not put to that test.

Capital is as necessary to industry as is labor; the two are not antithetical, but complementary. This is a lesson that both must learn. It has been repeated often enough, but it has not yet been grasped.

Russia has, apparently, receded from her position at the outbreak of the "revolution," and seems to be trying to induce foreign capital to come to the help of her industries. She has discovered that the tides will not obey her politicians. Let the "parlor Bolsheviks" take notice: delete the phrase "capitalistic system" from their vocabularies, and remember that a soviet of workmen is only a synonym for board of directors—of an inferior quality. The present ones may not be pyramids; the new would pretty certainly be pygmies of even shorter stature. The Czar who has succeeded the late Nicholas is as dictatorial (but less noble) than the Románoff he replaced; and Russia seems to have gained little by the exchange. The play is the same, though the cast of characters is different. It is always the same play. What property has not been destroyed has gone into other hands: the victims of the theft have, many of them, died in extreme misery, or been put to death with a cruelty which beggars description; but the "system" has not been altered—it is inherent in humanity.

If you call a dog's tail a leg, how many legs has a dog? Five? No, four. Because calling his tail a leg does not make it one. If you put a demagogue on a peak, does he become pyramidic? You would think so, to hear some people talk.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.

COUNTRY GODS

BY STARK YOUNG

THE *festa* of San Pancrazio lasted through two days because of the saint's hospitality. Saint Peter was his guest for the festival; coming from his own home down the hill where the road turns off into the country, just as San Pancrazio himself had come from his home under the mountain looking down over the water. The crowd for the parade on the second night was innumerable, for the whole town was out and all the countryside for miles. The Taormina band was present by order of the Sindaco, in three-cornered hats and feathers; and the Syracuse band with cockades had come. San Pancrazio and San Pietro had to travel from the Church of the Virgin far down at the west end of the town, to make a visit to the Duomo; though, like the sly pieties they were, they had really been there up to that moment already, the whole two days in fact, getting presents and offerings and having their pictures sold. From the Virgin's church they were to go the entire length of the Corso to their homes outside the walls. Everyone made his best showing that night, the gentlemen in their Palermo tailoring, the ladies with all their jewels on; the workmen in brighter jackets and sashes; the contadini, some of the men in old knee breeches or boots and caps three centuries back in style, and the women in shawls with long ear-rings reaching to their shoulders and full skirts like hoops.

Booths and barrows lined the streets, selling fireworks and drinks, *torrone* made of new almonds and honey, knives, and ribbons; and alternating with the merchandise and drinks were the gambling stands. There were a dozen roulette tables, silver horses whirling around over the numbered courses where you put your *soldo*, and bright arrows with painted feathers that stopped whirling sooner or later and left a light tip resting on the lucky number. Crowds of people were putting their

money down, mostly little boys it seemed. The rockets were firing from every direction, brilliant, scattering far up overhead, with reports like bombs, unbelievably loud, to appease the Sicilian liking for mere noise. Now and then firecrackers in bunches were thrown from the roofs of the churches into the little stone streets, with a rattling and detonation like a bombardment. Beside the Duomo the band from Syracuse was playing airs from the operas. Meantime the deep blue of the early night had fallen over the walls, and over the country dropping down toward the sea and rising on the other hand toward the Saracen castle above the town. A few pale stars were out and a slender moon, almost past, was shining. The whole piazza was sweet with the perfume of the jessamine that ran along the front of the house next the church, incredible sweetness in that soft, blue air. And everywhere were the voices, deep and bright.

Presently the other band was heard coming nearer; the Syracusan made a final flourish and left off. Lights appeared through the archway beneath the clock; then more distinctly a golden canopy and lamps burning about a figure, gilded and painted all over, with a high, jewelled crown on his head. The round dome was like that of an Indian rajah set on twisted columns, rococco with heavy grapes that twined over them. Under it Saint Peter sat. He was covered with rings and watches and chains that blazed in the light of his flaring and somewhat gaudy lamps. After him, and carried also on twenty or thirty shoulders, came San Pancrazio himself in a finer and larger tabernacle, rectangular, with more lamps and more brocade and jewelry and presents. He appeared to be completely entangled in chains, coral drops, bracelets, rings and pins, and strings of five lire notes that hung down from his wrists. The patron saint of the town San Pancrazio was; and though he had to be painted black because he had come from Africa, you see, Signore, fifteen centuries ago, and was very ugly with that great staring head and thick mouth, what blessings he had shown Taormina and favors in Paradise! Indeed, Signore, who does not know the time he saved the town from fever, when the sacristan saw his eyes move, up of course, where heaven is.

With the saint came the nuns, carrying long tapers and Our Lady's banner, sky blue, and bound with wreaths of flowers. And the little communicants with their white gauze veils and their white bouquets and white candles followed after, great-eyed little girls with their crackling white, exactly like icing figures from a cake. They too had banners; and the priests, the students, everyone, had standards and streamers and banners, red, orange, blue, white, with gold and silver fringes flashing in the light of the candles and tapers, the torches and the flaring acetylene lanterns on those green arches across the street. Everyone was laughing and talking. The little boys at the roulette wheels laughed and cursed and banged their money down; and the Syracuse band set up again with a medley from *Carmen*, all under this night of jasmine perfume and blue air.

Later we saw the saint's homecoming, after he had made a visit in Saint Peter's church. They set him in his shrine in the dark, bare little church with all his lamps about him. The church roared with laughter and shouts: "Addio, Santo!" "Goodbye!" "Remember us!" "Don't forget Taormina!" People ran up and played a sort of tag with the saint, touching his robe and jumping away; and cracked jokes and whistled at him. And he meanwhile sat glittering there, looking out over their heads with his big eyes and his black, ugly face, blessing them with that enormous uplifted hand and doing them a great deal of good, as everybody knew. And then the lamps were put out, with everyone departing, and the door closed, and only the little devoted tapers were left to burn that night at his feet till they were ended.

My friend who had seen it all with me followed me to my balcony.

"Well?" I said.

"Well?" he said.

He was from Philadelphia, a gentle fellow with an odd mixture of convictions and a readiness to agree to many added points-of-view, once you reminded him of them.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked.

"Well, it's very picturesque of course, as paganism—"

"Pretty piece of paganism, as Wordsworth said of *Endymion*?"

"But of course—you would hardly call this sort of thing religion."

I asked what he would call religion, knowing perfectly well what his answer would be.

"Obviously, something that comes from within. A conception of God that is from one's own inner consciousness. And worshipped in prayer and silence after long, deep, serious thinking."

"I wonder," I said, temptingly, "if length of time and seriousness have much to do with the power or importance of thought. Though it might comfort us Northerners to think so. Let's make epigrams. In the infinite all things are equal. That might not do. Mud as well as depth hides the bottom."

"Be serious," he pleaded.

"Not even processions, then?" I asked.

"At least not such a hullaballoo. And not the bullfighter's song for a religious occasion!"

"But they like it," I said.

"And the gambling? I suppose they like that too. Even the little boys."

"The Latin mania for chance."

"And all this saint business. I daresay they have his bones."

"Undoubtedly. But they like it."

"Like it, like it, damn it, what's that got to do with it?"

"But people's religion is not ready-made," I insisted; "whatever they are their religion must be. Big or little, contemplative, dim or open, objective. If you admit that, then—"

"But I don't admit it. Otherwise how should we ever know which religion is—"

"The true one? Ah—" I stopped. If my friend was going to bring Philadelphia to church on the east coast of Sicily—if we were to breathe the pews upon this race made up of Greek and Roman and Saracen, Spanish and African blood, dwelling in the open reality of this bright sun, this changing verdure and drouth and rocks, this shadow of Etna over all to set down life and death as certainties beyond any possible illusion—and to be so massive after such a festival—I stood there wondering just what I might say. And then suddenly came a crash of

bells, brazen, barbaric, happy. I heard them and remembered how many things are in heaven and earth. My friend's was the regular Protestant standpoint, which removes the ground of all things to the mind, to set up bounds and altars there. I looked at his face, an honest, dry, troubled, intelligent face it was, full of character and will, energy, inhibited impulses, and confusion. I might as well let him alone with this God of his behind the clouds or behind the stove or wherever that inner eye might see him. Better there, perhaps; more suited to my friend's state. I would make no argument. I merely remarked on the throaty, bright roar of the bells, and how different they were from the bells in England and Philadelphia, which were sweeter and more pealing and sentimental.

He had not thought of that, he said; it seemed rather true, he thought; and went indoors to bed.

But he was a good fellow, I stood there reflecting, travelling here alone in Europe with his serious and thirsty heart. And he was tied to all this Sicilian thing by far gentler thoughts than he ever knew or was able to express.

I thought of these people in the streets, what they were. Their voices flared up and down, they laughed, burst into song, were grave again; they met and kissed each other, they talked gravely, they made scufflings and fisticuffs; these sudden shocks of life and vividness struck and seemed to pass through them. The forces of life seemed to move through them as the wind moves through trees. Even their bodies and their faces have a distinctness as if shaped by the struggle of growing forces; as the trees and plant forms are distinct about them, shaped by the struggling of water and wind and sun and the earth. I recalled a little girl that I had seen. Her body was straight, and she walked smoothly as a cat; her shock of sunburnt, harsh hair, her smooth, dark skin, and black, tragic, wild eyes, belonged to the land, the rocks, the dust, the sun; her little feet seemed to grow out of the earth. And all around her were faces, characters, with the life of the earth written on them. How easy it is here to understand the way in which Mediterranean art, literature, sculpture and masks ran so constantly to general symbols, and to types, to the larger simplicities of nature, within which her

subtleties are written. Not that there seems really more of life and nature here than in the North; but that it seems more distinct. We get the sense of life carrying these beings along and then later wearing them out, consuming them with what they had been nourished by.

Nature seems to be tested here. This seems to be about what Nature intended; and only afterward arose all those complicated organisms we call civilized. I feel that here I can see things in a matrix of Nature. And that accounts for the impression I get of passion in these people, but of little sentiment. I get the impression of brutality sometimes, of a violent animalism, but never of vulgarity: vulgarity is more confused and more involved with society than with a deeper natural current. These people seem not hard so much as natural. Their step when they walk is as free as a horse's; they have clear, able minds, unfuddled with cant and introspection. They cry and laugh, but they do not brood very much. Their fingers are apt and quick; they are generous with gifts, and make hard bargains; they have pity in their hearts but not so much in their souls; their pity is quick, human, but not long and troubled and profound. Their tragedy is hard and clear and violent, fatal, but not depressing. They accept fate, they shrug their shoulders; one does as one must. What would you have? What does the proverb say? Necessity makes the old woman run. They must have noises about them to equal the brightness of the light. They can sleep, like birds and animals, through any noise, songs, drums, carts on stone, donkeys and church bells; and anywhere, in a doorway, by a wall, under a roadside tree.

And I think of these people as tied to the earth by the bread they eat. That old figure of speech, the staff of life, here goes back to its first reality; for a piece of bread is enough and often is all they have. I see bread, bread; children stand in doorways eating bread; and old men sit down at a wine table or by a wall and take out a piece of bread to eat. The poetry of bread is theirs, Ceres, Demeter, the mother Earth. They are the earth's children and lean on her breast. What other kind of gods and saints and festivals could they have? What gods but bright gods and human gods, able to make bargains; gods who are

social. For if one wishes to give San Pancrazio a watch or a five lire note and rings and gold chains, the saint himself must be obliging; he must show us favors and come to his *festa* when there are parades and rockets and roulette and drinks and music and candles. And if a man loves these blessed ones in Paradise, the good God and Madonna and her Son, and afterward the saints, San Pancrazio and Peter, San Giovannino and the rest—who were human themselves once, we can tell you, and now live with God, though they like to have their shrines on earth and crowns and *festas*—if one loves these rightly here in Taormina, one will be a good man. A good man is a man who, after God and the saints, loves his family and is happy with them; who likes to see other people and laugh and talk with them, even if he gets angry sometimes, though it is not so bad as in Girgenti, where a man will kill you for a snap of the finger; who marries early, drinks a little wine, works hard, goes to mass, pays his dues, and finally grows old with fine sons and daughters and plenty of grandchildren to come to see him in the donkey carts, with old Maria or Annunziata his wife sitting outside by the door with him, two white heads, not many teeth any more; and now and then a visit from the padre, to whom it is best to leave a little something in the will; and finally a proper burial. That was a good man, people will say of you then.

I looked at the night about me. There had been an early moon setting in the west and now there was only starlight. It was long past twelve, past one; but I could see an old man and all his family sitting out in front of their house talking gaily together, and the carts were just beginning to go home. They came by one after another rattling on the stones of the road. In every cart they sang; strange, bright voices echoing along the rocks and down the walled roads. One after another I heard these songs, none of them more than three lines, sung over and over again, sometimes in two voices, sometimes a sort of counter-singing of four, and often a whole chorus, those in the cart and those walking alongside down the starlit road. *A mezzanotte il marinaio—*

At midnight the mariner
After long labor, at his door
Arrives.

Then a pause and some talk and laughter, and then—

> At midnight the mariner
> After long labor, at his door
> Arrives,—

like the singers in Greek poetry with their short, ancient songs. Meantime from everywhere, in the grass and the trees, the cicadas kept up their music, thinly metallic, a little brazen, dry, like a voice from the garden drouth. Far down you could hear the surge on the long, curving shore, low, constantly repeating itself, exactly the same sound as the wind in the pine trees. One voice was repeated that existed in the water, on the shore and in the pines above it. The same life was in the earth and the water. The sickle of the moon that had been in the west, the stars, the rocks, the country, and the voices of the people going by, and their simple, clear gods, made all a unity together.

This same country now was silver and blue and dusk; but by day, I stood thinking, it was flooded with incredible light. Then there was a glare over everything, under a cloudless sky. The stone vases on the wall that climbed the hill to the convent mingled their blue shadows with the shadows of the cypresses falling across the white road. The shadows of the olive branches were sifted down over the bare ground, the vista of olive trees above the gray earth was melancholy and wistful. The sun flickered on the eucalyptus leaves; the red pomegranates hung above the walls and the lemons against thick green. And far below in that ineffable, sad light, ran the gentle shore, with clumps of oleanders, and water, violet, blue, and emerald.

And now the voices at last died down; they sank as the stars fade or the wind passes. It seemed only natural that songs too should end. A wind that came before the dawn began to stir. And then presently far down the hill more faintly one song again, in a chorus of voices. And then I heard the singing die away again, and the surge return on the shore.

STARK YOUNG.

INDIAN SLEEP-SONG

BY LEW SARETT

Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
My little brown chief,
The bough of the willow
Is rocking the leaf;
The sleepy wind cries
To you, close your eyes,—
O little brown chief,
Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!

Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
My little brown bird,
A wood-dove was dreaming
And suddenly stirred;
A brown mother-dove,
Dreaming of love,—
O little brown bird,
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!

Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
My little brown fawn,
The snow-flakes are falling,—
The Winter-men yawn;
They cover with white
Their children to-night,—
O little brown fawn,
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!

Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
My little brown owl,
Yellow-eyes frightens
Bad spirits that prowl;
For you she will keep
A watch while you sleep,—
O little brown owl,
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!

Zhóo . . . zhoo, zhóo!
O leaf in the breeze.
Kóo . . . koo, kóo!
Sweet bird in the trees.
Húsh . . . hush, húsh!
O snow-covered fawn.
Hóo . . . hoo, hóo!
Sleep softly till dawn.

LONELINESS

BY ELLEN JANSON

A fading moon is in the sky.
The mist creeps inland from the sea.
(Who keep their hearts, alone are free.)

Far foamward, with a thinning cry,
A gull dips down along the west.
(Who keep their hearts, are happiest.)

All things are lost on earth and sea.
Soon will the moon, too, slip from sight.
(Who keep their hearts, sleep well tonight.)

FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY

TRAGEDIST, PROPHET AND PSYCHOLOGIST

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

A HUNDRED years ago, in Moscow a being manifested his existence, who in the fullness of extraordinary vision and intellectuality heralded a religious rebirth, became the prophet of a new moral, ethical and geographical order in the world, and the prototype of a new hero. Time has accorded Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky the position of one of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century, and as time passes his position becomes more secure. Like the prophet of old during life he was fastened between two pieces of timber—debts and epilepsy—and sawn asunder by his creditors and his conscience. Posterity links his name with Pushkin and Tolstoi as the three great writers of his times. They are to the Russian Renaissance what Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael were to the Italian Renaissance.

It is appropriate now, the centenary of his birth, to make a brief statement of Dostoievsky's position as a writer or novelist, and in so doing estimate must be made of him as a prophet, preacher, psychologist, pathologist, artist and individual. Though he was not schooled to speak as expert in any of these fields, yet speak of them he did and in a way that would have reflected credit upon a professor. It is particularly the field of morbid psychology, usually called psychiatry, that Dostoievsky made uniquely his own. He described many of the nervous and mental disorders, such as mania and depression, the psychoneuroses, hysteria, obsessive states, epilepsy, moral insanity, alcoholism, and that mysterious mental and moral constitution called "degeneracy", (apparently first hand, for there is no evidence or indication that he had access to books on mental medicine), in such a way that alienists recognize in his descriptions master-

pieces in the same way that the painter recognizes the apogee of his art in Giotto or Velasquez.

Like Baudelaire in France and Nietzsche in Germany, whom he resembled morally and intellectually, Dostoievsky was an intellectual romantic in rebellion against life. His determination seemed to be to create an individual who should defy life, and when he had defied it to his heart's content "to hand God back his ticket", having no further need of it as the journey of existence was at an end. There is no place to go, nothing to do, everything worth trying has been tried and found valueless, and wherever he turns his gaze he sees the angel standing upon the sea and upon the earth avowing that there should be time no longer, so he puts a bullet in his temple if his name is Svidrigailov, or soaps a silken cord so that it will support his weight when one end is attached to a large nail and the other to his neck, if it is Stavrogin. His antinomian heroes from Raskolnikof to Karamazov are the prototypes of Baudelaire's Dandy and the brothers of Nietzsche's Superman. It is not with the passions of the body or of the senses that they contend but with those of the mind. Here and there one of them like Nikolay Vsyevolodovitch Stavrogin "could give lessons to the Marquis de Sade, and belonged to a secret society for practising beastly sensuality", but this was quite incidental and by no means a leading motive in his life. The fire that burns within them is abstraction and the fuel that replenishes it is thought—thought of whence and whither. By it the possessors are lashed to a conduct that surpasses that of hate, jealousy, lubricity or any of the baser passions as the light of an incandescent bulb surpasses a tallow candle. His heroes are all men of parts, either originally endowed with great intelligence or brought to a certain elevation of intellectuality by education. Their conduct, their actions, their misdeeds, their crimes are the direct result of their argumentation, not of concrete, but of abstract things and chiefly the nature and existence of God, the varieties of use that an individual may permit his intelligence, freewill, free determination, and of the impositions of dogma founded on faith and inspiration which seem contrary to reason and science.

All of his heroes are more or less insane. Herein lies Dos-

toievsky's strength and his weakness in character creation. None of his heroes can be held fully responsible in a court of justice. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord ordained strength, but there is no writing to show that out of the mouths of the insane comes wisdom. Not that insanity is inimical to brilliant, even wise, utterance, but the pragmatic application of wisdom to life calls for sanity.

Dostoievsky himself was abnormal. He was what the physician calls a neuropathic and psychopathic individual. In addition, he had genuine epilepsy, that is, epilepsy not dependent upon some accidental disease, such as infection, injury or new growth. He was of psychopathic temperament and at different times in his life displayed hallucination, obsession and hypochondria. That the reader may understand what is meant by the psychopathic temperament, I can do no better than to quote a description of it as displayed by one of his characters:

> An unstable balance of the psychic impulses, an overfacile tendency to emotion, an overswift interchange of mental phases, an abnormally violent reaction of the psychic mechanism. The feature most striking to the beholder in the character of such sufferers is its heterogeneous medley of moods and whims, of sympathies and antipathies; of ideas in turn joyous, stern, gloomy, depressed and philosophical; of aspirations at first charged with energy then dying away to nothing. Another feature peculiar to these sufferers is their self-love. They are the most naïve of egoists; they talk exclusively and persistently and absorbedly of themselves; they strive always to attract the general attention, to excite the general interest and to engage everyone in conversation concerning their personality, their ailments and even their vices.

No one can read the *Letters of Dostoievsky* or the *Journal of an Author* without recognizing the self-portraiture.

The facts of Dostoievsky's life that are important are that his father, surgeon to the Workhouse Hospital at Moscow, was a stern, suspicious, narrow-minded, gloomy, distrustful man who made a failure of life. "He has lived in the world fifty years and yet he has the same opinions of mankind that he had thirty years ago", wrote Feodor when seventeen years old. His mother was tender-minded, pious and domestic, and died early of tuberculosis. Although much has been written of his boyhood, there is nothing particularly interesting in it bearing on his career save that he was sensitive, introspective, unsociable, and early

displayed a desire to be alone. The hero of the book *Youth* relates that in the lowest classes of the gymnasium he scorned all relations with those of his class who surpassed him in any way in the sciences, physical strength or in clever repartee. He did not hate such a person nor wish him harm. He simply turned away from him, that being his nature. These characteristics run like a red thread through the entire life of Dostoievsky. A tendency to day-dreaming was apparent in his earliest years, and he gives graphic accounts of hallucination in *An Author's Diary*. At the age of sixteen he was admitted to the School of Engineering and remained there six years. During the latter part of his student days he decided upon literature as a career. Before taking it up, however, he had a brief experience with life after he had obtained his commission as engineer, which showed him to be totally incapable of dealing with its everyday eventualities, particularly in relation to money, whose purpose he knew but whose value was ever to remain a secret. It was then that he first displayed inability to subscribe or to submit to ordinary social conventions; indeed, a determination to transgress them.

From his earliest years the misfortunes of others hurt him and distressed him, and in later life the despised and the rejected, the poor and the oppressed always had his sympathy and his understanding. God and the people, that is the Russian people, were his passion. "The people have a lofty instinct for truth. They may be dirty, degraded, repellent, but without them and in disregard of them nothing useful can be effected." The intellectuals who held themselves aloof from the masses he could not abide, and atheists, and their propaganda socialism, were anathema. He demanded of man who arrogated to himself a distinction above his fellow man, "who go to the people not to learn to know it, but condescendingly to instruct and patronize it," not only repentance but expiation by suffering.

His first important literary contribution was entitled *Poor Folk*. He was fortunate enough to be praised by his contemporaries and particularly by Bielinsky, an editor and great critic, who saw in the central idea of the story corroboration of his favorite theory, viz.: abnormal social conditions distort and dehumanize

mankind to such an extent that they lose the human form and semblance. As the result of this publication, Dostoievsky made the acquaintance of the leading literary lights of St. Petersburg, many of whom praised him too immoderately for his own good, as he produced nothing worthy of his fame until many years after the event in his life which must be looked upon as the beginning of his real mental awakement: banishment and penal servitude in Siberia.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century the doctrines of the Frenchman, Charles Fourier, were having such acceptance in this country, where the North American Phalanx in New Jersey and the Brook Farm in Massachusetts were thriving, as to encourage the disciples of that sentimental but wholly mad socialist in other lands, particularly in Russia, that their hopes of seeing the world dotted with *phalansteres* might be fulfilled. Dostoievsky later stated most emphatically that he never believed in Fourierism, but nibbling at it nearly cost him his life. In fact, all that stood between him and death was the utterance of the word "Go", which it would seem the lips of the executioner had puckered to utter when the reprieve came. Dostoievsky was suspected of being a Revolutionary. One evening at the Petrashevsky Club he declaimed Pushkin's poem on Solitude:

> My friends, I see the people no longer oppressed,
> And slavery fallen by the will of the Czar,
> And a dawn breaking over us, glorious and bright,
> And our country lightened by freedom's rays.

In discussion he suggested that the emancipation of the peasantry might have to come through a rising. Thus he became suspected. But it was not until he denounced the censorship and reflected on its severity and injustice that he was taken into custody. He and twenty-one others were sentenced to death. He spent four years in a Siberian prison and there became acquainted with misery, suffering and criminality that beggars description.

> What a number of national types and characters I became familiar with in the prison; I lived into their lives and so I believe I know them really well. Many tramps' and thieves' careers were laid bare to me, and above all the whole wretched existence of the common people. I learnt to know the Russian people as only a few know them.

After four years he was, through the mediation of powerful friends, transferred for five years to military service in Siberia, chiefly at Semipalatinsk. In 1859 he was permitted to return to St. Petersburg, and in the twenty years that followed he published those books upon which his fame rests, namely, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, *The Journal of an Author*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*, and a tremendous amount of magazine, newspaper work and potboilers. In 1867 he was obliged to leave Russia to escape imprisonment for debt, and he remained abroad, chiefly in Switzerland, for four years.

In his appeal to General Todleben to get transferred from the military to the civil service and to be permitted to employ himself in literature, he said:

> Perhaps you have heard something of my arrest, my trial and the supreme ratification of the sentence which was given in the case concerning me in the year 1849. I was guilty and am very conscious of it. I was convicted of the intention (but only the intention) of acting against the Government; I was lawfully and quite justly condemned; the hard and painful experiences of the ensuing years have sobered me and altered my views in many respects, but then while I was still blind I believed in all the theories and Utopias. For two years before my offense I had suffered from a strange moral disease—I had fallen into hypochondria. There was a time even when I lost my reason. I was exaggeratedly irritable, had a morbidly developed sensibility and the power of distorting the most ordinary events into things immeasurable.

While Dostoievsky was in prison his physical health improved very strikingly, but despite this his epilepsy, which had previously manifested itself only in vague or minor attacks, became fully developed. Attempts have been made to prove that prison life and particularly its hardships and inhumanities were responsible in a measure for Dostoievsky's epilepsy, but such allegations are no more acceptable than that which attributes it to his father's alcoholism. His epilepsy was a part of his general make-up, a part of his constitution. It was an integral part of him and it became an integral part of his books.

The phenomena of epilepsy may be said to be the epileptic personality and the attack with its warning, its manifestations and the after-effects. The disease is veiled in the same mystery to-day as it was when Hercules was alleged to have had it. Nothing is known of its causation or of its dependency, and all that can

truthfully be said of the personality of the epileptic is that it is likely to display psychic disorder, evanescent or fixed. Attacks are subject to the widest variation both as to frequency and intensity, but the most enigmatic things about the disease are the warnings of the attack, and the phenomena that sometimes appear vicariously of the attack; the epileptic equivalent it is called. Dostoievsky had these *auræ* and equivalents in an unusual way and with extraordinary intensity, and narration of them as they were displayed in the different characters of his creation who were afflicted with epilepsy and of their effects and consequences is an important part of every one of his great books. Dostoievsky would seem to have been of the belief that a brain in which some of the mechanisms are disordered may yet remain superior both intellectually and morally to others less affected, and that the display of such weakness or maladjustment may put the possessor in tune with the Infinite, may permit them to blend momentarily with the Eternal Harmony, to be restored temporarily to the Source of its temporal emanation. Although he describes this in his *Letters*, as he experienced it, he elaborates it in his epileptic heroes and in none so seductively as in *The Idiot* where he makes Prince Myshkin say:

He thought amongst other things how in his epileptic condition there was one stage, just before the actual attack, when suddenly in the midst of sadness, mental darkness and oppression his brain flared up, as it were, and with an unwonted outburst all his vital powers were vivified simultaneously. The sensation of living and of self-consciousness was increased at such moments almost tenfold. They were moments like prolonged lightning. As he thought over this afterward in a normal state he often said to himself that all these flashes and beams of the highest self-realization, self-consciousness and "highest existence" were nothing but disease, the interruption of the normal state. If this were so, then it was by no means the highest state, but, on the contrary, it must be reckoned as the very lowest. And yet he came at last to the very paradoxical conclusion: What matter if it is a morbid state? What difference can it make that the tension is abnormal, if the result itself, if the moment of sensation when remembered and examined in the healthy state proves to be in the highest degree harmony and beauty, and gives an unheard of and undreamed of feeling of completion, of balance, of satisfaction and exultant prayerful fusion with the highest synthesis of life? If at the last moment of consciousness before the attack he had happened to say to himself lucidly and deliberately "for this one moment one might give one's whole

life", then certainly that moment would be worth a lifetime. However, he did not stand out for dialectics; obfuscation, mental darkness and idiocy stand before him as the obvious consequences of those loftiest moments.

It is a question for the individual to decide whether one would give his whole life for a moment of perfection and bliss, but it is probable that no one would without assurance that some permanent advantage, some growth of spirit that could be retained, some impress of spirituality that was indelible, such as comes from an understanding reading of Hamlet or a comprehended rendering of Parsifal, would flow from it or follow it. But to have it and then come back to a world that is "just one damn thing after another", as someone has said who recognizes that there is no surer way of causing amusement in his fellow man than by using a swear word without passion, it is impossible to believe. Dostoievsky was right when he said that Myshkin could look forward to obfuscation, mental darkness and imbecility with some certainty, for physicians experienced with epilepsy know empirically that the unfortunates who have panoplied warnings, and especially illusions, are most liable to become demented early. But that all epileptics with such warnings do not suffer this degradation is attested by the life of Dostoievsky who was in his mental summation when death seized him in his sixtieth year.

Another phenomenon of epilepsy that Dostoievsky makes many of his characters display is detachment of the spirit from the body. They cease to feel their bodies at supreme moments, such as at the moment of condemnation, of premeditated murder or planned crime. In other words, they are thrown into a state of ecstasy similar to that responsible for the mystic utterances of St. Theresa, or of insensibility to obvious agonies such as those of Santa Fina. He not only depicts the phenomena of the epileptic attack, its warnings and its after-effects in the most masterful way, as they have never been rendered in literature, lay or scientific, but he has also described many varieties of the disease. Before he was exiled, in 1847, he gave a most perfect description of the epileptic constitution as it displayed itself in Murin, a character in *The Landlady*. The disease, as it displays itself in the classical way, is revealed by Nelly in *The Insulted and Injured*, but it is in

Myshkin in *The Idiot*, that we see epilepsy transforming the individual from adult infantilism, gradually, almost imperceptibly to imbecility, the victim meantime displaying nobility and tender-mindedness that make the reader's heart go out to him.

The first fruits of Dostoievsky's activities after he had obtained permission to publish were inconsequential. It was not until the appearance of *Letters from a Deadhouse*, which revealed his experiences and thoughts while in prison, and the volume called *The Despised and the Rejected*, that the literary world of St. Petersburg realized that the brilliant promise which he had given in 1846 was realized. Some of his literary adventures, especially in journalism, got him into financial difficulties, and he began to write under the lash, as he describes it, and against time.

In 1865 appeared the novel by which he is widely known, *Crime and Punishment*, in which Dostoievsky's first great antinomian hero, Raskolnikov, a repentant nihilist, is first introduced to the reader. He believes that he has a special right to live, to rebel against society, to transgress every law and moral precept and to follow the dictates of his own will and the lead of his own thought. Such a proud, arrogant, intellectual spirit requires to be cleansed, and inasmuch as the verity, the essence of life lies in humility, Dostoievsky makes his hero murder an old pawnbroker and her sister and then proceeds to put him through the most profound mental agony imaginable. At the same time his mother and sister undergo profound vicarious suffering, while a successor of Mary Magdalene succors him in his increasingly agonized state and finally accompanies him to penal servitude. Many times Raskolnikov appears upon the point of confessing his crime from the torments of his own conscience but, in reality, Svidrigailov, a strange monster of sin and sentiment, and the police officer, Petrovitch, a forerunner of Sherlock Holmes, suggest the confession to him and between the effect of their suggestion and the appeal of Sonia, whose love moves him strangely, he confesses but does not repent. He does not repent because he has done no sin. He has committed no crime. The scales have not yet fallen from his eyes. That is reserved for the days and nights of his prison life and is to be mediated by Sonia's sacrificial heroism. It is

interesting to contemplate Dostoievsky at the state of development when he wrote *Crime and Punishment*, or rather the state of development of his idea of free will. Raskolnikov has the same relation to Stavrogin of *The Possessed* and to Kirillov, the epileptic of the same book, as one of the trial pictures of the figures in the Last Supper has to Leonardo's masterpiece. Dostoievsky apparently was content to describe a case of moral imbecility in its most attractive way, and then when he had outlined its lineaments to leave it and not adjust it to the other groupings of the picture that was undertaken. It would seem that his interest had got switched from Raskolnikov to Svidrigailov, who has dared to outrage covenants and conventions, laws and morality, and has measured his will against all things. Svidrigailov knows the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, indeed he realizes it with great keenness, and when he finds that he is up against it, as it were, and has no escape, he puts the revolver to his temple and pulls the trigger. Death is the only thing he has not tried, and why wait to see whether eternity is just one little room like a bath house in the country, or whether it is something beyond conception? Why not find out at once as everything has been found out? Svidrigailov is Dostoievsky's symbol of the denial of God, the denial of a will beyond his own. "If there is a will beyond my own, it must be an evil will because pain exists. Therefore I must will evil to be in harmony with it. If there is no will beyond my own, then I must assert my own will until it is free of all check beyond itself. Therefore I must will evil."

Raskolnikov represents the conflict of will with the element of moral duty and conscience, and Svidrigailov represents its conflict with refined, deliberate passion. This same will in conflict with the will of the people, the State, is represented by Stavrogin and Shatov, while its conflict with metaphysical and religious mystery is represented by Karamazov, Myshkin and Kirillov. Despite the fact that they pass through the furnace of burning conflicts and the fire of inflaming passions, the force of dominant will is ever supreme. Their human individuality, as represented by their ego, remains definite and concrete. It is untouched, unaltered, undissolved. Though they oppose themselves to the elements that are devouring them, they continue to assert their ego and self-will

even when their end is at hand. Myshkin, Aloysha and Zosima submit to God's will but not to man's.

Crime and Punishment and *The Brothers Karamazov* are the books by which Dostoievsky is best known in this country, and the latter, though unfinished, was intended by him to be his great work, "a work that is very dear to me for I have put a great deal of my inmost self into it", and it has been so estimated by the critics. Indeed, it is the summary of all his thoughts, of all his doubts, of all his fancies, and such statement of his faith as he could formulate. It is saturated in mysticism and it is a *vade mecum* of psychiatry. It is the narrative of the life of an egotistic, depraved, sensuous monster, who is a parasite, a cynic, a scoffer, a drunkard and a profligate, the synthesis of which, when combined with moral anæsthesia, constitutes degeneracy, and of his three legitimate sons and their mistresses, and of an epileptic bastard son who resulted from the rape of an idiot girl. Material for a tragedy indeed, and a tragedy it is from which flows a follower of Christ who Dostoievsky confidently believed was the prototype of him who would fulfill his Saviour's mission. The eldest son, Dimitri, grows up unloved, unguided, unappreciated, frankly hostile to his father whom he hates. This hatred becomes intense when they are rivals for Grushenka's favors, so that it costs him no pang to become a parricide on convincing himself that the father has been a successful rival. On being assured of his mistress's love, he forgets his crime in a drinking bout, Psychologically he represents the type of unstable, weak-willed. uninhibited being who cannot learn self-control. Such individuals may pass unmarked so long as they live in orderly surroundings, but as soon as they wander from the straight path they get into trouble. Their irritability, manifested for the smallest cause, may give rise to attacks of boundless fury which are further increased by alcohol and the gravest crimes are often committed in these conditions. The normal inhibitions are entirely absent; there is no reflection, no weighing of the costs. The thought which develops in the brain is at once translated into action. Their actions are irrational, arbitrary, dependent upon the moment, governed by accidental factors.

Despite overwhelming proof, Dimitri denies his guilt from the

start. It is an open question if the motive of this denial is repentance, shame, love for Grushenka, or fear. The three experts of the trial each has his own opinion. The first two declare the murderer to be abnormal. The third regards him as normal. The author himself has made it easy to judge of Dimitri's state of mind. Though on the boundary line of accountability the murderer was not in a pathological condition such as to exclude his free determination; however, he was not fully responsible for his crime and extenuating circumstances had to be conceded by the judge.

The younger brother, Ivan, is characterized by the prosecuting attorney as a well-educated and talented youth, gifted with a high intelligence. He is a cynic and has lost all faith. Indeed, he is constitutionally devoid of faith, and intellectually adverse to it and to morality. His fate is to brood over the destiny of mankind, to accept God with his lips but not with his heart, for he cannot forgive Him for having made the world and made known the promise of eternal harmony. The transition of Ivan's thought under the influences of dream first and hallucination later is one of the most masterly things in modern literature. He does not feel guiltless of his brother's crime, for he knew Dimitri's intention but allowed things to take their course. The parricide oppresses his soul and under the pressure of his guilt he becomes insane. At the trial he appears fatigued, almost dying, and accuses himself of his father's murder. Ivan, like all the Karamazov characters, is a degenerate and unbalanced personality. His psychosis is a delirium characterized by hallucinations. The servant Smerdyakof, the illegitimate son of old Karamazov and the idiot girl, is very carefully delineated by Dostoievsky. He is epileptic, and the author describes the disease down to the smallest detail, often seeming to identify himself with the fictitious character. He is weak, speaks slowly and moves his tongue with difficulty. A short time before the trial he kills himself by hanging. Smerdyakof presents all the typical signs of the epileptic character. In childhood he is cruel, later he becomes solitary and misanthropical. His behavior is pedantic. He broods, is preoccupied with religious problems, and his attitude varies from subserviency to impertinence.

Grushenka is a genuine case of hysteria. The daughter of well-to-do parents, at an early age she is seduced by an officer, leaves her home and later becomes the mistress of an old man. Her beauty attracts men, she flirts with them, wants to dominate them but is chary of her favors. She lusts after Aloysha, the pious son, and promises a sum of money to Rakitin to be paid when he brings him to her. Her toying between father and son is truly hysterical. When she has finally decided in favor of the son, she firmly clings to him despite his guilt and is ready to follow him to Siberia, although she has only played with him heretofore.

It is Aloysha who is Dostoievsky's superman. He is the essence of Myshkin and Stavrogin and Karamazov and Father Zosima, the residue that is left in the crucible when their struggles were reduced, their virtues and their vices distilled. He is Myshkin whose mind has not been destroyed by epilepsy, he is Stavrogin who has seen light before his soul was sold to the devil, he is a Karamazov who has been redeemed by prayer and good works, he is the apotheosis of Father Zosima. "He felt clearly and as it were tangibly that something firm and unshakable as that vault of heaven had entered into his soul. It was as though some idea had seized the sovereignty of his mind—and it was for all his life and for ever and for ever." In other words, Aloysha realized in a mild form and continuously that which Myshkin realized as the result of disease and spasmodically. Aloysha went into a state of faith, of resignation, of adjustment with the Infinite, and Myshkin went into dementia via ecstasy.

The Idiot was one of Dostoievsky's books that had a cold reception from the Russian reading public but which has been, next to *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Crime and Punishment*, the most popular in this country. The basic idea is the representation of a truly perfect and noble man, and it is not at all astonishing that Dostoievsky made him an epileptic. He had been impressed, he said, that all writers who had sought to represent Absolute Beauty were unequal to the task. It is so difficult, for the beautiful is the ideal and ideals have long been wavering and waning in civilized Europe. There is only one figure of absolute beauty, Christ, and he patterns Prince Myshkin upon the Divine model.

He brings him in contact with Nastasya Filipovna, who is the incarnation of the evil done in the world and this evil is represented symbolically by Dostoievsky as the outrage of a child. The nine years of brooding which Nastasya had following the outrage inflicted upon her as a child by Prince Tosky had imprinted upon her face something which Myshkin recognized as the pain of the world, and from which he cannot deliver himself and which he cannot mitigate for her. She marries him after agonies of rebellion and foregoing, after having given him to her *alter ego* in virginal state, Aglaia Epanchin, and then taken him away to show her power and demonstrate her own weakness, but she deserts him on the church steps for her lover Rogozhin, who murders her that night. Myshkin, finding him next morning, said more than "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do"; he lay beside him in the night and bathed his temples with his tears, but fortunately in the morning when the murderer was a raving lunatic a merciful Providence had enshrouded Myshkin in his disease.

As Dimitri Merejkowski, the most understanding critic and interpreter of Dostoievsky who has written of him, truthfully says, his works are not novels or epics but tragedies. The narrative is secondary to the construction of the whole work and the keystone of the narrative is the dialogue between the characters. The reader feels that he hears real persons talking and talking without artifice just as they would talk in real life, and they express sentiments and convictions which one would expect from individuals of such inheritance, education, development and environment, obsessed particularly with the injustices of this world and the uncertainties of the world to be, concerned day and night with the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, the future of civilization. It has been said that he does not describe the appearance of his characters, for they depict themselves, their thoughts and feelings, their faces and bodies, by their peculiar form of language and tones of voices. Although he does not dwell on portraiture, he has scarcely a rival in delineation and his portraits have that quality which perhaps Leonardo of all others who worked with the brush had the capacity to do, and which Pater saw in the Gioconda: the revelation of the soul and its possibilities in the lineaments. The portrait of

Mlle. Lebyadkin, the imbecile whom the proud Nikolay Stavrogin married not from love or lust but that he might exhaust the list of mortifications, those of the flesh for himself, and those of pride for his family, that he might kill his instincts and become pure spirit, is as true to life as if Dostoievsky had spent his life in an Almshouse sketching the unfortunates segregated there. The art of portraiture cannot surpass this picture of Shatov, upon whose plastic soul Stavrogin impressed his immoralities in the shape of "the grand idea" and who said to Stavrogin in his agony, "Shan't I kiss your foot-prints when you've gone? I can't tear you out of my heart, Nikolay Stavrogin."

He was short, awkward, had a shock of flaxen hair, broad shoulders, thick lips, very thick overhanging white eyebrows, a wrinkled forehead, and a hostile, obstinately downcast, as it were shamefaced, expression in his eyes. His hair was always in a wild tangle and stood up in a shock which nothing could smooth. He was seven or eight and twenty.

In the same masterful way he has described Pyotr Verhovensky and Kirillov in *The Possessed*, the other souls that Stavrogin had captivated, and of Stavrogin himself. Indeed the pen pictures of the latter are uncanny, as is that of Feodor Karamazov which adheres to one's memory like a scarlet sin.

It is not as a photographer of the body that Dostoievsky is a source of power and inspiration in the world to-day, and will remain so for countless days to come, for he has depicted the Russian people as has no one else save Tolstoi, and his pictures constitute historical documents, but as photographer of the soul, a psychologist. Psychology is said to be a new science and a generation ago there was much ado over a new development called "experimental psychology" which was hailed as the key that would unlock the casket wherein repose the secrets of the mind, the windlass that would lift layer by layer the veil that has since man began concealed the mysteries of thought, behavior and action. It has not fulfilled its promise. It would be beyond the truth to say that it has been sterile, but it is entirely true to say that the contributions that it has made have been as naught compared with those made by abnormal psychology. Some, indeed, contend that the only real contributions of value have come from a study of disease and deficiency, and their contentions are

granted by the vast majority of those entitled to an opinion. Dostoievsky is the master portrayer of madness and of bizarre states of the soul and of the mind that are on the borderland of madness. Not only does he depict the different types of mental alienation but by an intuition peculiar to his genius, by a species of artistic divination he has understood and portrayed their display, their causation, their onset—so often difficult to determine even for the expert—and finally the full development of the disease. Indeed, he forestalled the descriptions of the alienists. "They call me a psychologist," says Dostoievsky; "it is not true. I am only a realist in the highest sense of the word, that is I depict all the soul's depth. Arid observations of every-day trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse." It is the mission of one important branch of psychology to depict the soul's depth, the workings of the conscious mind, and as the interior of a house that one is forbidden to enter is best seen when the house has been shattered or is succumbing to the incidences of time and existence, so the contents of the soul are most discernible in the mind that has some of its impenetralia removed by disease. It was in this laboratory that Dostoievsky conducted his experiments, made his observations and recorded the results from which he drew conclusions and inferences. "In my works I have never said so much as the twentieth part of what I wished to say, and perhaps could have actually said. I am firmly convinced that mankind knows much more than it has hitherto expressed either in science or in art. In what I have written there is much that came from the depth of my heart", he says in a letter to a friendly critic, to which may be added that what he has said is in keeping with the science of to-day, and is corroborated by workers in other fields of psychology and psychiatry.

The annihilation of the sense of time in Dostoievsky's stories was first dwelt upon by Merejkowski and it has been much discussed by all of his serious commentators. Events occur and things take place within a few hours in his stories which would ordinarily take months and years. The reason for this timeless cycle of events may be sought in the experiences that the author had in the moments preceding his attacks of epilepsy in

which he had thoughts and emotions which a lifetime would scarcely suffice to narrate.

Dostoievsky was a rare example of dual personality. His life was the expression of his ego personality (and what a life of strife and misery and unhappiness it was!), revealed with extraordinary lucidity in his *Letters* and *The Journal of an Author*, and his legacy to mankind is the record of his unconscious mind revealed in his novels. The latter is the life he would have liked to live and in it he depicts the changes in man's moral nature that he would have liked to witness. His contention was that man should be master of his fate, captain of his soul. He must express his thought and conviction in action and conduct, particularly in his relation to his fellow-man. He must take life's measure and go to it no matter what it entails or how painful, unpleasant or disastrous the struggle, or the end.

Many thoughtful minds believe that Dostoievsky has shown us the only salvation in the great crisis of the European conscience. The people, it matters not of what nationality, still possess the strength and equilibrium of internal power. The conviction that man shall not live only as a beast of burden still survives in the Russian people and is shared with them by the masses throughout the civilized world. Salvation from internal anarchy was his plea, and it is the plea that is to-day being made by millions in other lands than his.

As a prophet he foresaw the supremacy of the Russian people, the common people succored to knowledge, faith and understanding by liberty, education and health; and by conformation to its teaching the renaissance of the Christian faith which shall be a faith that shall show man how to live and how to die, and which shall be manifest in conduct as well as by word of mouth; primacy of the Russian church and the consummation of European culture by the effort and propaganda of Russia. "Russia is the one God-fearing nation and her ultimate destiny shall be to make known the Russian Christ for the salvation of lost humanity." No one can say at this day that his prophecies may not come true, and to the student of history there may seem to be more suggestive indication of it in the Russia of to-day than half a century ago, for from a world in ferment unexpected distillations may

flow. But to the person who needs proof Russia is silent now. Dostoievsky's doctrines have not dropped as the rain, nor has his speech been distilled as the dew, though he published the name of the Lord and ascribed greatness unto our God. Indeed, the fate that has overtaken Russia would seem to deny the possibility of the fulfillment of his prophecies either for his country or his people.

As a narrator of the events of life here, and of the thoughts of life here and hereafter, he has had few peers of any nation or language. That he did it in a disorderly way must be admitted; that the events of his tragedies had little time incidence is obvious to the most casual reader; that the reader has to bring to their perusal concentration and application is beyond debate; and that his characters are "degenerates", using that word in its biological sense, there is no doubt. But despite all these he succeeded in straining through from man's unconscious mind to his conscious, and then expressing it in thought and deed as the essence of the Russian's soul, and his books are the imperishable soul-prints of his contemporaneous countrymen. He foresaw with clairvoyancy the necessity of making religion livable, not professable with the lips and scorned in action, but a code or formulation that would combine Life, Love and Light pragmatically and although he was not able to formulate his thought or to express it clearly and forcibly, to synthetize and codify it, as it were, formulators of the new religion, of Christianity revivified or dematerialized, will consult frequently and diligently the writings of Feodor Dostoievsky.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

ANOTHER ELIZABETHAN

BY SAMUEL L. M. BARLOW

We are a little shocked when someone like Tagore takes a prominent place among the men of letters of to-day. France, England, Italy and Germany have for so long dominated our literature that sometimes we find ourselves denying to languages other than these a place in the literary sun. Ibañez is at the moment engaged in proving that Cervantes and Lope de Vega did not die without progeny; and, conversely, in the past, Ibsen made us turn to Scandinavian and Tolstoi to Russian literature because we well know that such giants do not spring parthenogenetic without literary ancestry or a tradition of culture. Tagore came to us a stranger in a strange land, a poet soaring in the high regions of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him. Who were the men who sanctified his native tongue, as Chaucer and Shakespeare sanctified ours? What great work of the past is holy to him as *Paradise Lost* is to us? Without question, the Shakespeare of Indian literature, the man in whose shadow all Indian writers since his day have reclined, the greatest of the nine wise men, was Kalidasa.

Of making books concerning his actual date there is no end. The Oriental mind having a traditional distrust of dates, archeologists are thrown back upon numismatic and traditional sources, and certain timely references to the Huns which place Kalidasa and his sovereign, almost beyond dispute, in the fourth century A. D. Apart, too, from the Kashmiri chronicles the historian finds much in the Greek accounts of the India upon which Alexander hurled himself, partly in emulation of Dionysus, Hercules, and Semiramis, and partly because his conquest of Persia led him through the Indian satrapy right up to the Indus. And when Philip's warlike son saw a river he seems always to have desired to cross. But alas, what Voltaire said of Louis XIV, "*La plupart des historiens se plaisent a faire faire aux princes ce qu'ils n' ont ni fait,*

ni du faire," is true of most of the writings concerning the deeds of Alexander and of the great kings of India. Certainly the most useful records are those of the Chinese pilgrims to whom India was a Mecca, and who had the divine gift of valuing dates. That august wanderer, Fa-Hien, who travelled in 399 A. D., left a garrulous account of the antecedents of Chandra-Gupta II, at whose court Kalidasa flourished. From him we learn that [about 308] the local Rajah at Pataliputra married Kumalra, a Lichchhavi princess. The alliance added so much to his estates that he was constrained to call himself a "sovereign of Maharajahs", and added so much to his power that he was able to establish a dynasty which eventually ruled the whole of India. Chandra-Gupta I [as this Rajah called himself] left his throne to Samudra-Gupta. This heroic son proceeded at once on the royal business of kingdom-taking. He commenced with the Gangetic Plain, pushed on into the north, turned back and started on a marvelous southern campaign. At one time he was twelve hundred miles from his capital—away down near Ceylon in the peninsular jungles. Laden with spoils, he returned by a westerly route and celebrated a triumph which consisted mainly in killing a sacred horse in a purely orthodox Hindu manner. Contemporary inscriptions state that he was a man of great learning—a splendid musician, and somewhat of a poet. It was natural that such a robust monarch, a man on the order of François I, should beget one of the lustre of Chandra-Gupta II, surnamed Vikramaditya, who bejewelled his throne with wise men and whose fame spread abroad "like the sound of a silver bell hung in the canopy of the sky."

At this time, when Rome was weeping for her Virgils and would not be comforted because they were not, India attained her highest pinnacle of civilization. If we stop to think of the collapse of Northern Europe after the receding wave of Roman Imperialism, and picture the struggle of Gaelic civilization, alone in Ireland, to survive, and the pre-Arthurian and barbaric state of England and France, the relative peak of Indian enlightenment, which fostered free roadside hospitals and schools at stated intervals, is astoundingly lofty. Fa-Hien, who neglected to mention the name of the monarch in whose land he spent years (with much the same turn of mind which prevented monks from looking at the Alps as they

crossed, till Petrarch bade them do so), has left us an account of an empire happy, prosperous, and enlightened. The glory of Vikramaditya himself and his court dazzles the little Indian school-boy to-day much as does King Arthur the youth of Europe. The "nine gems" who flourished at the court were men of remarkable genius in each case. Dhanvantari was a famous physician; Aryabhatta was the leading astronomer of that hemisphere; Amara Sinha compiled the dictionary of Sanskrit from which all others since have been drawn, and—being like Leonardo a man of many talents—built the Buddhist temple at Buddha Gaya. Varahamihira and Varauchi were distinguished authors; three men have left only their names unfortunately; and at the head of the nine stands Kalidasa.

In the court at Ujjain there was not only this intellectual brilliance but a material splendor beyond the dreams of contemporary Europe. Similar magnificence—royal hunts when the king went out to see and eke for to be seen—yearly festivals when the king washed his royal head—had stunned the worthy Greek historian of a previous Chandra-Gupta. Vikramaditya, also, loved the arts of hunting and was supported to a fertile jungle by untold numbers of swarthy palanquin-bearers and courtiers who scattered gold along the road. The Durbar at Ujjain has left its mark on tradition just as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" has upon our history. But it is as a patron of the arts that this monarch concerns us and the court as the home of genius that it pertains to our subject.

Kalidasa had behind him the Vedic Hymns, composed 1000 to 2000 B. C., and forming a Homeric background to all subsequent Indian literature. All the very early Indian writing was in this language, but these Hymns, which have an Old Testament flavor, are so vastly superior to all the other branches that they are often supposed to be the *whole* literary product of that deep antiquity. On the contrary, there are Brahmanas, Upanishads and Sutras—like the Gorgons, Hydras and Chimæras dire—which lurk in the shade of the Hymns and make up a great mass of Vedic literature. Just when this mode was transplanted by Sanskrit is a question not fully answered. It seems to have grown out of Vedic about the time of Buddha's rise. Early Buddhistic records are in the

vulgar Pali, as was natural in the case of such a Holy One who lived and taught among the people. But at the same time, royal circles were indulging in Sanskrit, the "classical" language of the period. Astronomers,—antedating Pythagoras, and yet with all his wisdom—law-givers,—antedating Rome, and yet with a Code more marvelous,—righteous men with a message of philosophic purport or religious comfort, all wrote their ideas into Sanskrit epics. A somewhat later form than all these was the Fable, in which the moral or historical mind could find relaxation without wandering too far afield. With the centralization of literature about a court such as Vikramaditya's, fable easily ran into literary drama and the great work of Kalidasa.

The first definite *pièces de theâtre* were the *Yatras* or Mystery Plays, dealing with the life of Krishna Vishnu much as Occidental mysteries dealt with the life of Christ. In the middle of his career, Krishna seems to have sported with Amaryllis in the shade; in consequence the love-element entered early into Indian drama and was conducted with music and dancing right down to the present day as the principal element of a play. Some have thought that Greek comedy was brought in by Alexander, inasmuch as the Hindu jester resembles that character in Greek literature, and as the word for "curtain" in Hindu is the word denoting "Grecian". Be that as it may, drama was as popular in the Orient as it was in Europe and grew and was cultivated in the same manner that brought it in England from *Gammer Gurton* to *Hamlet*.

The first consciously literary drama was the *Mud Cart*, of an unknown date and authorship, though the former was probably only a little before Kalidasa. The royalties in the play speak Sanskrit, while the vulgar speak Prakrit, much as the Porter indulges in prose in *Macbeth*. The prologue consists of a benediction to Siva, the lightning god. The stage manager next appears and tells what the play treats of, like Snout in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and proceeds to describe the author as one with the walk of an elephant, the eye of a chakora bird and the face of a full moon—all doubtless meant as compliment. Then the performance proper begins, concerning itself with the life of a wanton whose love redeemed her past and to whom honor is the reward of virtue. Like all Indian plays, the plot is diffuse, dealing with

mud carts, princes, wantons, thefts and revolution. The last act —the tenth—strangely enough is, quite to the modern taste, laid in a law court.

Certain works of art have triumphed over time, and nothing else but eternity has done that. So, though we know Kalidasa's immortal poetry, we know but little of his life. To the discourse of what elders did he listen? At the feet of what Gamaliel did he learn his trade? His fate is happier than some; his name has come to us; but for an estimation of the man we must turn to the virtue of his theses, the power of his line, the splendor of his verse.

The play of *Sakuntala* is a true Nataka, a form so well understood by Wagner, the highest form of dramatic art, presenting heroic and god-like characters engaged in noble deeds. It does not profess to be realistic, but lofty, idealistic and full of graceful conceits. The languorous movement of the love-scenes which brings a subtle response in all the surrounding nature, is not for the western stage, where flames must burn quicker if not as hotly. The play opens with Dushyanta, Lord of the Lunar Race, hunting in the forest. The noise of his steeds is as of many waters, and his spears rattle mightily. The flying deer leads him into the hermitage of Hastinaput, where dwell Kanva and his ward Sakuntala. She is the child of a nymph, and with divine grace appears before the King like an opening lotus flower. Amid the smoke of altar fires, in a rustic garb, surrounded by exquisite foliage, Sakuntala seems more beautiful than the dawn to Dushyanta. And, like a gorgeous St. Michael stepping from a stained glass window, he rouses a deep passion in the evasive, throbbing soul of the girl. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" sang Marlowe. Certainly none of Kalidasa's heroes. When once the King has learned that Sakuntala is of divine origin, they "entwine their lives" and plight a simple troth. The nuptials are as informal as those of Dido and Æneas, but in this case more lasting. After this, Dushyanta is forced to return, and leaves his bride with child till he can fetch her. Alas, during his absence she offends a sage who curses her with a dark and doleful curse—that her lord will forget her till she returns the ring he left with her. So Sakuntala sets out to find Dushyanta, but drops the ring into the sea on the way. Arrived at the palace, she

finds herself really forgot by her husband, and, after harrowing scenes in which she vainly tries to win back her lord, she gives up to despair. To save her from further humiliation she is temporarily snatched up to heaven. In the meantime the ring has been found in a fish by some fisherman, who takes the gem to court. Upon seeing the ring, Dushyanta regains his memory, bewails what has happened, and starts out to find his wife. In helping the god Indra battle against the Danavas, he finds himself in some heavenly spot. A little boy is wrestling, like an infant Hercules, with a lion's cub. After a touching scene in which Dushyanta discovers that the child is his, he is reunited with Sakuntala,—and the play ends. Such is the outline of the play—no more discursive than *Tamburlaine*, no less delicate in workmanship than *The Tempest*, no less certain in its "catastrophe" than *The Duchess of Malfi*. The lofty sentiments which animate the characters, the moral forces which motivate the plot, do not appear in so cursory a review. But observe the Biblical and swift fate that overtakes Sakuntala, lost in her bower of love, removed from all but amorous thoughts. For her forgetfulness of higher things she must do penance, that her joy may be as pure as it is great at the end. It seems a harsh law to visit upon such a tender passion, yet this same inexorable Fate has dominated all great drama from the Greeks to Macbeth. Man's relation to his God must ever be the greatest reciprocal force and the ultimate and supernal in tragedy. For us, the more potent and instant beauties of the play lie hidden in the poetry—much more than in the force of the action or the mirroring of life except as it concerns thoughts and emotions. Of these Kalidasa had a vast understanding.

The closest analogy in our literature to the spirit which produced and possessed this great dramatist is that of the Elizabethan Age. The court of Vikramaditya and the court of Elizabeth both fell upon Golden Ages; glowing and versatile periods brought about by much the same conditions of national temper, proud and superb, successful in war, ruled by a great personality. There seems to be some law in the upward sweep of Augustan eras provocative of Virgils. There is, furthermore, a very strong similarity not only between the time and conditions of these spokesmen of great deeds but also between their works. The very pro-

logue of *Sakuntala* has a grace not incomparable with that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Everywhere, indeed, one finds verses and apostrophies that put us in mind of some one of the Elizabethans; usually of Marlowe, though Kalidasa has a tenderness more akin to Greene's. The fair maid of Fressingfield is not the fine spirit that is Sakuntala, but Margaret loved her own countryside no less than the Indian maiden, if with less understanding. Throughout Kalidasa we find an intimacy with the out-of-doors entirely free from the "classical and learned" flora which mars the effect of true love of nature in all the Elizabethans except Shakespeare. Sakuntala herself has been likened to the flower, budding in spring, warming to passion in summer, frosted and chilled in winter, only to reopen to perfect blossom again. She is the Proserpine of Indian literature and the acts of the play are her Seasons.

Perhaps the most thoroughly Elizabethan scene in all the works of Kalidasa occurs in his play *Vikrama*. The action concerns itself with the surreptitious love letter written on a vagrant leaf. The characters are the Queen, Ausinari, the hero, Pururavas, and the jester, Manavaka. The king denies that he was looking for the leaf, and the Queen as promptly declines to believe him. Manavaka suggests that dinner would relieve the situation. The Queen grows more angry. To soothe her Pururavas kneels at her feet with words of love; to whom she replies:

> Think me not
> Infirm of purpose, as to be beguiled
> By such assumed respect. You make
> An awkward penitent, my lord;
> I cannot trust you.

With that parting shaft, the Queen sails off, leaving the King somewhat dry in the throat. As the jester reminds him that it is high noon and time for lunch, Pururavas leaves the garden to the peacocks and charokas.

The jealous fury of the Queen through the play is worthy of Regan or Goneril. Vituperative family scenes are not infrequent in Kalidasa. The King turns upon Sakuntala much as Edward put off Queen Isabella:

> Fawn not on me, French strumpet,
> Get thee gone!

Dido, too, was put off with sneers, to hang her head with the gentle Sakuntala—for who can refute a sneer? Yet on the whole, it is a difficult task to compare the women of the Oriental dramatist with those of an Occidental playwright. In Kalidasa the women are the only characters which seem real to us. I think that the poet thought of them as of flowers with souls. They cling like vines, they wither in the cold or from neglect. They are clever with a polished instinct; they are subtle with an exotic perfume. What is Zenocrete to us, except that she causes Tamburlaine to speak with the tongue of angels by her bed? But how we vibrate with the gentle Sakuntala as she sees her lord or is turned from his presence like some withering Ophelia. How human she is in her conversation with her friends! She is not modernly complex; rather like a rose, almost scorched before it opens, which blossoms serenely to the delight of all the lovers of color and life and sweetness. There is no character in our literature that is like her, to my knowledge. The outdoor heroines of Shakespeare had wandered from some sophisticated city into the green wood. None were born under the arching boughs, none understood the birds, or knew the flowers as did Sakuntala. On the other hand the men in Kalidasa's plays are much more germane to the heroes of the Elizabethan stage; for while Shakespeare had Raleigh and Drake as pictures of the heroic ever before him, so Kalidasa was stimulated by the superb and warlike examples of Vikramaditya and the first Guptas. As Spenser glorified his monarch in the *Faerie Queen*, so Kalidasa in his plays and epics traced the descent of his royal house from the gods. Flattery is the coin in which Mæcenas is paid.

It is said that Charles II asked his poet laureate, Waller, why his poem on Cromwell was so much finer than his ode to the Restoration. Whereupon Waller answered: "Your Majesty knows that poets deal best in fiction." In poetry one must idealize reality, or realize fancy. With Kalidasa it is the latter. He chose a fanciful theme of Rewards and Fairies, and made it live by his constant allusion to the facts and laws of nature. There is no realism in the cloud taking a message for a fond lover; but the long, narrow flight of the cranes which are to accompany the cloud is a vivid and real picture.

On the other hand, the Elizabethans take an historical fact—as the life of Tamburlaine, Edward, or Faustus—and clothe it in imagery, superlative, and emotion. With Marlowe, particularly, nature is of an Ossa-on-Pelion variety—brought in for the sake of the fine line. His plays are all action; Kalidasa's all reflection. The former chose emperors and kings because their magnificence demanded a magnificent speed and speech. With Kalidasa the inspiration came differently. He saw a wonderful sunset or flower, and cried: "I could gaze forever," and felt impelled to write that others might enjoy it too. It was a more subtle motive than that which animated the Elizabethan. Both poets were men of vivid imagination, with a practically equal command of verse; each had a strong dramatic sense. Unfortunately the comparisons can never come very close because one was an Englishman and one a Hindu. The one great similarity lies in their respect to time and their fellow men.

To say that Kalidasa is great, means no more than to say that the Taj Mahal is beautiful. It is an unrelated affirmation. But if we think of him as one with a genius equal to Marlowe, and as one who fulfilled the same literary purpose, we have at once related him to what we know and what we love.

Probably all of us have put that great Elizabethan in some rank of our Poet's Heaven—perhaps not the Seventh, but near unto it. It is not, I trust, too much to ask that Kalidasa be placed in the same circle—a little aloof, for he would be gazing at the stars while Marlowe would be looking over the edge at the earth. And if we need a sponsor for so grave an undertaking as that of seating a new poet with our chosen ones, let the verse of Goethe (who marveled at Kalidasa and Marlowe alike) have weight with us:

> Would'st thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its decline,
> And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed,—
> Would'st thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name combine?
> I name thee, O Sakuntalá! and all at once is said.

SAMUEL L. M. BARLOW.

SOME FRENCH CANADIAN FICTION

BY ERNEST BOYD

In the spring of last year Daniel Halévy, the friend of Charles Péguy and collaborator in the now famous *Cahiers de la quinzaine*, aroused the interest of all the friends of that amazing adventure in periodical literature by launching a series of *Cahiers verts*, in which the main idea of Péguy's editorship was preserved. Each issue of the series is a complete work by one author, but M. Halévy has adopted the conventional format of the French novel, and is obviously editing a series of books, not a periodical of which every number is a book, as Péguy did. The first work selected by the editor showed that, while thus modifying Péguy's plan, he had retained the tradition of befriending newcomers and of breaking new ground. It was a volume entitled *Maria Chapdelaine: Récit du Canada français*, and the author was Louis Hémon, a name unknown to the vast majority of the reading public in France. This simple and charming story of French Canadian farm life had an irresistible appeal in France, where the literature of rural manners lacks the sense of wildness, of great open spaces and of untamed nature, which informs the narrative of Louis Hémon.

The French peasant, whether revealed in the harsh light of a Maupassant and a Zola, or in the more sober colors of a George Sand or a Gaston Chérau, is exceedingly remote from those exiled pioneers in Quebec and Ontario whose link with France is little more than a memory of ancestors who started on a great adventure only to be forever parted from their mother country. In *Maria Chapdelaine* these authentic Canadians, who refuse that title to any other race in Canada, evoke memories long dormant in France, and the tale of their struggle for existence against storm and snow, of their stand for race and tradition against the overwhelming forces of another dispensation, opens up a new perspective in French literature. The descriptions of nature, the faithful notation of the round of tasks, the joys and sorrows, which

make up life in those distant regions, gain an added savor from the idiom of this Canadian French, where sonorous archaisms and barbarous Anglicisms jostle one another in the happiest innocence. It is not surprising that this unpretentious story of a farmer's daughter, who loses an unspoken love through the death of a young guide in a snowstorm, and is then married to the farmer of her parents' choice, should have aroused the enthusiasm of French critics. Here was something as different from the incredible "Far West" of French literary convention as from the studies of rural life to which the public had been accustomed in a country whose agricultural population is probably the most settled, comfortable and unadventurous in Western Europe. This lonely community of almost forgotten French men and women, speaking a tongue akin to that of Ronsard and Montaigne when it is not perilously like the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, came as a revelation through the fine work of Louis Hémon, just as the Irish of Synge's plays brought a breath of Elizabethan English and the play of elemental human beings into our own modern literature.

The history of French Canadian and Anglo-Irish literature suggests some interesting parallels. In both cases there is the effort of a racial minority to preserve its national identity. In French Canada the substitution of English for the native language has not succeeded as in Ireland, and the situation is somewhat similar to that of two centuries ago, when Irish was still the medium of literary expression. In Ireland there has been a twofold renaissance, for not only is there a growing literature in Irish but the Anglo-Irish writers, under the Gaelic influence, have so moulded the language imposed by the conquest that it has become an adequate instrument of national self-expression. Anglo-Irish literature is now known as a distinctive manifestation of the Irish spirit, and quite unlike the Anglicized literature by provincial Irishmen which could never be more than a feeble echo.

The literature of French Canada, like that of Ireland, has been largely thrown back upon past history for its material. It was only after the advent of Standish O'Grady and W. B. Yeats and the group associated with the Irish literary renaissance that attention was diverted from old sorrows and hatreds to a broader and

deeper conception of nationality. For the past quarter of a century and more Anglo-Irish literature has been concerned with the legends and traditions of the race rather than with the political struggles which succeeded the classic age of Irish culture. In Canada a similar change was initiated by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé in 1863, when he published *Les Anciens Canadiens*. This epic of Canadian French history surprised its critics by its absence of rancor. The Abbé Camille Roy, an authoritative historian of Canadian French literature, reproaches him with being too ready to approve of "national resignation" in the face of Britain's victory. That is just the sort of criticism which was brought against the pioneers of the revival in Ireland, but literary jingoism has had to submit to the facts, which have justified the innovators by bringing to them and their country the world-fame denied to the purely patriotic writers who preceded them. Similarly, Gaspé's work attained extraordinary popularity and is one of the few Canadian French works which have been translated.

Maria Chapdelaine is typical of the literature of French Canada, which has been chiefly concerned with rural conditions, as is the case with Irish literature. The Canadians have to face the same problem as their Irish contemporaries. It is not in the half Anglicized drawing-rooms of Montreal and Quebec that the native spirit thrives, but in the smaller communities and scattered farms, outside the reach of urban influences. While the drama, such as it is, in the absence of a folk-theatre is almost entirely restricted to historical subjects, the novel concentrates on the life and manners of the countryside. The lack of good novelists has been the striking anomaly of Anglo-Irish literature until the strange genius of James Joyce began to realize itself in his powerful studies of the middle-class. The Irish have the gift of story-telling, the art of the Shanachie persists, but the novel is neglected, or practised as a pot-boiler.

The French Canadian novelists have been relatively more numerous, but they have had nothing to show comparable to *Maria Chapdelaine*. Apart from the emulators of Gaspé, of whom Laure Conan is the most important, the majority have studied the rural civilization of the old *habitants* and their successors. The first novel of importance was *Charles Guérin*, which

had a considerable vogue in the late 'forties, but the author, P. J. O. Chauveau, was not familiar with the manners of the Canadians except as they revealed themselves in the half French, half English society of the large cities. Its success was mainly due to the fact that he wrote with more care for style than was usual at that period—or since! The typical fiction of French Canada dates rather from Gérin-Lajoie's *Jean Rivard*, which appeared some twenty years later. At last there came a novelist who attempted to write the epic of colonization, the struggle of man against Nature on the virgin soil of a new country. There is a peculiar, naïve charm to this novel, through which the practical wisdom of the agriculturalist pierces, even to the extent of notes of interest to farmers! Since then others have developed the theme with less obviously utilitarian intention. The hardships and adventures of the pioneers and backwoodsmen, the great life of the prairies and forests—these are the eternal subjects of the Canadian novelists.

Despite the occasional fine work of such men as Dr. Choquette in *Les Ribaud* and *Claude Paysan*, during recent years, and the historical tales of Laure Conan, dealing with the period of the Anglo-French war, the average novel continues to trace the more or less external aspects of the rural communities, without any achievement worthy of note. Just before the war a new writer, Hector Bernier, came forward with what promised to be a welcome innovation, *Au large de l'écueil* and *Ce que disait la flamme*, two novels of contemporary middle-class society. Unfortunately, bad writing and an excess of that religiosity with which these transplanted French endeavor to compensate for the delinquencies of the original stock in matters of faith, seriously invalidate their claim to serious attention. *Ce que disait la flamme*, however, has this interest that it sets forth the problem with which the Irish writers have had to contend, the problem of what is known in Ireland as "West Britonism"; that is, the affectation of the pseudo-English, who hold that what is native is vulgar and inferior.

The flowering of poetry in Ireland has its counterpart in French Canada, where Louis Fréchette, who died in 1908, long held the seat of honor as one of the greatest poets in French literature out-

side France. His *Fleurs boréales* was crowned by the French Academy, and contains some beautiful poems. Fréchette's work, like that of his rival, W. Chapman, is full of a passionate sense of nationality, and in their songs, as in those of the Irish, is heard the plaint of a conquered but undefeated people. The atmosphere of the North, the crisp snows and the mighty forests, are as integral a part of their poetic landscape as the mist and bogland of the Irish poets, and these bring an unaccustomed note into French poetry, so highly civilized and sophisticated and polished. Here is Nature as she is seen in the wilds, with a fiercer beauty than the mellow, formal charm of the eighteenth century landscape gardening which seems to be the background of so much French poetry.

In the early enthusiasm over *Maria Chapdelaine* there was a salute to the first really fine piece of prose to come out of French Canada. The author was unknown, but in time it was discovered that, though the story came from Canada, Louis Hémon was not a French Canadian. He was a Breton who had gone off to Canada and had written his book out of his first-hand experiences on the farms. His sister describes him as a silent man who "fled from the world and loved solitude and meditation", and this trait, together with the evidence of his book, indicate in him a certain resemblance to J. M. Synge. Like the latter in the Aran Islands, Louis Hémon in Canada learned how to observe and listen, and thus his notation of the Canadian French idiom is wonderfully effective, for he knows just how far it can be used and how it can give a color and tang to the speech of the people, and he does not allow unconscious barbarisms to spoil his writing, as do so many of the Canadian French authors. He has done for the speech of French Canada what Synge did for the Irish; he has brought it into literature.

After he had despatched the manuscript of *Maria Chapdelaine* to France, the author started off to tramp across country from St. John's Lake where the book was written. His plan was to follow on foot the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. At a curve in the line neither he nor his companion heard the approaching train and both were run over and killed. When the letter accepting his story was returned to Paris, marked "dead", there was nobody to whom it could be sent, nor any known source from which informa-

tion could be obtained concerning the mysterious author. So the story was published in a newspaper, where the father of Louis Hémon first learned of its existence. He wrote to explain the relationship and thus the facts were obtained concerning this supposedly Canadian French novelist. In Canada, however, the loss of this promising writer, at the age of thirty-three, has been mourned as a loss to the literature of French Canada. A white marble monument has been erected on the spot where he was killed, and in 1919 a commemorative stone was placed at Péribonka, near St. John's Lake, on the farm where he wrote *Maria Chapdelaine*. The Geographical Society of Quebec has re-named two lakes, Lake Hémon and Lake Chapdelaine, in honor of the author who has given French Canadian literature its first novel to transcend the limits of what has hitherto been a mere by-path of modern letters.

ERNEST BOYD.

PORTRAIT OF A SCIENTIST: ASA GRAY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

UNTIL the study of birds began to rival it, the study of flowers was the most popular form of science, and to educated Americans of middle age, especially women, Gray's *Manual* is almost as familiar as the Bible, Shakespeare, or the cook-book. It was said with justice, shortly after Asa Gray's death, that "more than any man who has lived, not excepting Agassiz, he spread and popularized the love and knowledge of natural history in America." Yet, though Gray's name is familiar, his career was so quiet and so busy with his peculiar occupations that the dignity and beauty of his character are not known to his countrymen as they deserve.

Asa Gray was a thorough American. You read it in his face, with its quick, eager, expressive sympathy, its shrewd benignity. The busy, ardent, hasty American temperament was manifest in his movements and in his clear-cut, decisive speech. He was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1810. He had a vigorous, out-of-door, manual, rather isolated childhood. Somewhat later he contrived to get a medical training, which was all the formal academic discipline he ever had. But botany soon took possession of him and botany became the whole of his life. After various wanderings and vicissitudes, he settled down in Cambridge, and with his headquarters there worked as hard as any man ever worked at his favorite pursuit, writing and publishing enormously; yet when he died in 1888 he left his great work on the *Synoptical Flora of North America* incomplete.

Though his life was given to botany, Gray was by no means a man of one interest or of one idea. He had a clear and active intelligence, which left few subjects unprobed and unillumined. He constantly applied his clear, unclouded intellectual apparatus to the profounder spiritual interests. He was reticent about his religious feeling and did not exhibit it inappropriately, and his piety

had no tinge of gloom or sadness. Life was a cheerful thing to him. So was death: "I do not call death sad." But he was quietly firm in an enlightened Christian orthodoxy. Only the orthodoxy was large, charitable, and progressive. Of the doctrines of the Bible he said: "It cannot be that in all these years we have learned nothing new of their meaning and uses to us, and have nothing still to learn; nor can it be that we are not free to use what we learn in one line of study to limit, correct, or remodel the ideas which we obtain from another."

Nor was he indifferent to the general practical concerns of life. He watched the movements of American democracy with keen interest. Above all, the eagerness and enthusiasm of his nature showed in his passionate patriotism throughout the Civil War. His English scientific correspondents were of the class that was inclined to sympathize with the South, and he gave them his opinion of his own country and of theirs with a candor that bit and stung: "It does seem that all England wishes us to be weak and divided," he wrote to Darwin; "perhaps that is good national policy. But the more that is so, the more necessary it is for us to vindicate our integrity, at whatever cost." And it was not words alone. He gladly gave his money, and would have gone into the ranks if he had had youth and strength. "I pray Congress to put on taxes, five per cent direct on property and income, and heavy indirect besides. What is property! I would fight till every cent is gone, and would offer my own life freely; so I do not value the lives or property of rebels above my own."

It must not be supposed that this readiness to give money was prompted by any superfluity of means. Gray had no fortune to start with, and acquired little as he went on. It is pathetic to see the meagre returns which came from his early teaching and scientific effort. His life-work might bring him reputation and happiness. It certainly did not bring him profit. But he accepted this view at an early stage: "My moderate wishes would require no very large sum, and I have no great desire to be rich." He had enough for his own wants, enough to give to others, and enough to forward materially the one great interest that appealed to him more than any diversion, whether costly or not.

For I do not find that he had much play in his life. Perhaps it

would be better to say that he took his work in the spirit of play, so buoyant and eager was he in the pursuit of it. The ordinary sports and amusements, with which most of us vary the dull routine, demanded hours that he could ill spare. There is indeed in his letters one charming picture of domestic recreation: "My wife is much amused by your backgammon reminiscence. For the year past we have a way of getting on most peacefully. I sit by her side and play solitaire with two packs of cards, she looks on and helps, and when we don't succeed there is nobody to 'flare up' against but luck." But in general his days were all work, and in the evening he wrote botanical text-books for fun.

Gray was always cordial and cheerful, and made people feel at home with him. He was married somewhat late in life, but the match seems to have been one of tender devotion and affection. There were no children, but Gray was singularly fond of the children of others, and liked to talk with them and romp with them and listen to their little joys and sorrows. And he had the same ready sympathy with their elders; he did not give the impression that he ought to be doing something else instead of attending to you, as do many wise and useful persons. What a model picture of a scholar and worker is the following: "He was preëminently a companionable man, delightful in his friendships, very vivacious, and always looking at his experiences with the eyes of fresh youth, as though his whole business was to have a good time."

This general human kindliness was amplified into a particular affection for those who were near to him in his favorite study. He had many scientific friends, and their tenderness for him was as marked as his for them. His collaboration with Torrey had a striking charm of gracious reciprocity. He cherished an almost life-long devotion to the Hookers, father and son, and they returned it. Professor Goodale's assertion of the regard of those who were constantly working with Gray at Cambridge is impressive: "To the affection which every member of this Academy felt for him was added, in the case of his colleagues associated in the work of teaching and brought into daily contact with him, a feeling almost of reverence for a patience which never overstepped its bounds."

Patience in a teacher goes a long way, and it is remarkable that with so quick and petulant a nature Gray had so much of it. Even the printers, with whom he had extensive dealings, admired him for the forbearance which tempered his shrewdness. The testimony of his pupils is the same. He himself declares that he could be severe. "You know I can scold. So I gave him about half a dozen words that made him open his eyes wide; and I do not think that he, nor any of that division, will venture upon anything of the kind again very soon." But he had little use for severity, because he kept everybody too busy for mischief. He was a worker and made others work.

In short, he wanted to commend the love of flowers to his countrymen, and he had a surprising faculty of doing it. How vivid is the picture of one of his western trips, when "the conductor of the train was at last almost in despair at the scattering of his passengers to grab what they could in the short halts, as they became inspired by seeing Dr. Gray rush as the engine slowed, to catch all within reach." To catch all that was within reach and to make it yield all its secrets and to tell those secrets to others, that was the overmastering aim of this eager heart, whose essence is well gathered up in the verses of Lowell, written for Gray's seventieth anniversary:

> Just Fate, prolong his life well spent,
> Whose indefatigable hours
> Have been as gaily innocent
> And fragant as his flowers.

The charm of these human relations of Gray's shows the ideal influence of the scientific spirit. In intellectual matters, when he had drawn his conclusions carefully, he did not hesitate to affirm them. But none knew better than he the difficulty of drawing such conclusions and the constant probability that you may be wrong and others right. It is true that Gray had a logical mind and an eager temper. When a subject interested him, when he had espoused a cause, he was ready to debate, even to argue with much vehemence. Here is a pretty picture of such a friendly controversy, drawn by one who knew him well: "Both were excited, and the doctor showed his excitement by moving or jumping nervously about the room, sitting on the floor, lying down flat, but

laughing and sending sparks out of his eyes, and plying his arguments and making his witty thrusts all the while." Gray himself indicates the same tendency, with more concise self-reproach: "Most uncivilly, I fear, I fell almost into a wrangle with him directly. He even seemed to think us on the whole a bigoted set here in Cambridge—rather a novel view to us."

But in these little professional alarums and excursions there was not an atom of personal bitterness or malevolence. "He was a clear and close reasoner himself," says Mrs. Gray, "and thus impatient of defective reasoning or a confused statement in others. He was quick, too, in turning his opponents' weapons against them." But underneath it all his one desire was to get at the light, to brush away prejudice and old convention and insincere habits of thought: "Taking it for granted that you rather like to be criticized, as I am sure I do, when the object is the surer establishment of truth." And no discussion or argument invalidated his fundamental soul of amiability and kindliness.

More than this, Gray was always ready to help and encourage all who were working faithfully for the cause he loved. This shows most in the immense extent of his labors as a critic and reviewer. For fifty years he discussed in print the chief contributions to the science of botany, and the two solid volumes of his collected scientific papers contain but a very small part of his production. In all this Gray's aim was constructive, to sustain and advance, not to blight or discourage. He could be outspoken, could deprecate what was futile and condemn what was worthless. To one who protested against such severity he wrote these just and admirable words:

> In my heart I would have been more tender than you, but I cannot afford to be. I am, from my present position before the world, a critic, and I cannot shrink from the duty which such a position imposes upon me. If you were in the position that I am, with a short life and a long task before you, and just as you thought the way was clear for progress someone should dump cart loads of rubbish in your path, and you had to take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and spend weeks in digging that rubbish away before you could proceed, I should not suppose you would be a model of amiability.

But in the main the rubbish was disregarded or gently thrust aside and the critic dwelt upon what was worth reading, worth

knowing. As Professor Goodale excellently expressed it: "He could find faults, but not as a fault-finder: his aim was always to secure improvement."

But these human relations were, after all, secondary, subordinate to the pure scientific instinct of learning, of knowing, of advancing daily a little further in the vast field of possible research; and the study of Gray's career shows everywhere the satisfaction of recognizing this instinct, of yielding to it, of following wherever it might lead. It is curious to consider how far ambition, the desire for distinction and glory, enters into such a pursuit as this. As Gray progressed in his profession, he received honors, testimonials, flattering commendations. How much did they mean to him? He had a just and manly sense of the value of his work. Has not every man, whose work is really worth doing? He fondled and caressed glory as a child does a toy, whether it came in the shape of a mountain peak called after him, or a pig-weed: "Hooker has a curious new genus of *Chenopodiaceæ*, from the Rocky Mountains, figured for the *Icones*, which he wishes to call *Grayia!* I am quite content with a Pig-weed; and this is a very queer one." But it is evident that such notoriety was a surface matter, quite distinct from the serious business of life, and the fundamental spirit in which he worked is admirably indicated in the noble words of his own eulogy of Joseph Henry: "He never courted publicity; not from fastidious dislike, still less from contempt of well-earned popular applause, but simply because he never thought of it."

For Gray's life was as busy, as fruitfully busy, as any man's ever was. He had in the main excellent health, and husbanded it wisely for large accomplishment. He had immense, unbounded energy, energy which not only did not flag but leaped to new tasks as if it enjoyed them and only asked for more. When he was in the field, he seemed inexhaustible. Even in later life he could outwalk men of half his years. Vigor, achievement, seemed written on his nervous frame and restless motions. He not only worked quickly, he worked easily. That is, his work had the appearance of ease, because he knew how to direct his effort, to go right to the central point of any difficulty, without floundering, without blundering. He had an excellent memory, not only for plants but for everything else, and could retain what was useful to him and re-

produce it at will. "To see Gray run through a bundle of newly-arrived plants was a revelation to the cautious plodder. Every character he had ever met seemed vivid in his memory and ready to be applied instantly; and the bundle was 'sorted' with a speed that defied imitation. It seemed like intuition, but it was vast experience backed by a wonderful memory; perhaps it could be called genius."

Yet in the ease and speed there was no neglect of thoroughness. Unfaltering perseverance is the first evident requirement for doing the sort of work that Gray did and doing it well, and no man ever cultivated perseverance more assiduously. No matter what the pressure might be, the most minute detail must be attended to and attended to properly: "There is much to be done, and so little time that I often wish I could divide myself into a dozen men, and thus get on faster. Let us, however, take particular pains to do everything thoroughly as far as we go." Most winning of all is the patient devotion to common, ugly things, which many might think beneath their regard:

> I have been addling my brain and straining my eyes over a set of ignoble Pond-weeds . . . for all of which I suppose nobody will thank me and I shall get no fee. Indeed, few would see the least sense in devoting so much time to a set of vile little weeds. But I could not slight them. The Creator seems to have bestowed as much pains on them, if we may use such a word, as upon more conspicuous things, so I do not see why I should not try to study them out.

In all this long career of kindly, beneficent labor there seem to have been few drawbacks, difficulties, or discouragements. "His life has been one of extraordinary tranquillity and enjoyment," says Norton. But this impression was partly owing to the man's sunny and buoyant temper. "He was exceedingly hopeful," says Mrs. Gray, "and always carried with him a happy assurance that everything was going on well in his absence." And he himself expressed the same thing, with a charming illustration from his own flowers: "I have no penchant for melancholy, sober as I sometimes look, but turn always, like the leaves, my face to the sun."

Yet all was not perfect success and triumph. In one critical situation he confessed: "I should despond greatly if I were not

of a cheerful temperament." Throughout his early years there were money difficulties. And then there were the asters. It is the little frets that break men down, not the great calamities. And even Gray's serenity almost yielded to the asters. In his middle years he was toiling at them: "I have diligently labored about four months at Asters, in which, as I have after all not satisfied myself, I can scarcely hope to satisfy others." And they tormented him in age, as he himself indicates with graceful gayety: "My wife now excuses me to her friends for outbreaks of ill-humor, the excuse being that I am at present 'in the valley of the shadow of the Asters'. This is *sic itur ad astra* with a vengeance."

Gray's chief importance is generally recognized to be as a student of facts, as a systematic botanist, a describer and classifier. He did not aim to be an original producer of theories or hypotheses. And he believed that all such should be received with the utmost caution, should be tried and tested at every step by close comparison with the known facts. "For the reason that I like the general doctrine, and wish to see it established, so much the more I am bound to try all the steps of the reasoning and all the facts it rests on impartially, and even to suggest all the adverse criticism I can think of." Yet he fully appreciated the value of speculation in scientific progress, and above all he had, or always aimed to have, that first element of the scientific spirit, candor, independence, the entire willingness to follow truth wherever it leads, no matter what idols are blasted in the process. I know few finer expressions of philosophical breadth than his remark as to the doctrines that were beginning to prevail about him: "I have no particular prejudice for any of them; and I have no particular dread of the consequences which legitimately flow from them, beyond the general awe and sense of total insufficiency with which a mortal man contemplates the mysteries which shut him in on every side."

These words were written in regard to the Darwinian theories of Evolution, and the most interesting example of Gray's candor is his acceptance of those theories side by side with his inherited tradition of strict orthodoxy. The drift of his previous studies had quite prepared him to welcome the views of Darwin,

and he did so with ardor. His ready pen and remarkable power of presenting arguments clearly and concisely at once made him one of Darwin's ablest assistants and exponents in this country. At the same time he never felt that the foundations of his orthodox theology were in the least affected, and with perfect sincerity he set about to show that nothing in Darwin's hypothesis, as held by Darwin himself, in any way conflicted with the tenets of that theology.

It will at once be seen how valuable this assistance was to Darwin. The greatest drawback to his theories, especially in America, was their supposed tendency to atheism. And here was an approved scientist, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned, showing that Darwinian Evolution was perfectly compatible with a devout belief in the Deity of the New and even of the Old Testament. Darwin was proportionately grateful. He found in Gray, considered merely as a scientist, one of his most intelligent disciples. "No one other person," he wrote to Jeffries Wyman, "understands me so thoroughly as Asa Gray. If ever I doubt what I mean myself, I think I shall ask him!" When to this general comprehension was added the mighty support against religious narrowness and obloquy, it will easily be understood that Darwin was delighted and could add in the letter just quoted: "His generosity in getting my views a fair hearing, and not caring himself for unpopularity, has been most unselfish—I would say noble."

But while these questions and discussions of general theory may form the most exciting part of a scientist's life, they are not the most attractive or the most satisfying. What really counts is the growth of knowledge from day to day, the endless fascination of watching, detecting, recording, of losing your petty existence in the vast, ceaseless, inexplicable expansion of the natural world. This pleasure is so much taken for granted in the long career of Gray that we are left to divine it rather than to read it openly in specific words of ecstasy. It is rare that we find anything like Darwin's passionate sentence: "The delight of sitting on a decaying trunk amidst the quiet gloom of the forest is unspeakable and never to be forgotten." Yet if we search carefully, there are gleams of the same passion to be discovered in Gray's letters, as

when he writes in youth of a botanical treatise, "I have nearly finished De Candolle's *Théorie Elémentaire*. I have devoured it like a novel." And the same appears in age, in a form concise but intense, when the re-discovery of *Shortia galacifolia* is announced to him. "If you think you have *Shortia*, send it on." It was sent. Then came from Dr. Gray the characteristic postal, "It is so. Now let me sing my *nunc dimittis*." To which he added later, "I did not say, before, that this discovery has given me a hundred times the satisfaction that the election into the Institute did."

Note that this fascinated absorption in the study of the natural world is an altogether different thing from the æsthetic or the philosophical enjoyment of it. The imagination of Keats weaves a web of associated beauty about the external detail of the material universe, clothes it—and obscures it—in a tissue of splendor; the speculative instinct of Emerson and of Thoreau informs it with subtle divinity. But the naturalist is satisfied with the limitless, the inexhaustible, the emancipating exercise of pure intelligence. To know, to know, and evermore to know, is enough. There is a suggestive sentence, which was a favorite with Sainte-Beuve, and is said to be attributed by Servius to Virgil; one would at least like to think it his: *On se lasse de tout sauf de comprendre*—one wearies of everything except to understand. The phrase is perhaps less applicable to Gray than to some others, because apparently he wearied of nothing. But at least he felt, and through his writings made thousands of others feel, how intense and unfailing is the interest of probing a little, little, little farther into the mystery of life, of lifting even one insignificant corner of Nature's sweet, vast garment of secrecy, of asserting the most stimulating if not the highest of human powers, the power to understand. Whether one studies the soul of plants, or the soul of animals, or the soul of men, *on se lasse de tout sauf de comprendre.*

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

TRANSLATION AND THE THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

One of the phases of our awakening theatre which marks most distinctly its broadening scope is the prevalence of more or less literal translations of foreign plays. The influx of drama from overseas, apparently, is in flood tide. Guests from British stages we have always had with us, but the time is not so far distant when plays from the Continent had to submit to adaptation rather than mere translation. In the last few seasons, however, the expedient of adaptation has been used chiefly as a subterfuge for killing the scent of Teutonic sources, and nearly every other foreign piece has come to us in translation of varying faithfulness.

This apparent improvement in the fortunes of plays from other languages is not, however, as substantial as it seems. There are translations—and translations. The range in quality of the English guise under which the works of foreign playwrights are revealed to us is almost as wide as the flood of original manuscripts in the playreaders' offices. Despite the fact that translation is a cardinal step in the process of interpretation of a composition in an alien tongue, that consideration has usually been neglected as unimportant, and even when attention has been paid to it, a false psychology and a false æsthesis have often vitiated the decision.

Except in class room work, where the premium rests on the exact and literal rendering of word, phrase and line, the task of the translator is to make clear the content and the significance of the original. It is far more important to convey this content and the purport of it in unmistakable, idiomatic English than it is to preserve a slavish "respect for the author's style." The question is not what words the author has utilized and what are their English equivalents, but what ideas lie beneath those words and how to express those ideas in eloquent English. That is the only practical, artistic, unpedantic way to look at the problem,

whether in general literature or in the drama. There is another consideration, however, applicable especially to the theatre, and that is the need of an approximation to the general tone effect of the author's lines when spoken.

Here, then, is the crux of the matter. Any kind of translation and especially translation for the theatre should be done by those who have an intimate and native knowledge of the language into which the translation is to be made. The measuring-stick afforded by the most perfect scientific knowledge of English which a Russian or a Frenchman or a German could command, is far less effective than the keen intuition and the homely, idiomatic ease of expression of one brought up in our own tongue.

Confusion has resulted in determining the most natural and most ideal conditions for translation by drawing an obvious but false analogy with the conditions of teaching a foreign language. Experience has long proved the superior advantage of teachers native to the language to be taught, and the same advantage has been supposed mistakenly to hold true in translation. Such an analogy, however, rests on a disregard of the essential purposes of the two processes. The learning of a foreign tongue has as its aim acquaintance with the peculiarities, the fine points and the idioms of that tongue, while translation should stress the peculiarities, the fine points and the idioms of the language into which the translation is to be done. The ideal teacher as well as the ideal translator will know both languages equally well, but the teacher will find comparative deficiency in the tongue of his pupil the lesser handicap just as the translator will be able to do a finished and effective piece of work with a limited command of the original author's tongue or even, in case he has a collaborator in that tongue, with no knowledge of it at all.

Oversight of the contradictory nature of these essential purposes and of the conditions they entail lies back of many of the unsatisfactory versions of foreign plays which have reached our stage. Maeterlinck has suffered, in the version of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, from inadequate transvaluation of the overtones of his vibrant, rhythmic French. Through those overtones in the original, as anyone knows who is able to read the French or who has heard it from Parisian stages, the Belgian

mystic has imparted a subtle psychological and atmospheric mood which amounts to an interpretation of the subconscious, but in de Mattos's English they seem to be mere monotonous and irritating repetitions of inconsequential phrases. Faithfulness to the spirit of the original here would have dictated the use of another expedient to achieve the same effect, if a literal translation were thus found to prove barren.

Occasionally, an English translator into English falls into the same error as the foreigner. It seems at times as if he were guided by the same obsession of the literal and meticulously exact rendering of word upon word, rather than by a desire to comprehend and pass on the playwright's meaning and mood; thus throwing away all the natural advantages of perspective which he possesses. It is no disparagement of William Archer's pioneer service as critic and herald, in his disclosure of the genius of Ibsen to the English-speaking races, to admit that as translator he has frequently fallen short of his opportunities. In his broadly sympathetic mentality there is yet a Scotch inclination toward downright phrases, with a corresponding lack of very sensitive feeling for the poetic. To the Archer translations of Ibsen, therefore, as well as to the various propagandists who have drafted the great Norwegian into their petty services, we owe our impression of a publicist who used the theatre only for social ends. The truer picture, of course, as those who know the playwright in the original or in German or Russian can understand, is that of a poet whose imagination revealed to him a social vision, who abandoned pure poetic drama after *Peer Gynt* to answer this summons, but who carried through to his last line the poet's reverence for beauty of expression. Until we have a translation to replace the often awkward phrases of Archer we shall not know the real Ibsen.

To complete the types of play translation, though far from covering the wide field of modern drama, it is necessary only to cite Ludwig Lewisohn's English version of the works of Hauptmann. Here is translation in the spirit and the atmosphere of the original German, expressed in so simple, idiomatic and even colloquial English that the works seem almost to have been written in that tongue. Lewisohn, like all translators

from the German, had the advantage of being compelled to remold the order of every sentence, with the result that he could not yield to a possible temptation to easy transliteration, but in addition he has achieved the rich, full-bodied, convincing flavor of every-day human speech, a task which he could not have accomplished, it is safe to say, in any other language than that to which he has been accustomed through instinctive association since childhood.

In the light of these three conceivable approaches to translation—the obtuse, inflexible way of the foreigner; the similarly unpliant manner of the too literal-minded native; and the sensitive course of the one who adds reinterpretation to the mere interchange of words—it is interesting to examine a few of the most recent examples of plays which have reached our stage from alien tongues.

Outstanding cases of adaptation during the past year have been those of *Spanish Love*, adroitly but not very deferentially modified from a comparatively obscure Spanish original; of *The Silver Fox*, credited remotely to Franz Herczeg; and of *The Tyranny of Love*, based on George de Porto-Riche's *Amoureuse*. The first attained a popular success largely because of the provocative but incongruous manner in which audience and actors were intermingled. The second departed so far from the original that the mention of the Hungarian author was merely an acknowledgment of borrowed stimulus. The last name won skeptical critical favor and scant audiences as long as its obviously French characters and narrative and psychology wore American guise; opinion and attendance both looked up the moment the producer restored the original locale and terminology, thus affording substantial proof of the ready reception awaiting honest versions of significant foreign dramas; for aside from the mistake of shifting the scene to this country, the transcript was faithful to the original play in style, in realistic detail and in spirit. The fortunes of *Amoureuse*, therefore, should point the way more decisively than ever from adaptation as a contemporary dramatic expedient.

The poor judgment of permitting anyone but an American brought up in familiar association with our habits of speech to translate for our stage the realistic drama of the Continental

theatres was glaringly illustrated in the stiff and awkwardly pedantic version of *Samson and Delilah*, Sven Lange's modern Danish tragedy, which served to introduce Jacob Ben-Ami as an actor to the English-speaking stage. The translation of a realistic play of contemporary life must, of course, remain true to the psychology round which the dramatist has built it; but the more unconscious the spectator is that the words the characters speak originated in another tongue, the more readily will he accept ideals and customs and moral standards alien to his own. The least jar, therefore, the least false phrase, the slightest departure from the homely way in which the people we know say homely things, is sufficient to make our backs bristle and start us questioning the entire structure which the playwright has erected; while a sensitive and instinctive attention to such details as these will lure us far along strange intellectual and imaginative byways. It was just these failings which destroyed illusion time after time in the English version of *Samson and Delilah*, and laid upon Mr. Ben-Ami needless burdens to be counteracted by his power of interpretation.

Plays from the Russian have, as a rule, suffered even more grievously than those from the French, German and Scandinavian. Inured to language difficulties by the complexity of their own, Russians gain a tolerable command of English in a short time and deem themselves fitted thereby to unlock for us their literary and dramatic treasures. It is to these precocious immigrants, then, rather than to native Americans or to Americans in collaboration with Russians, that we have usually entrusted the works of the Slavic masters, despite the fact that their remote and exotic form and content demand every conceivable advantage of intimate and facile introduction. Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, above all, needed such considerate attention when Arthur Hopkins presented it briefly on Broadway a season ago under the title of *Night Lodging*, for the wild patois and slang of the denizens of the lowest rung of Russia's social ladder defied the ingenuity of those who were unfamiliar in the slightest degree with our corresponding idioms. Another instance of the incompetence of a Russian as translator into English is the recently published version of Andreieff's last play, *The Man Who Gets*

Slapped, prepared by Gregory Zilboorg and discussed for possible production on our stage. If a manager risks that rigid test of its worth, he is likely to find his audience cold in the presence of characters whose naturally strange and aloof qualities have been unfortunately magnified by a stolid and monotonous translation, while occasionally a thoroughly blind sentence will shatter the illusion completely. Zilboorg should have collaborated with an American in his work—or rather, the American should have borne the greater responsibility, with the Russian at his elbow to elucidate the vagaries of the Russian psychology.

Probably the most universally condemned translation of the last season, Granville Barker's verse version of Sacha Guitry's *Deburau*, was not due to a misapprehension of the ideal conditions for the work, for everything pointed to a playwright and artist of the theatre of Mr. Barker's standing as a model choice for the task. Failure, however, was as egregious as it was unexpected, and it was due, to all appearances, to a faulty conception of the nature of Guitry's whimsically artificial and theatrical viewpoint, an angle which was decidedly not to be conveyed by sing-song rhymed verse. The English *Deburau* was an accident, a sport, proving that the most obvious axioms are not always infallible.

For his second venture with Guitry, in this season's production of *The Grand Duke*, Mr. Belasco has ventured more and gained correspondingly. The suave niceties of a Turk, Achmed Abdullah, have replaced the ineptitudes of Mr. Barker, with results as accidentally fortunate as those of *Deburau* were disastrous. *The Grand Duke*, however, exhibits a curious example of the kind of difficulties a translator encounters, and Mr. Abdullah has not surmounted it. In the original French, the scion of Russian royalty, on his uppers, provides amusement by awkward attempts to instruct a Parisian demoiselle in English. In the English version, the lesson is still conducted in English—an embarrassing incongruity which robs the situation of its humor. And yet, what could the translator have done? Depict His Highness teaching a French girl her own tongue? That would be just as paradoxical. Or German? The time may not yet be ripe. And the American ear is insufficiently

trained to Russian, Czech or Armenian to substitute one of them effectively. The situation manifestly called for something more difficult and adroit than mere translation.

Just as unexpected and unpredictable as Mr. Barker's failure with *Deburau*, was the spirited and finely-wrought version of Franz Molnar's *Liliom* which Benjamin F. Glazer prepared for The Theatre Guild's production. His undertaking was similar to that presented by *The Lower Depths*, for *Liliom* is a fabric of slang and the unlettered dialogue of the riff-raff of a Hungarian city. He set out, therefore, on the errand of running down corresponding idioms in English, preserving all the while the literal details essential to conservation of the Hungarian atmosphere as long as they were comprehensible to his American audience. He called to his aid not only the German translation of the play but also the combined ingenuity of the members of the Guild's directorate. The result was that *Liliom* was actually rethought and recomposed from beginning to end, until it achieved the doubly secure illusion of truth to a foreign psychology and to our own.

The outcome when the search for idioms is not so earnest and exhaustive was illustrated recently in Mr. Glazer's befogged version of Carl Schoenherr's *The Children's Tragedy* for the uses of Arnold Daly. Here the translator lacked the corrective assistance which had saved him at the Guild with *Liliom*, and his failure was largely contributory to the ensuing fiasco. An example once more of the advantages of collaboration is visible in the English version of Henry Bernstein's *The Claw* in which the guiding hands of Arthur Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore are happily evident. And yet, after all, it is preferable if the work of translation be done by a single able and subtly sentient pen, as Lawrence Langner proved with his suave but unobtrusive English version of Henri Bataille's *Don Juan*. There is a unity of mood to be obtained in this way which the best equipped collaboration in the world cannot hope to attain.

The current season proves that the tide of drama is still running strongly toward the West. In addition to the productions cited above, Guitry's *Pasteur* is overdue. The Hungarian, Arpad Pasztor, is on the horizon with *Vengerkas* and *The Song Eternal*. The Russian, Semyon Youshkievitch, gained a foothold during

recent sojourn that may later bring his plays over the ocean. Karl Schoenherr and Georg Kaiser are German prospects. The younger Schildkraut, who shared with Molnar and The Theatre Guild the laurels of *Liliom*, toys with the ambition to revive *Peer Gynt*. Several plays are announced from the pen of Melchior Lengyel, the Hungarian dramatist whose *Typhoon* reached us in garbled form a decade ago, and whose first visit to America last winter established valuable and interesting personal contacts. One of them is *The Tsarina*, a *tour de force* characterization of Catherine of Russia. Another is *The Kingdom of Sancho Panza*, a variant of the Don Quixote legend, which Sidney Howard is transcribing for our theatre. Mr. Howard is a newcomer who has disclosed a command of vibrant language if not great originality of conception in his own play, *Swords*.

It augurs well for the future of our imported drama that its reinterpretation is falling into the hands of such young men as Messrs. Glazer and Howard and Langner. The profession of translation, however, is not necessarily limited to the younger generation. Nor is it a calling perforce separated from creative composition. Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare is one of the proudest possessions of French letters. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to hope that our own poets may be stirred to make for us genuinely poetic and genuinely American versions of the new poetic drama of Europe, and that our realists may perform a like service for Chekhoff and Wedekind and De Curel and their kindred overseas, while such men as Vachel Lindsay and Alfred Kreymborg might achieve something really exciting in transcriptions of the ultra-modernists of the Continent. Our literary and dramatic and artistic vision is broader than ever before, and it is inconceivable that out of our own virile and varied resources we shall not find those who will reclothe the dreams of the world in guise that we can comprehend.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

FROM STRAVINSKY TO SIBELIUS

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ONCE upon a time (it was, to be painfully exact, just twenty years ago) a Russian was, for a while, lord of the musical scene. That Russian was Peter Ilytch Tchaikovsky, whose Pathetic Symphony was then breaking the hearts of concert audiences all over the world, and who seemed at that time so significant and consequential a figure that a magazine as cautious as the great *Contemporary Review* gave space to a series of studies upon his music by the most eminent of British critics. But styles in composers have their term; and poor Tchaikovsky has long since been put away on the topmost shelf.

Yet great is the Slavic genius! To-day, less than a generation later, we find another Russian at the top of the musical heap, with the tone-world at his feet; for the most fashionable, the most discussed, the most radiantly distinguished of contemporary music-makers is Igor Stravinsky—King of the ultra-moderns, secure upon his throne; the unchallenged master of *Les Jeunes*, a remarkable and fascinating apparition in the current musical mêlée. Oceans of critical blood and ink have been spilt in the æsthetic battles that have raged about his music within the last few years. He is not only a Personage, dazzlingly triumphant and salient, a great figure in Paris and London; he is already a Legend. Only the other day his chief apostle, the able if not wholly persuasive Edwin Evans, hailed him as in fact "the Bach of to-day"; and a distinguished young British composer, Arthur Bliss, has recently enumerated the achievements of Stravinsky as follows: He has abolished "the symphonic poem à la Strauss", the "pseudo-intellectuality of the Brahms camp-followers, with their classical sonatas and concertos, variations, etc., and the Wagnerian opera"—not a bad record for so young a man as Stravinsky; for he is still under forty.

The recent production in London of his amazing and unprecedented *Sacre du Printemps*, in concert form, and its current performances in America, have given the final fillip to Stravinsky's enormous and rapidly increasing vogue. We have called this score unprecedented. It had no precursor in the work of other men; and, astonishingly enough, it had no foreshadowing in the earlier music of Stravinsky himself. There is almost nothing in Stravinsky's familiar *L'Oiseau de Feu* (1909–10), composed only three years before *Le Sacre du Printemps*, that gives warning of the coming Stravinsky, the Stravinsky of *Petrouchka* (1910–11), of the *Sacre* (1912–13), of the *Symphony for Wind Instruments* in memory of Debussy—the arch-rebel of our musical day, the ironic tragic comedian whose later works make Richard Strauss seem like a primly decorous pillar of the tonal Church, and Debussy and Ravel and Scriabine mere charming innocents, blowers of pretty harmonic bubbles. It is not possible to say of the Stravinsky of *L'Oiseau de Feu*, as one may say of the earlier works of most significant creative artists, that here we catch glimpses of an ultimate maturity,—that we can trace, here and there, the adventurous route by which the path-breaker advances to his kingdom. The unmitigated radicalism of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, the complete re-integration of the tonal organism which it exemplifies,—afflicting the unsympathetic as mere aural terrorism,—will impress students of the next generation as one of the most precipitate and amazing evolutions in musical history. His "feverish ardor", as Monsieur Vuillermoz recently called it in *Le Temps*, is not, as he shrewdly notes, "to be compared with the idle preoccupations of some of the young arbiters of musical eloquence, who would guide musical fashion into the domain of arbitrary and laborious dissonance. Stravinsky honestly and logically follows his own destiny. He abandons a harmonic or instrumental formula as soon as it ceases to stir him, and he goes further and further afield, like the giant Auférus in d'Indy's opera, in his search for 'the most powerful' whom he would serve.

"His programme is rapid because he is energetic and courageous. So soon as he has surmounted one mountain, he sets out for the next, and attains it by hard work. He never looks behind

him. On he goes, indefatigable and resolute. . . . But so rapid a progress mystifies and repels even a sympathetic public."

It does indeed. That abrupt transition from the *Oiseau de Feu* of 1909–10, with its echoes of *Parsifal* and *Pelléas*, of Moussorgsky and Rimsky, and what Mr. Montague-Nathan wistfully referred to as "its moments of genuine melodic charm"—the plunge from that delightful but quite unadventurous scare into the unrepentent iconoclasm of *Le Sacre du Printemps* of 1912–13 and *Le Rossignol* of 1909–14, with only the relatively unventuresome *Petrouchka* (1910–11) as a springboard—this was a phenomenon that the art of music had not witnessed before. Let it be recalled that it took even Richard Wagner—who was a very pretty fellow in his day—fourteen years to get from the near-Meyerbeer of *Rienzi* to the godlike mead and honeydew of *Die Walküre*.

In Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, we perceive music violently emerging, naked and unashamed, from even the lightest restraints or dissimulations of convention or precedent. It exhibits itself (so we are authoritatively informed by Stravinsky's critical sponsors) "free from the melodic theme-line, the restrictions of modal melody and harmony, the diatonic or tonic-central chromaticism, or the mathematically constructed scales and chord-systems which govern the works of the Classic, the Romantic, and the Impressionist composers respectively". It is also "free from the detailed arithmetical implications of musical 'time' "; and it disdains to rely upon the "profundity" of the German classics, "the emotional and poetic preoccupations of Romanticism," or "the subjective and suggestive implications of Impressionism". This is indeed far from the decorative and fulgent ways of the Fire-Bird, which, despite her exotic and fantastical habit, yet flies contentedly within the caged enclosure of musical tradition.

* * *

All music-lovers are familiar with the forbidding Sibelius of critical tradition. The *clichés* that it has precipitated are carefully preserved in camphor, and are piously exhibited whenever Sibelius produces one of his more consequential works (we are considering, now, Sibelius the symphonist. The "popular"

Sibelius, composer of *Finlandia* and of the *Valse Triste*, may for the present be disregarded).

It was the Fourth Symphony of Sibelius that, a few years before the War, established this legend of the "harsh", the "bleak", the "rugged" Sibelius; and undoubtedly there is, in these popular and convenient *clichés*,—as in all critical *clichés* that express an æsthetic legend,—a considerable measure of truth. No one in his senses would hold out for the view that the later and greater works of Sibelius are conspicuous for sweetness and light. They *are* pervadingly sombre, drastic, infinitely remote from sensuous pleasings. They are steeped in the harshness and sternness of the North, full of the sense of "bleak forests and desolate moorlands . . . pallid sunshine and grim primæval forests . . . the ruggedness and starkness of things that persist in the Finnish winter."

But all æsthetic legends that are too eagerly and uncritically accepted distort and misrepresent their subject. To tell the truth, but not the whole truth, is often to tell something not remote from falsehood; and the convenient legend of the "bleak" and "bare" Sibelius does precisely that.

The emotion of Sibelius is the emotion of those grave and meditative and deeply sensitive spirits who cannot easily yield themselves to all that their imaginations reveal to them of the poignancy of existence. Pater, contemplating the Venus of Botticelli, remarked that "men go forth to their labor until the evening, but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love to come." The legend of Sibelius's "coldness" and "severity" and "greyness" takes too little account of the evident intensity of emotion that is imprisoned within this seemingly reserved and dour tone-poetry. This music is full of feeling, full of a poetry that has been provoked by moods and intuitions darkly and sombrely passionate—the emotions of a poet who feels the mystery and terror and inexplicable cruelty of existence too piercingly to sing of it with uncontracted throat. The greater music of Sibelius, for all its surface austerity and acridness, is at bottom the utterance of a tragic poet who returns again and again to the realization that human life is at best but "a dream that

lingers a moment . . . a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind." He remembers the sorrowing echoes of beauty and delight, the shadow of the darkening Wings; and he is moved by these things, not to the pitifully abandoned lamentation of Tchaikovsky, the twilight brooding of Schumann, the rich gravity of Brahms, but to a constrained and sombre melancholy that turns inward upon itself, that is unable fully to release itself in what Rossetti called "the legitimate exercise of anguish". It may ultimately be said of him, as Arnold said of the poet Gray, that "he never spoke out".

Yet there are pages in the newest of his symphonies that exhibit an unaccustomed spontaneity and expansiveness, a large simplicity and directness. Some liberating and clarifying air seems to have touched its surfaces in part—the northwest blowing off the sea, or the memory of a horn-call among the uplands. Especially in the last movement does this change declare itself. This is the crown of the work, and is in many ways the most nobly imagined and nobly eloquent page that Sibelius has given us. Here there is little that even the heedless could fairly call drastic, or harsh, or bleak: here is a forthright directness of passionate speech, breadth and fervor and amplitude of line, largeness and freedom of movement.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FINGERPRINTING THE MUSE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mr. Mordell has written a brave and important book—brave, because in it he says, insistently and in a loud voice, things about literature that many have long thought but have not quite dared to say with his uncompromising forthrightness; important, because the things he says concern the fundamentals of literary art. His thesis, put in the briefest words, is that poetry may be prose and that prose may be poetry. His argument might be said to consist of a long-sustained gesture of indignation over the fact that we confer the term "poetry" upon this:

> His bodily frame had been from youth to age
> Of an unusual strength; his mind was keen,
> And in his shepherd calling he was prompt
> And watchful more than ordinary men . . .

and withold it from this:

> Through the heart I go to lost gardens, to mossed fountains, to groves where is no beauty of still statue, but only the beauty of an old forgotten day.

Mr. Mordell would persuade us "to restore to the term 'poetry' its primary and fundamental significance as a verbal composition in which the predominating feature is ecstasy. . . . If two emotional passages, one in a set pattern and one in prose, have the same effect upon the responsive mechanism of the human soul, if they both arouse ecstasy, it matters not if you refuse to call the prose passage poetry; its effect is, however, that of poetry."

Mr. Mordell perceives, of course, that it is all a question of definition. He concedes at once that traditional criticism fully agrees with him in the conviction that neither rhythm nor

[1] *The Literature of Ecstasy.* By Albert Mordell. New York: Boni and Liveright.

metre makes a literary performance poetical if (as Mr. Mordell somewhat too generously puts it) "the author's soul does not enter into his work". But they refuse, he protests, to countenance "the corollary that when unrhythmical prose is used as a medium for the singer's poetical sentiments, the result should also be called poetry". In other words, metre or rhythm, say the traditionalists, is essential to poetry, though neither in itself *produces* poetry,

> I've measured it from side to side:
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide—

that is perfect in metrical form, but it leaves something to be desired by the mind thirsting for poetic beauty. But is it possible for language that is unmetrical, unrhythmical, to merit the designation "poetry"? This is where Mr. Mordell throws his hat into the ring with a glad shout of defiance, and goes after not only the academic souls who have discussed through the centuries the difference between "poetry" and "prose", but also such enlightened moderns as Professor Patterson. Mr. Mordell recalls with approval the contention of Professor Patterson that all prose has rhythm, and his refusal to consider free verse as a third medium for poetic expression, since "all prose may be arranged as free verse and all free verse as prose". But he charges Professor Patterson with a vital error: failure to take note of the fact that while prose may have rhythm "it has no continuity of progress in the rhythms, which must eventually break down: it has no intention of continuous rhythmic flow". But poetry, he insists, may exist in prose without continuity of rhythmic progress, or even without rhythm at all . . . "for, in spite of Dr. Patterson, there *is* unrhythmical prose".

What, then, does Mr. Mordell do in this primary matter of definitions? "The first question the reader will ask," he says, "is: 'Well, what then constitutes the difference between prose and poetry, if you take away the distinguishing feature of rhythm?'" Mr. Mordell was right. There is no doubt at all that the reader will ask precisely that question. Mr. Mordell is ready for him. "The opposite of prose is not poetry", he says, "but verse or metre"; but he weakens his point by

quoting Coleridge's pointless dictum that science is the proper antithesis of poetry. He is far more impressive when he asserts roundly that "poetry is absolutely independent of any adornment it may be given, such as rhyme, metre, or—as I am especially trying to show—rhythm; even though it is true that emotional language may tend to become rhythmical". He recalls Emerson's quotation of Thomas Moore's magnanimous observation, that "if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), he did not know what poetry meant." Mr. Mordell is commendably precise and definite in his statement of his *credo*. "A piece in verse is often not poetry' —admitted, of course . . .

> His bodily frame had been from youth to age
> Of an unusual strength. . . .

and—"A prose passage frequently is a poem". That, of course, is the nub of Mr. Mordell's contention. For, remember, he does not mean to say merely that a fine piece of prose may be a "prose-poem", or that we are justified in calling it, admiringly but loosely, "poetry". He means, in the full and most literal sense of the term, that a certain kind of prose is just as much entitled to be called "poetry", in the strictest sense of the word, as is *Adonaïs* or the *Intimations of Immortality* or *The Hound of Heaven*. That, we have said, is brave and important, and also true. But it involves, of course, an overhauling of our categories and distinctions. Yet if one goes back far enough, of course, one comes up against Aristotle's famous passage in the *Poetics*, and wonders, with Mr. Mordell, why it is that Aristotle's conviction that metre is an unessential element in determining poetry has never really taken root in literary criticism—except, on the whole, to provoke the angriest kind of disagreement. Saintsbury, for example, could not forgive Aristotle for this "pestilent heresy", as he called it, and severely scolded Wordsworth for saying a kind word about it. Yet what did Aristotle say?—Merely that "Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common but the metre, so that it would be right to call the one poet, the other physicist rather than poet"—which is almost unbelievably sensible.

But let us give Mr. Mordell's definitions in his own words: "Poetry," he says, "is not a department of literature in the sense that the novel or the essay or the drama is, but is an atmosphere which bathes literature whenever ecstasy and emotion are present. It is not a distinct division of art, as literature, music or painting is, . . . it is the ecstatic emotional spirit which pervades all good literature . . . whether in verse or prose, in their finest parts."

What is "a poem"? Hearken to Mr. Mordell: "Critics are agreed that it must consist of the artistic expression of words which arouse the reader's emotion, but they have insisted that these words be rhythmically arranged. I think if the latter limitation is withdrawn, all our confusion as to what is a poem will disappear. *A poem is any literary composition, whether in verse or prose, which as a whole is an imaginative creation, a vehicle of emotion, an expression of ecstasy; or that portion or every portion of such a composition where the emotion or ecstasy has been concentrated.*"

Is it, then, fair to call this "poetry"?—

> Lo, I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath collected too much honey; I need hands reaching out for it. I would fain grant and distribute, until the wise among men could once more enjoy their folly, and the poor once more their riches. . . . Bless the cup which is about to overflow, so that the water golden-flowing out of it may carry everywhere the reflection of thy rapture.

Or this?—

> As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, as cedar trees beside the waters.

Or this?—

> Awhile they live again those passionate moments, not knowing they are dead. . . . Helen may still open her chamber door to Paris or watch him from the wall, and know she is dreaming but because nights and days are poignant or the stars unreckonably bright.

If these are examples of something which we must learn to call, in the literal sense of the word, poetry, must we not also learn to stop applying that word to language like this?

> Up to a hill anon his steps he reared
> From whose high top to ken the prospect round. . . .

Mr. Mordell thinks we must. So, we venture to say, do we. But what, then, must either prose or verse possess in order to be poetry? And here we must for a while part company with Mr. Mordell. He says it must be "bathed in an atmosphere". Poetry is that "atmosphere". How shall we detect the presence of that "atmosphere"? It is present, answers Mr. Mordell, "whenever ecstasy or emotion are present". We think that will hardly do. It is over-simple. Neither "ecstasy" nor "emotion" will suffice to turn literature into poetry. What does Mr. Mordell mean by "ecstasy"? It is, he says, "a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite viewpoint". Very well. Here is an example of language generated by "a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite viewpoint":—

> I am gratified beyond words that they should express their confidence in me in such a decisive fashion. It repays me for all the burdens and heat of the fight that I have carried on against great odds in their interest during the last four years. I pledge that my future course will be one that will confirm their faith in me. The recorded verdict of the people carries a serious and important message to certain of the newspapers of this city. . . . Whether influenced by narrow partisanship or bitter personal hatred of me or sinister motives, certain newspapers have pursued a studied course to discredit me and my administration by all manner of means, fair or foul. If the result of their course of unfairness or of their venom was limited in its effect to me personally I should be mute. But it takes on a broader, a more vicious, aspect. . . .

We could quote more; but surely this is enough to show that Mr. Mordell is careless in presenting his case—a case that really persuades in spite of certain of his arguments. According to his own definition, what we have just quoted should be the issue of a state of ecstasy, and therefore, according to his prescription, it should qualify as poetry. Unquestionably, it is language proceeding from "a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite viewpoint". But does it seem to be "bathed in an atmosphere", an atmosphere of ecstasy? Shall we call it poetry? It does not seem to us that it is even good verse, let alone poetry.

Clearly, there is something the matter with Mr. Mordell's formula. His requirements are too easy. Take the matter of "emotion". He says somewhere in his book that "an idea emotionally treated becomes poetry, whether in prose or verse, whether rhythmical or not." That is positive and unqualified. But as a formula for determining the presence of poetry in language it serves us very badly indeed. "Emotionally treated." Is that all?

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny.

There is "an idea emotionally treated". Is it poetry? It was certainly not intended as such—though that, of course, would make no difference. The trouble with Mr. Mordell seems to be that his intentions are far better than his performances. His position is perfectly sound, but one is obliged to believe him in spite of his arguments. He is absurdly and deplorably ineffective in his attempts at a logical presentation of his case, and a good many of his incidental dicta are foolish. He does his case no good when he goes out of his way to paraphrase in prose the great passage from *Paradise Lost* which ends with the lines—

> What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome.

Mr. Mordell proceeds to turn this into prose, trying "to retain the idea and the emotion", while just "changing a few words". Here is the result of his "prosation" of Milton's stanza:

And suppose we lost the battle? We have not lost everything. We still have our unconquerable will, our plans for revenge, our eternal hatred, and courage never to give in or surrender, and above all never to be defeated.

This is Mr. Mordell's comment on his handiwork: "Is this passage poetry or not? I submit that it is, if the original is. It

is rhythmical (though it doesn't have to be so), the original idea is there, and the passion of the speaker has not been rooted out." We would not spoil this exhibit by the sacrilege of comment. It is almost too perfect to be human.

It is by things of this kind that Mr. Mordell disheartens and deters those whose minds are disposed to go along with his. That he really succeeds in being impressive and memorable is an extraordinary tribute to the essential rightness of his case. But he should have got someone else to state it for him—someone who would have realized that the essence of poetry, whether it is contained in verse or in prose, is something a good deal more subtle and more difficult to come at than "ecstasy". If only ecstasy were enough, the highways and byways of the world would be carpeted thick with poets.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

One of the best characterizations of the Conference at Washington was made by Mr. Balfour, early in the proceedings; when he described Mr. Hughes's introductory speech as "a great historical event" through which "a new chapter in the history of world reconstruction had been worthily opened." That was a judicious estimate not only of the speech, which had been delivered, but also of the Conference itself, the actual deliberations of which had not yet been held; because the speech alone was sufficient to invest the Conference with that quality. Had Mr. Hughes modelled his address according to precedent, he would have suggested the appointment of a commission to consider limitation and perhaps reduction of naval armament. Instead, he startled and rejoiced the world by presenting at once a specific plan, under which the three chief maritime Powers would scrap forty per cent of their navies, refrain from further construction for a period of ten years, abandoning even the new vessels now on the stocks, and hereafter limit their fleets in the ratio of five units for America, five for Great Britain, and three for Japan. Such a proposal was never before made in human history.

This memorable address established the first salient feature of the Conference, beyond cavil or question; a feature which gave the Nation cause to observe Thanksgiving Day with a solemn zest of exultation such as it had not known for years. That was that, no matter what might be the final outcome of the Conference, the United States had kept faith with itself and with the world. America had always professed to be non-militant, standing unarmed amid the camps; and when finally it was compelled in self-defense to arm in every member and to enter the World War it did so with a protest against the detestable necessity and with the avowed purpose, after winning the war, to do all that in

it lay to assure the world that such wars should be no more. That profession and that purpose were abundantly vindicated in Mr. Hughes's address, and in the approval which it received from the Congress and from the people of the United States. It was noteworthy that some of the most hearty commendation and support of the drastic proposal for navy reduction came from the builders of warships and from naval officers of high and representative rank. In that epochal incident American statesmanship, patriotism and humanity "made good" for peace as truly as American soldiers had "made good" in war between the Marne and the Rhine.

The response was instant and inevitable, not only in this country but also from the other Powers participating in the Conference. It was fittingly first given by the greatest of naval Powers through one of the most authoritative of all its statesmen. Mr. Balfour is a most dexterous dialectician, who can on occasion—

> . . . distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;

but here there was no hair-splitting. As frankly and unequivocally as Mr. Hughes had offered the American suggestion, he presented the British reply; and that reply was, in every essential principle, an unqualified approval and acceptance. The only significant modification of detail which he proposed was to go even a little further than the American suggestion in the reduction and limitation of submarine equipment. No less direct and positive was the second response. Japan made it clear, through Admiral Kato, that she too fully accepted the principle of the American proposal; and though she sought one material modification of detail, the reasons for her doing so were easily discernible and if not convincing were at least worthy of consideration. Realizing, doubtless, that her cherished alliance with Great Britain was likely to be abandoned, leaving her to stand alone, like other Powers, she naturally strove to secure for herself all possible advantages. Her chief plea was for a larger percentage of naval strength than that which America had suggested and which Great Britain also considered sufficient; namely, a ratio of three and a half for herself instead of three, to the five

each of the other two Powers. This plea also included the retention in her navy of the new super-dreadnought *Mutsu*, which under Mr. Hughes's plan would presumably have to be scrapped. It was noteworthy, however, that Mr. Hughes had formulated his suggestion so advisedly and upon so strong a basis of facts as to be able to maintain it against the Japanese exception; while there was no indication that Japan ever thought of insisting upon the issue to an extent that would imperil the result of the Conference.

After this alignment of the three great naval Powers, chief interest turned to France and to the question of her military strength on both land and sea. Her first spokesman was her Prime Minister, M. Briand, who made, to quote again Mr. Balfour's apt phrases, "a perfectly candid, perfectly lucid, perfectly unmistakable exposition of the inmost thoughts" of himself and, we may assume, of the French Nation. It was a masterpiece of parliamentary oratory. But the obvious and enormous difference between the situation of France in respect to a possible war and that of the three Powers whose representatives had already spoken made it inevitable that the tone of his address would be very different from theirs, and made it not at all to be wondered at that he incited controversy where they had averted or allayed it. For twenty centuries France had been subject to periodical aggressions from the predatory Power beyond the Rhine; two of the worst of these attacks had been made within our own time; and there was reason to believe that another was already being planned. In these circumstances, M. Briand held that France was confronted by this simple alternative: Either she must have assurance of protection through the aid of America and Great Britain if she were again attacked, in which case she would gladly make a sweeping reduction of her army; or, if left to her own defense, she must maintain her army at whatever strength she might deem necessary.

The sincerity of this seemed unquestionable. It is inconceivable that after what they have suffered in the last seven years, and are still suffering, the French people are inclined toward another

war, or even toward a maintenance of militarism; and it is equally inconceivable that French statesmen, driven to their wits' end to make their Budget balance, would insist upon a single franc of military expenditure beyond what they considered necessary. Nor were the apprehensions concerning Germany baseless. It has for some time been notorious that prominent leaders of opinion in that country are urging preparation for a war of revenge, and that in schools the youth of Germany are being taught that such a conflict is to be expected in the not distant future. Nor was the attitude of Germany toward the Conference and toward M. Briand's speech devoid of significance. Down to that point, she had had little to say. Doubtless she had found bitter food for thought in the circumstance that while only ten years before she had arrogantly declared that she would permit no international transactions anywhere in the world without her advice and consent, she was now almost contemptuously excluded from the most important international conference ever held. But the moment M. Briand's pointed speech was heard, she made haste to set in motion her characteristic propaganda; protesting that her intentions were always pacific, that she had no military strength and no means of developing any, that France was as ever insatiably militaristic, and that instead of France needing protection against Germany, the helpless lambs of Germany needed protection against the ravening wolves of France. Tears of Teutonic pity were also shed for Japan, lest she should be betrayed by the unholy Anglo-Franco-American conspirators, and those who a few years ago were beating the big drum and rattling the "good German sword" against the "Yellow peril" grew sentimental over the "community of interest" between Germany and Japan.

These demonstrations served chiefly to strengthen M. Briand's case. To his address only one reply was possible at the Conference. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hughes made it clear that they cordially sympathized with him and with France, and emphasized their belief that the Powers behind them could never for a moment consider the crime of leaving France isolated and abandoned to her enemies. They could not offer a written treaty of

alliance, nor even an *entente;* but they did in the most explicit manner recognize the moral obligation of the Anglo-Saxon Powers to support that "bulwark of civilization" against any further aggressions from the East. That their generous and cordial tones were not universally echoed, was not surprising. Political considerations are irrepressible; and differences of racial or of national temperament frequently have undesirable effects. Criticism was chiefly directed against the suggestion that France should not be subjected to precisely the same rule of naval disarmament that was prescribed for the great naval Powers. It is pointed out in reply, however, that France in the World War threw all her strength on land, neglecting her navy; that in consequence her fleet is now so small as to be negligible, and that a reduction of it by forty per cent would leave a remainder so small as to be inefficient for the lawful purposes of peace; that by the end of the ten years' naval holiday every one of her vessels would be unfit for use, leaving her with none at all; and that she now wishes to build not a single heavy battleship, but merely a number of light, swift cruisers, to serve the essential needs of communication with her world-wide colonies and a certain police duty along their coasts. The suggestion of serious rivalry between France and Italy for naval dominance in the Mediterranean should be intolerable.

The question of the disposition of China had been supposed by many to be the crux of the Conference. It was indeed of immense importance, since China was the last considerable area of the earth's surface which seemed to be open in any degree to invasion, exploitation, and confiscation by more powerful nations. Not many years ago the entire empire was partitioned—on paper—among a few Powers, and that sordid scheme might have been fulfilled had it not been for the course of John Hay in securing adhesion to his great principle of the Open Door coupled with equality of opportunity and maintenance of China's territorial integrity and political independence. That American achievement made it eminently appropriate that the plan for further dealing with the Chinese question, at Washington, should be of American origin and sponsorship. Of the four items of Mr.

Root's proposals, the first and third were nothing more nor less than a categorical reaffirmation of the agreement which Mr. Hay secured; while the second and fourth dealt in precisely the same spirit with the new state of affairs in China which has come into existence since Mr. Hay's time. They are pledges to refrain from taking advantage, for selfish gain, of the unsettled condition of Chinese affairs, and to give China the best possible opportunity to rehabilitate and firmly to establish herself as a sovereign nation. The prompt and unanimous adoption of Mr. Root's proposals, as expressing "the firm intention of the Powers attending this Conference", was highly gratifying, and it is to be hoped that the full significance of that action will be recognized and put into effect.

These salient features of the Conference and its work and its meaning to the world were established at an early date in its deliberations, and faith forbids a doubt that they will be substantially confirmed in the final details of its agreements, and will hereafter be loyally respected by the participatory Powers. To what extent the results of the Conference will be committed to formal treaties, made and ratified in the usual manner, or will be left to unwritten agreements of moral rather than legal force, is at the time of this writing yet to be determined; as is also the question of periodical renewals of the Conference by an Association of Free Nations, such as President Harding has consistently advocated. In any event we must believe that the Conference will amply justify itself in assured beneficence to mankind; inscribing as the watchword of the world's new era the words which highly served that purpose at the beginning of our own national life:

"*Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God.*"

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Allen Johnson, Ph.D., Chairman of the Department of History of Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press.

It is perhaps an open question whether the *study* of text-books—study as distinct from reading—does not, in many cases and especially in certain subjects, do the student more harm than good. Unless measures are taken to secure understanding of the specific problems of a subject, rather than of the book, no real grasp or mastery is acquired; but this is not the worst result that may follow from a mistaken method. The most disastrous consequence is likely to be that the student becomes unfitted to learn by reading, unable to absorb.

This consideration, if important at all, is important as affecting not so much the schools and colleges as the general reader—of all ages. Our colleges, not to speak of our secondary schools, have long realized the deficiencies of mere text-book study and have adopted means of instruction well suited to offset them. The fact remains, however, that most of our modern books of history are distressingly hard to read. Those which are designed as text-books are a little more than guides to study and a little less than connected accounts capable of being read with pleasure. Those which are intended for reference or are in other ways designed for the use of scholars are too often crabbed in style and confusing in arrangement. Too often one is unable conscientiously to recommend "for the gentleman's library" works that have the merit of fullness and authority.

As for the interesting books, they have faults of their own. Copies of Green's *History of the English People* are nearly as common as Bibles in the homes of the nation, mute testimony to public appreciation of history made readable. Yet how is one to obtain a connected idea of English history from a book in which most of the important statements of fact are made in subordinate clauses, or shadowed forth in some such formula as "The King's resistance suddenly gave way"? Many earnest souls have wrestled with this difficulty without being able exactly to define it.

History is an art as well as a science. It is a science from the point of view of the investigator, an art as it affects the reader. There *is* such a thing as culture through reading as distinct from culture through study; there *is* such a thing as a literary method capable of producing upon the human spirit results that cannot be produced by scientific methods of instruction or by individual research and reflection. And it is not until these truths are fully realized and thoroughly applied to historical writing that history will really take in the popular consciousness the place to which it is entitled as at once the most generally important sort of information and the most delightful kind of reading.

One does not forget, of course, the work of such masters of narrative and of English style as Prescott and Motley. Of the masterpieces of these historians one can make no general criticism; one can only echo the pathetic cry with which a certain French critic sought to reprove the greatest of French novelists, "It is so long, Victor Hugo; it is so long." Few have time to read detailed histories of a relatively short epoch, and summary history need not be dry history.

The majority of us are neither romanticists nor realists. Secretly we are dissatisfied with both romance and realism. We want life, rather than realism or information; but we want ideals, large and important human motives, rather than fanciful pyschology. What shall we read? History, if rightly presented, would solve our problem.

Whatever is undertaken by the capable and level-headed persons who are in charge of the Yale University Press is generally well done, and the series of fifty historical volumes unpretentiously entitled *Chronicles of America* is no exception to this rule. The books are of conveniently small size; they are ornamentally but tastefully bound; they are printed in beautiful type upon an unusually fine quality of paper; they are fully and artistically illustrated. These qualities which make the volumes agreeable to the book-lover are sufficiently rare, in combination, to deserve special remark; but it is the readability of the text—its adaptability to culture through reading—which makes the series almost a new departure.

The writers of these volumes—men of wide reputation for scholarship—have produced, not intricately detailed narrative, not dry summaries, not merely ingenious *comments* upon history, but vital narratives compelling attention alike by lively play of intellect, by nicety of judgment, and by the judicious and strictly subordinate use of material possessing color or human interest. To use such matter in a way that economizes discussion instead of prolonging it is an art which the authors appear thoroughly to have mastered. For these and other reasons, the present writer very much prefers *The Chronicles of America* to any other long American history or series of books about American history that he has examined.

One who inspects these volumes, dipping in here and there, will perhaps find that in many cases the number of details is not much greater than is found in the shorter histories. The development appears to consist largely in the work of artfully impressing upon the reader's mind the essential ideas. This is literary work, of a kind that cannot be done unless the reader's interest is really engaged. There is a kind of learning that must be *absorbed;* these volumes are full of it, and it is in a form readily assimilated. Especially is expansion directed toward the lives of significant men. Thus, the volume about the Revolutionary War is entitled *Washington and his Comrades in Arms;* that which immediately follows it is called *The Fathers of the Constitution.* As a result, the volumes, not being biography, are as interesting as biography, or, indeed, as fiction. It is not merely that the authors have achieved a successful compromise between the scientific and the biographical view of history. Rather

they appear to proceed upon an intelligible principle. The progress of the nation supplies the thread—a thread never lost sight of; but a perception of character alone gives life to historic narrative, and it is only through a concise and accurate dealing with this element that events can be invested with human interest, and can blend with it to form the whole, which is—not social science, but history. When George M. Wrong discusses the European settling of the Revolution he goes into English politics of the time with a familiarity and ease which reveals personalities and psychological factors in a manner absolutely essential to a right attitude of mind on the subject. It is not enough to know causes and effects; one must shake hands with Lord Howe—yes, and with George III!

The forty-eighth volume, that entitled *Woodrow Wilson and the World War*, by Charles Seymour, head of the history department at Yale, is among the most remarkable in the series. Here exactly the same method is carried out as in the preceding volumes, and the result makes it appear that a study of the past may enable the historian of the present to see the events of our own time in as true a perspective as can the historian of the future. One does not see how a book written fifty years hence could be franker, more unbiassed, more critical in spirit, or for most human purposes more informing, than is this work of Dr. Seymour's. Besides giving a well-proportioned account of America's connection with the war and with the peace, it is quite the best thing yet written about Woodrow Wilson.

The Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by the Hon. Lady Whitehead. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With that sculpturesque clearness, that Italianate and classic lucidity, which is characteristic of him, the most original and philosophical of modern historians traces the history of the Roman Empire from the death of Alexander Severus in the year 235 to the final dissolution.

In the year 235 the ancient civilization, though enfeebled, was intact. What was the cause of its ultimate overthrow? "The principle of authority," writes Ferrero, "is the key to all civilization." In the earlier periods it was the Roman Senate which, though largely deprived of power, supplied this essential element. As soon as the moral power of the Senate was overridden, government had to rest upon force, and from force came anarchy. Various rulers, realizing this fundamental truth, strove to reconstitute authority by reviving Mithraism, or sun-worship, and by deifying themselves and their colleagues. They resisted Christianity because it was an individualizing and disintegrating force. But no real restoration of authority was achieved in Europe until, with the coöperation of Christianity, a new principle of authority, the divine right of Kings, was set up. Now, this also has been undermined, and we have even passed beyond the deification of the people, no longer believing in the dictum, *Vox populi, vox dei.*

Ferrero provokingly stops just at the point where the profounder part of his discussion should begin. He leaves us to draw inferences that we are not capable of drawing. In his chapter on the present state of Europe, he contents himself with remarking that, in view of the general weakening of authority, the strong nations must help the weaker ones if civilization is to be saved. The enfeeblement of authority is obvious enough; it appears not only in government, but also in business, in the church, and in the home. What do we respect? What do we appeal to? But the suggestion that the only cure is a return to some sort of absolutism is scarcely acceptable; it is not backed by argument; and there is no certainty that the author even intends it.

INVENTION, THE MASTER KEY TO PROGRESS. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Rear Admiral Fiske not only possesses no small portion of the divine fire of inventiveness, but also is sufficiently philosophical to be deeply interested in the nature of that mysterious faculty with which so few men in the history of the world have been endowed. The mystery is twofold. In the first place, one is struck by the fact that many of the most important, relatively modern inventions have been of a somewhat obvious nature. It is hard to see why movable type and the pointed screw were not invented earlier than they were —the consummation seems to have been unaccountably delayed. But, in the second place, the real mystery seems to be how men can invent at all. There is no certitude about the process; the idea, the inspiration, must simply come. The distinctive feature of the inventive process appears to be that there must be a conception of the completed thing hovering in the inventor's mind before the work of analysis and construction can even begin.

It may be urged that invention, as described by Admiral Fiske, is not so nearly unique a mental operation as he makes it appear; or again, one may say that invention enters into all our practical thinking more than he seems to recognize. All our real thinking, as distinct from mere meditation, centers around some problem or other. This problem must first be defined; then associated ideas must be called up and an attempt made to construct a solution; finally the solution must be tested either by logical analysis or by putting it to work. The only difference between an invention and the solution of any practical problem is, therefore, that while in the former the associations required are comparatively familiar and few in number, and hence easy to select from; in the latter the wide range of associations involved makes the twin processes of selection and construction confusing and difficult.

When all is said, however, it must be admitted that the mind of the great inventor appears to have an unaccountable facility in calling up associated ideas, and a sort of affinity for the right solution. The mystery, then, remains. Associationist psychology can no more explain the invention of the

aeroplane than bio-chemistry can really explain why an acorn produces an oak. But the mystery is broader and deeper than it seems; it is the mystery of life.

There is reason to think that invention, far from being a special faculty, is simply the primary mode of thinking. If without an *obstacle*—that is, a *problem*—there can be no thought, then the first thought must have been an invention of some sort. Invention, in the broad sense, is simply independent thought; and the appalling thing is that while many persons possess understanding, few *think*.

The really interesting feature of Admiral Fiske's book is not the enumeration and description of great inventions from the bow and arrow to the Hoe printing press, but rather the sort of importance that he attaches to invention. The gifted inventor of the telescope sight and the torpedo-plane is, like many a modern historian, troubled about the future of civilization. He complains that in politics invention has lagged; there is no science of statesmanship. He sees, too, that the very mechanical complexity of the machine of civilization may prove its ruin. The difficulty of his view seems to be due to too absolute an isolation of the inventive faculty. It is not necessarily in mechanical inventiveness or in inventiveness analogous to the mechanical faculty that the salvation of mankind lies. The human race has other primary attributes than the faculty of perceiving mechanical relations and analogous relations in human affairs. Among these are the instincts of morality and of coöperation.

It may be that the progress of the race in the epoch to come will be of a sort not to be plotted through a mere prolongation of the line of progress in the past. A progress which simply enables *ever greater numbers* of people to exist in comparative comfort has obvious limitations. What is needed appears to be a new direction of progress.

THE LIFE OF METCHNIKOFF. By Olga Metchnikoff. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Approaching in all ways the ideal autobiography much more nearly than is generally possible when the life of a great man is written by anyone save himself, Madame Metchnikoff's biography of her husband will be read with profound interest both because it traces with full knowledge, though without repulsive technicality, the conception, growth, and gradual acceptance of important scientific ideas, and because it pictures with delicacy and with perfect frankness a unique and lovable personality.

The name of Elie Metchnikoff is chiefly known in this country through his study of the causes of old age. His book on the prolongation of human life is really a popular work and it was devoured by readers unaccustomed to scientific reading. After a time disillusionment followed, as is usual in such cases. People found that the use of sour milk did not necessarily lead to extreme longevity, and the whole subject dropped out of view as we turned our faces "home to the instant need of things." We ought not, however, to forget the

debt that we owe to the original mind which definitely formulated the problem of natural death and hopefully sought its solution. It is the courage of inventors—a courage not blind, but based on knowledge—which perhaps deserves our highest praise. Just as survival after bodily death was courageously posed as a practical problem by Myers, so with equal courage and venturesomeness the problem of the indefinite prolongation of human life was set forth by Metchnikoff. To get a hearing for such proposals was, in each case, no mean achievement.

Still less should we forget that the fame of Elie Metchnikoff rests solidly upon his demonstration of the theory of phagocytosis or intracellular digestion —a theory which has wrought a change in the theory of medicine comparable to that caused by the discovery of antiseptic surgery. The striking fact is that Metchnikoff arrived at his conclusions working from the standpoint of a biologist and student of natural history; he invariably began with the study of lower forms of life. Theory, general knowledge, of the sort generally deemed impractical, simply waits for the man capable of using it for practical purposes. Such a man was Metchnikoff—one of the few great men whose insight nullifies the persistent popular distinction between "theory" and "practice." To those men whose minds are capable of grasping a whole province of knowledge, rather than a single subject, we must still look for progress.

It was Metchnikoff's wish that in the biography which he and his wife had planned together his faults should not be concealed. What is revealed is a temperament of a somewhat neurotic type. Despairing of happiness, Metchnikoff once inoculated himself with relapsing fever in order to end his life. In his stern intellectuality combined with extreme sensibility, he reminds one of Nietzche more than of any other man of genius. The human interest of the narrative is thus neither small nor mean. It is the natural pessimists, after all, who have given us our best optimistic philosophy, and the optimism of Metchnikoff, originating in skepticism and mental depression, is of an enduring kind.

Memories and Notes of Persons and Places. By Sir Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Sir Sidney Colvin's memoirs are by no means lacking in the charm of concrete detail and in the sentiment that attaches to the past, their remarkable feature is the critical spirit in which they are written. Thus the reader finds with a certain surprise, as he reads on, that he is being doubly profited. There is a solidity and permanent interest in the facts related, to which one is scarcely accustomed. Memories of persons and places, though not infrequently entertaining, are often diaphanous; they are fragile mental structures which do not well sustain analysis, and the historian commonly finds remarkably little in them. Sir Sidney, however, gives us much precious truth, unalloyed and well polished.

Most fortunately for us, moreover, Sir Sidney cannot refrain from summing

up. He has given us perhaps the best brief, general estimate of Ruskin (whom he knew well) that has thus far been written. Similarly his estimates of Burne-Jones, of Rossetti, and particularly of Robert Browning are illumined by a very dry light, however brightly the colors of sentiment may play over the narrative. Robert Louis Stevenson, Fleeming and Anne Jenkin, George Meredith, William Ewart Gladstone, Victor Hugo, and Leon Gambetta, all appear in the book—and always with the slightly curious result that one's real respect for these persons is subtly augmented, while the critic, preserving his critical independence, strictly avoids alike indiscriminate eulogy and that romanticism which loves to play with eccentric traits.

In sum, it may be said that no man of letters has produced a book of reminiscences more charmingly literary and at the same time freer from the vices of "literature" as practiced nowadays than has Sir Sidney Colvin.

FORTY ODD YEARS IN THE LITERARY SHOP. By James L. Ford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

No attempt can be made to exploit in a brief review the various beauties and shocks, and darings, and insults, and saintly manifestations of good humor or tolerance, which make up James L. Ford's life record. The reviewer must simply throw up his hands and resort to generalities. Like Mr. Ballou's revolver, the book is "too confoundedly comprehensive," and the author might have written on his title page what Mark Twain wrote upon the title page of *Huckleberry Finn:* "Anyone attempting to find a plot [or a meaning] in this narrative will be shot." Mr. Ford's knowledge of celebrities ranges from Peter Cooper to the king of confidence men; from John Fiske and William Dean Howells to the lowly lecturer in a dime museum. His acquaintances are all intimacies, and his secret joy in living equals his secret fondness for people. Cheerfully he turns the old coat of life seamy side out and makes us feel that we can be happy as tramps while wearing the garment thus reversed.

A wholesome astringent quality in these memoirs, an absence of the usual sentiment, a complete freedom from solemnity of any kind, and with all these admirable traits, a genuine untheoretic appreciation of sound character and of good work, make the book one of those few valuable contributions which the real man of the world occasionally makes to popular education. Of all kinds of knowledge, that which is termed "knowledge of life" is most generally and unaffectedly prized. The phrase is distressingly vague. Is there such a thing, and, if there is, can it be taught? If these questions be answered in the affirmative, then one must say that Mr. Ford's virile and entertaining book is not only a thing of delight for the old and middle-aged, but a work of edification for the young.

In all but coherence, Mr. Ford's reminiscences rival that best of recent American autobiographies, *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, and it is partly for this reason that one cannot refrain from quoting his *bon mot* to the effect

that the latter book ought rather to have been called the *Edwardbokanization of America.* Of penetrating epigram, among other things, Mr. Ford shows himself more than occasionally to be a master, and he draws an unforgettable composite portrait of the period through which he has lived.

DOGTOWN COMMON. By Percy MacKaye. New York: the Macmillan Company.

The versatility of some of our modern poets—their ability to deal artistically with varied themes and with varying aspects of the same theme—is amazing. Mr. MacKaye's new poem, *Dogtown Common,* is a case in point. The theme, the actual story which Mr. MacKaye has undertaken to tell, seems unpromising: if it is full of artistic opportunities, it is by the same token replete with artistic difficulties—real difficulties; not like the difficulty of cutting and polishing a jewel, but rather like the difficulty of putting a high polish upon basswood. If you think what the facts of the real story were, or could have been, you will appreciate the temerity of the poet. Beside it, the temerity of Wordsworth shrinks to nothing; for Wordsworth, great innovator as he was, simply supposed that he had discovered something divine in nature, and in simple people who lived close to nature, and was content with attempting to reveal it. If his inspiration failed him, he was willing to believe that the divine element would reveal itself to kindred souls through his always simple and often prosy diction. But Mr. MacKaye insists that a simple and, in some aspects, a rather sordid tale of old New England life, shall glow with all the colors of life, phosphorescent and rainbow-like. In this he is quite different from the romantic poets of the classic line, who, on the contrary, introduced into fantastic worlds, full of inconsequential rainbow flashes and phosphorescent imaginings, a great deal of the freshness and innocence, the very earth-smell, of nature. The difference, if one must state one's conviction, is that Keats and Shelley and Shakespeare made fancies live, with a natural life and a pure passion, while Mr. MacKaye *adorns* a tale of real life.

Dogtown Common is a tale of witchcraft, of love, and lust, and religious bigotry, and religious emotion. Tammy Younger, who lives in Dogtown in the heart of Cape Ann, is the last of the witches; her niece, the red-lipped Judy Rhines, is a lovely untutored girl, essentially a "beautiful soul." The minister, John Wharf, is a religious Galahad, of the familiar type—an ever-attractive if somewhat conventional figure. There is also Peter Bray, a big brute of a sailor. These are the essential characters. Some young folks, off for a lark, are led by Peter Bray to Tammy's forbidden cottage, there to have their fortunes told and perhaps to witness some exhibitions of witchcraft. Peter Bray makes an attempt upon Judy's virtue, but is hypnotized by her with the aid of a candle flame. In the midst of this dramatic scene arrives John Wharf, drawn by a telepathic message from Judy. Of course the minister is in love with the witch's niece, herself branded as witch through the mean jealousy of

some of the Dogtown young folks, and of course he tries to save her soul, only to find that souls are to be saved only through love. But what is love? John Wharf is naturally quite unable to analyze the mixture of unaccustomed passion, pure love, religious emotion, and psychic attraction, which moves him. He persuades Judy to go to church, where Peter Bray breaks in and denounces him, causing a riot. The upshot is that Judy, either by accident or design, or a little through both, hangs herself in a rowan tree, where the minister finds her in the night.

The reader will not fail to perceive the diversity of elements and of motives in this story. There is the old-ballad sentiment of the whole, which fairly demands the somewhat inconsequential hanging at the end, and necessitates that this shall occur on a tree of some sort, and not, as so often in real life, in the barn. There is the genuine, if slightly overdone, realism of the reflections of village life and character—the real pettiness, narrowness, vulgarity of a simple community of the sort often too much idealized. But this latter does not fit perfectly with the ballad sentiment, and still less does it accord with the rather romantic central characters, the Galahad preacher and the "beautiful soul." Similarly there is a clash between the gruesomeness of the witch parts and the rationalizing touch, the covert suggestion of hypnotism and telepathy and Paladino. When one sets out to be gruesome in the old-fashioned way, one must be genuinely old-fashioned. It requires the genius of a Henry James (*vide The Two Magics*) for a skeptical modern well versed in psychic research to put anything of the real old ghost-story thrill into a story of the supernatural. You must believe these things. Mr. MacKaye stirs a nerve when he writes:

> Who knows what messages Tomorrow gets
> From charnelled Yesterday?—What quivering thread
> Conjoins the buried quick and buried dead?

But the psychic references are, on the whole, disillusioning. And, as a whole, the poem does not satisfy; it seems to represent a conflict of artistic motives—a disposition to make its queer materials shine and glow in every conceivable light.

But whatever may be said of its total effect, *Dogtown Common* is poetic throughout. Every part of the tale is in some way vividly realized; the power and picturesqueness of the language is astonishing. One may instance the following fragment of a confused lantern-lit night scene:

> The girls drew close, like pigeons bill to bill
> In a seed-loft; but Peter, chewing wrath,
> Turned up the path—

Or the Masefieldian description of Peter himself—

> He was a brawny seaman,
> Was Peter Bray, and lusty in his pranks.
> He fed a wild-oats stallion in his shanks,

> And when he played the freeman
> With girls ashore and looked at Steve and said
> 'Let be, man,'
> Stephen *let be;* for Pete had stormed it on the Banks,
> And Steve knew well there was no long-shore huffer
> Dared call Pete bluffer.

Similarly the dialogue is almost always both poetically powerful and thoroughly in character. If the people of the story would not have said such things as they say in just such a way as they say them, the reader does not observe it. Mr. MacKaye's version is just more expressive than the original could have been—that is all.

One holds no brief against the new poetry; it is merely in an experimental stage, and its apparent perversity in the choice of materials, its confusion of motives, may and sometimes does connote a larger vision of life. Thus one reads Mr. MacKaye's poem with admiration, if not always with pleasure.

A Ballad-Maker's Pack. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Writers of light verse—like Calverly, for one—are not unlikely to have a poetical vein, and when they have it there is apt to be a peculiar genuineness and downrightness about it. Writing humorous verse must have a tendency to keep even a poet free from extravagance and self-deception, while it by no means quenches his love of the beautiful. Probably *The Chambered Nautilus* and *The Last Leaf* could not have been so nearly perfect in their kind if their author had been incapable of writing *The One Hoss Shay.* And would not Wordsworth have been the better for a sense of humor?

Mr. Guiterman is the most consistently clever of our versifiers. His "rhymed reviews," especially, show a delicate and cultivated sense of absurdity and of truth; and they are so adequate that one does not see how he does them.

His ballads, though less original in both matter and form, than one might have expected, and somewhat lacking in *surprise,* are uniformly good. They have an unforced grace, a brave ring, a bold and ballad-like spirit. They embrace a great range of themes drawn from folklore, history, or modern life. Each one is the expression of a sincere taste, a genuine sentiment, or of that love for a subject that comes of long dwelling with it. A kind of unstudied brilliancy and dash joined to elegance and restraint distinguish them from more naïve performances in this kind.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THROWING AWAY OUR BIRTHRIGHT

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago, Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston, wrote in a Boston newspaper a brief fable which he called *Immigrants and Sparrows.* It began as follows: "The English sparrow seems to me typical of the sort of immigrant that gives rise to an immigration problem. Like the great mass of undesirable accessions to our population, from the first importation of slaves to the latest pipe-line immigration fostered by the foreign steamship companies and other financial interests, he was brought over here on the theory of the need of immigrant labor. It was thought that the native birds were incapable of dealing with the worms that were eating the elm trees, and the English sparrow was sent for because he represented the cheapest labor in sight applicable to that particular job. His coming very soon gave rise to the question whether the sparrows were not worse than the worms, to which William Travers made his famous reply: 'I d-dunno. N-n-never had the sparrows.' Certainly he has had the effect of driving out our native birds, at least from the Eastern cities in which, like similar importations, he has largely congregated. The individual sparrow who is brought over here may be happy, but it does not follow that the world's happiness is increased by his importation. His coming does not lessen congestion on the other side; there are as many sparrows in England now as there were when the immigration began, or as there would have been if it had never taken place. Misery in Europe is not

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lessened by importing it to this country. It is merely presented with another continent to spread over. The net result of immigration of such a class is the substitution of a lower stratum of being for a higher one and the intrusting of the fortunes of our republic increasingly to the stratum thus substituted."

In the years which have intervened between the publication of Mr. Lee's parable and the present, I have seen no more pertinent illustration of the manner in which our American immigration system works. The record of the potato bug or Colorado beetle might also be cited, and the actual losses to crops which it has occasioned are too well known to require a detailed statement. But the examples of the harm done by the unwise introduction of both the English sparrow and of the potato bug have been multiplied a thousandfold by our reckless treatment of the immigration problem.

A momentary pause has come as a result of the Great War, and of the enactment of the temporary three per cent restrictive law, which expires, by limitation, on June 30 next; but in the course of a few months the question will press upon us with renewed insistence, and upon our decision of it the welfare of the country may depend for many years; and not merely the welfare, but the very preservation, of the United States as the nation which the founders planned and every patriotic and intelligent citizen since then has wished it to be. Even during this pause immigrants are entering this country at the rate of several hundreds a day. The number has varied; at the maximum flow it averaged 1,000 immigrants a day. Does anyone know of any counteracting agencies here which can convert the most unpromising new aliens into Americans at that rate? This ratio would not affect the millions already here and not yet Americanized. Numbers do not make a nation strong. Only the character of its people can make it strong. Is it not time that we should abandon the delusion, which rejoiced but misled our fathers, that our principles were so beautiful and sound and just that even the untutored savage would adopt and practise them merely on knowing them? Principles cannot be improvised; they cannot be crammed as a boy is for his examination; they are the slow and steady fruit of trees that have had a long growth.

When the United States Government was formed under Washington, in 1789, its thirteen original States, although sprung from various strains of mostly Anglo-Saxon stock, and although jealously tenacious of their local rights and traditions, were nevertheless strongly united by the bonds of a common language and common ideals. And as the young nation grew, these things which they had in common strengthened their unity. The native Americans of that first generation realized that a continent of unlimited resources stretched to the west of them, but they needed, to develop their Eldorado, more man-power. Washington himself did not believe in throwing open the gates to everybody, but in selecting so as to secure only the best. As our possibilities became understood in Europe, the stream of immigration began to pour across the Atlantic. Vigorous men, alert men, adventurous even, sold their possessions in the old country and faced fortune in the new. Then the marvelous development of inventions redoubled the work of those already here and caused the need for more. Before the year 1850, the United States as far west as the Mississippi was staked out, if not actually settled, and the rapid extension of railways filled in the bare regions and joined the chief cities.

The need of soldiers in the Civil War slightly stimulated immigration in some sections, while in others it fell off. The pay the new-comers received was small, but large enough to allure men who could earn only the lowest wages in Western Europe. We must remember that roughly from this time on—taking the year 1870 as the point of departure—the immigrant came from a less and less desirable class. In the earlier years, the fact that a man was an immigrant presupposed that he had initiative, resolution, and other virtues which made him a desirable accession to a new country. But later the immigrants came less from Western Europe, and more from Southeastern Europe and Asia and were drawn from the least desirable strata of population. They had not succeeded at home, but they hoped that by some stroke of fortune they might succeed in the United States.

And now there entered another factor which tended to increase enormously the volume of immigration and to debase its quality. This factor was the steamship companies, which had no interest

in the kind of immigrants they brought over, but only in their number. In the course of a generation these companies transported cargoes of immigrants who numbered millions in the aggregate, and who could not be blamed if they were utterly ignorant of American ideals. Steamship companies combed Italy and Southeastern Europe for passengers. Stories of the sudden and wonderful enriching of the immigrants after a few months in America, were circulated with great effect. Posters were exhibited in remote Sicilian or Calabrian villages in which a ragged peasant might be seen embarking on the steamer at Naples, and, next year, driving down Fifth Avenue, New York, in his own limousine with a huge solitaire stud blazing on his shirtfront. Now undoubtedly many of the immigrants bettered themselves and the children and grandchildren of some of them are financially on a higher level than their relatives who did not come over. But what of America?

The prosperity of America is, and should be, the first consideration, but only recently have Congress and other official bodies which ought to guard the public health—and I mean not only physical health, but moral, intellectual and spiritual—paid attention to this work. "Big Business" proved as careless of higher issues as did the steamship companies. Not high minds or souls but "hands" were needed to construct a subway tunnel or a railroad, and "Big Business" contracted for them wherever they could be found and without inquiring into their fitness in any capacity except that of "hands". But we found that even "hands" can exercise an unexpected influence on the communities where they are thrown. There were Socialists among them, and Anarchists, and all sorts of cranks. More ominous was the fact that many of them, coming from countries in which ideals very different from ours flourished, wished to spread and perpetuate those ideals. They naturally thought that our ways and principles and aims were wrong and bad. It was much easier to smash ours and to go on with theirs. This need not surprise us. In Russia, where Bolshevik and Soviet doctrines have run riot for three years, thirty million Russians have died, mostly of starvation. Here is a strange contradiction! A system by which, the Bolsheviks preach wealth can be acquired, is precisely the system

which destroys not only wealth but the inhabitants also. And so would it be, if any of these mad doctrines were able to get the upper hand in the United States.

Our immigration laws attempt to prevent the coming to our shores of all avowed Anarchists, criminals and other subversive elements. But with the best will in the world, and after taking what seemed to be extreme precautions, they have not succeeded in excluding these undesirables, nor will they ever do so until psychologists discover some means of finding out what a man is thinking and planning, while he refuses to speak or write his intentions. One must see how inadequate any hurried inspection, the best which can be afforded under present conditions by the Immigrant Bureau, must be for protecting the people of America from the swarms that pour in to mingle with it. What alienist would pretend in private practice that he could diagnose the insanity of a patient in a minute's inspection? Many forms of mental disease are very elusive or slow in manifesting themselves. And yet, if the inspector fails to discover the germs or the disease in some immigrant who hurries by, becomes a resident, marries and has a family, the immigrant may propagate insanity which would run through generations. This is no imaginary evil. The record of the Jukes family is too hideously plain. The tribe of Jukes continued for generations.

Doubtless more care is taken now than used to be taken to shut out immigrants whom insanity or loathsome contagious diseases would render a danger to our population. But any inspection which is limited to a minute or less for each case cannot be thorough. Indeed, it must seem a mockery to everyone who realizes how much is at stake. To make our inspection worthy of this great country and adequate to the need of safeguarding the health of the 110,000,000 persons here, is something that should be insisted on. One obvious means of securing proper examination would be to have the prospective emigrants examined by an American official at the American Consulate abroad from which the emigrant expects to sail. Then, if for any reason he is found unfit and denied a passport, he cannot make the voyage over here and either be turned back or succeed in sneaking his way past our immigration authorities. I remember sailing a

dozen years ago from a southern Mediterranean port. In the stateroom next to that occupied by my wife was placed an emigrant said to be sick, but after a few hours on the water he came to, and proved to be a homicidal maniac who tried to break out of his cabin and kept up shrieks and violence. When we neared Gibraltar, the poor maniac was drugged and was let over the side of the ship, half-naked as he had torn off most of his clothes, and was taken ashore. Had he been examined by an American official doctor at the Consulate he would not have been permitted to sail. It was notorious a few years ago that a certain European Government made a business of shipping its imbeciles and incompetents to the United States, choosing points of entrance where it found access easy. Assuming that now the personnel of the Immigration Bureau is perfect, and that there are no dishonest officials who connive at smuggling in improper aliens, I repeat that with the small force employed it is impossible to consider our inspection of immigrants as adequate.

We must not forget that our inspectors are obliged constantly to circumvent the attempts of friends of immigrants, who, for whatever reason, work for their admittance. Immigrants, who have come over here and taken root, naturally send for their families and friends to join them, and every deceit is practised, if they have defects which would disqualify them, to run them past the inspectors' scrutiny. A striking example of this occurred six or eight years ago when a man, who had succeeded in getting by the inspectors, sent for his family. When they arrived at the American port, the inspector discovered that they all had a loathsome disease. One of the boys was already blind and could not walk down the gang-plank to the wharf without falling down. They were all obviously disqualified from entering the country, and were condemned to deportation. But someone who belonged to their race created a great stir and the newspapers abetted him and tried to rouse the American people against the terrible cruelty of separating a husband from his wife, and a father from his children.

In dealing with immigrants, we must never forget that blood with them is thicker than water, and often determines their actions without respect to justice, or law, or even common sense. A few

months ago a Sinn Fein emissary came over as a stowaway, and the Sinn Feiners hailed the fact as an act of heroism and as a proof of great adroitness. For some reason which was not explained, he was not deported at once, he remained here unmolested as long as he chose, and for all I know may be lingering here still. Examples of this kind simply prove that many naturalized Americans care more for some other country than for the United States. This fact explains, but can never excuse, many of the evils that have sprung from dishonest immigration.

I have mentioned some of these considerations because they belong in any discussion of immigration. At the present moment, when the inrush of foreigners is temporarily checked, it behooves us to weigh the entire problem most seriously, so that we may be able to discover and formulate an immigration law which shall be informed by experience and adapted so far as we can foresee to the needs of the future.

Take first what is commonly called the "practical" side. Do we need more immigrants? To-day there are said to be nearly 3,000,000 persons out of work in the United States. Does any one pretend that we can go on being regarded as a sane people, if we add by immigration a million a year to the number of unemployed? The fact that we do not need new contingents of working men at present ought to make it much easier to establish a rational immigration system. What we need is that the laborers already here should *labor* and give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

As we are not seeking employees, we can fix the terms on which immigrants will be admitted to the country. Foremost among these terms is the consideration of health. We must agree to no provision so elastic that immigrants who may be a source of disease or a charge on the public may worm their way in. Danger from this quarter was never greater.

A few months ago, the former Commissioner, Mr. Wallis, stated before the Senate Immigration Committee that "Eastern Europe is in the grip of four epidemics—typhus, typhoid, dysentery and tuberculosis." It is from those countries that great caravans of miserable human beings are winding their slow march westward in the hope of reaching ports from which they can be taken

to the United States. In Russia, since the Bolshevik *régime* came into power four years ago, perhaps thirty million persons have died of starvation, massacre and hardships. The bodies of many of the victims of these horrors often lay for a long time unburied, thus increasing the sources of pestilence. Even in other parts of Europe, which escaped the worst suffering, the health of many of the survivors has been undermined. From two million to ten million Germans are said to be waiting to emigrate to the United States as soon as they can find passage. Numerically, no single invasion of the ancient Barbarians into the Roman world could compare with this. Why should the United States accept the handicap of inferior candidates of whatever race for American citizenship? Why should it willingly assume the post of lazaret of the world? In ordinary life, if a child has scarlet fever, or diphtheria, or smallpox, it is carefully isolated for its own good, and for the good of any who might run the risk of infection by it. By what argument, either moral or medical, therefore, should the United States assume the responsibility of caring for the suffering, and curing, if it can, the derelicts and diseased of Europe and of Asia?

American sentimentalists, who have been from the start very serious obstacles to any rational solution of the immigration problem, will assuredly cry out: "If the peoples of devastated Europe need a refuge, we must take them in, no matter whether they have typhus or any other disease, however repellent, and however destructive of the community. Our duty is to succor to-day those who are in distress, no matter what the future may require."

To the appeals of sentimentalism such as this I have seen no answer more rational and cogent than that of Professor Robert DeC. Ward, one of the most far-sighted experts on immigration whom I know of. He says:

> The indiscriminate kindness which we may seem to be able to show to the coming millions of European or Asiatic immigrants can in no conceivable way counterbalance the harm that these people may do to our race, especially if large numbers of them are mentally and physically unfit. Indiscriminate hospitality to immigrants is a supremely short-sighted, selfish, ungenerous, un-American policy. It may give some of us, for the moment, a comfortable feeling that we are providing a "refuge for the oppressed". But that is as narrow a state of mind as that which indiscriminately gives alms to any person on the

street who asks for money. Such "charity" may, truly, produce a warm feeling of personal generosity in the giver himself. But almsgiving of this sort does more harm than good. It is likely to pauperize him who receives, and it inevitably increases the burden of pauperism which future generations will have to bear. . . . Our policy of admitting freely practically all who have wished to come, and of encouraging them in every possible way to come, has not only tremendously complicated all our own national problems but has not helped the introduction of political, social, economic and educational reforms abroad. Indeed, it has rather delayed the progress of these very movements in which we, as Americans, are so vitally interested. Had the millions of immigrants who have come to us within the last quarter-century remained at home, they would have insisted on the introduction of reforms in their own countries which have been delayed, decade after decade, because the discontent of Europe found a safety-valve by flying to America. . . . Our duty as Americans, interested in the world-wide progress of education, of religious liberty, of democratic institutions, is to do everything in our power to preserve our own institutions intact, and at the same time to help the discontented millions of Europe and of Asia to stay in their own countries; to shoulder their own responsibilities; to work out there, for themselves, what our own forefathers worked out here, for us and for our children.

It is evident that in order to meet our national needs Congress must prepare an immigration law providing greater restriction and a more rational plan. The present law, for instance, bases the admission of immigrants upon percentages, each race or nationality being entitled to a certain proportion of the total number of persons belonging to that nationality already in the United States. One obvious defect in this rule is that it does not cover the total number of *naturalized* members of the given nationality.

All attempts to distribute immigrants according to certain localities have thus far failed. It was supposed, for instance, that peasants from agricultural districts would prefer to settle in agricultural districts here, but they did not. Nearly twenty years ago Baron Mayor des Planches, the open-minded Italian Ambassador to this country, hoped that by planting colonies of Italians in some of our Southern States, he might find conditions which would be favorable to the colonists, who might even, in some districts, replace the negroes; but the facts contradicted his benevolent dream.

One further element of the problem should never be lost sight

of: that is, the assimilability of the races from which immigrants spring. This can never be determined by theory. We thought for a long time that one class of our immigrants were most desirable, because they seemed most easy of assimilation. The recent war undeceived us. It showed us that we had millions in the United States who had never been affected or modified by what we regard as essential Anglo-Saxon ideals of Liberty and Democracy.

The immigration problem can never be settled wisely and justly unless it be settled by those who have a vision of what the United States stands for. The United States will cease to be the land of opportunity unless we preserve unsullied and undiminished the ideals by which, and on which, this Republic was created. The foreigner who hopes by plotting to win advantage for his creed over here, though he were twenty times naturalized, would remain a foreigner. He who seeks to involve the American States in the political or religious quarrels of the country from which he came is no American; he is a traitor of the baser sort. That citizen who would use his country for his private gain deserves to be uncitizenized. No true American will consent to the admission to our country of foreigners who will lower its standard in health, in morals, in intelligence, or in patriotism. Until we realize that we have inherited a sacred trust and that we must preserve it sacredly, we too are but imperfect Americans.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

DEMOCRATIC FORCES IN RUSSIA

BY MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

Now that the Bolshevik experiment in Russia, according to the confession of the experimenters themselves, has broken down, it is of importance to ask if there are forces in Russia outside of the Bolshevik ranks upon whom we may base our hopes of a reconstruction of the national life. By this I do not mean what are the chances of a political revolution against the Bolshevik *régime*, but what are the capacities of the Russian people for real self-rule as distinguished from the autocracy of Czarism on the one hand and the autocracy of Bolshevism on the other.

The question is important because of the nature of the propaganda directed against the Russian people by their present masters through the medium of distinguished "observers" from abroad. When the legend of Bolshevik progress and Bolshevik democracy had been pretty well shattered, when the misery of the Russian people under Bolshevik rule could no longer be concealed, the rulers at Moscow bethought themselves of a new defense. Bad as conditions were in Russia, ran the argument, they would be worse if not for the Bolshevik control. True though it was that Bolshevism was not a democracy but a dictatorship, this dictatorship was the only thing that stood between the Russian people and utter dissolution. In other words the Russian people cannot take care of itself. It is predestined for despotism.

Perhaps with the best intentions in the world, men like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bertrand Russell lent themselves to this slander against the Russian people. Mr. Wells felt that for Russia it must be either the Bolsheviki or a relapse into Asiatic barbarism. Mr. Russell felt that the Bolsheviki were needed to "energize" a naturally slothful and unenterprising population. No apologist for Czarism in the old days stressed so emphatically the traditional stupidity, ignorance, and brute fatalism of the *mujik*. In order to justify the Bolshevik experiment these

foreign observers deemed it necessary to popularize the picture of the Russian peasant as a sub-human being who must be saved against himself from famine, typhus, idleness, illiteracy and general degradation.

If this were true, then indeed there would be only reason for regretting the obvious breakdown of the Bolshevik system. But the findings of men like Russell and Wells are far from the truth. They approached their task in deep ignorance of Russian history, of the life and aspirations of the Russian peasantry, and, an important item, of the Russian language. Why, under such handicaps, they should have proceeded to analyze the aspirations and capacities of the Russian people with such enthusiasm is rather curious, but perhaps no longer important. What is important is that from Bolshevik sources now comes a sharp refutation of Wells and Russell.

Coupled with the now famous phrases regarding the reëstablishment of capitalism there has been coming out of Moscow with great frequency another term, "decentralization". The reins of the bureaucracy are being loosened. The Bolshevik rulers are finding that after all the Russian people have capacities for self-management. There is much testimony from newspaper correspondents now in Russia that wherever outside of Moscow and Petrograd the dead hand has been lifted from local initiative, the Russian people are displaying energy and resourcefulness in coping with the miseries of famine and economic dissolution, whereas Moscow and Petrograd "are worse governed than one would suppose possible".

Under these circumstances I think it will be of service to go back a few years into the history of the Russian people, and to cast a glance over certain pre-Bolshevik popular institutions from which one will derive a truer picture of Russia's capacity for democracy and progress than Mr. Wells was able to obtain in the course of his ten days' visit to Moscow; institutions such as the Mir or village commune, the Zemstvo, and the Coöperatives. These have suffered under the Bolshevik *régime*. But they are destined to play their part in the reconstruction of the country.

"What the Mir has settled is God's own judgment," is a common proverb among peasants. And before the Bolsheviki seized

control it was also an accurate expression of the power of the Mir. If asked to define the Mir a peasant would be likely to reply, "All for one and one for all, that is the Mir." Could any statement convey a higher sense of authority than the first adage, or a higher degree of fraternity than the second? The Mir reaches back into the time of serfdom, when the serfs of each household cultivated in common the land assigned to them for their use. Under the direction of the elected elders of the Mir, the peasants ventured to assert themselves against the landowner. If the master so willed, they were all flogged, but they held together.

Abolition of serfdom in 1861 did not change greatly the peasant mode of life. The Act of Emancipation, in giving legal status to the Mir, was mindful of the government's interest in the business. It made sure of the peasants' paying the heavy redemption taxes for the land they received by making the Mir responsible for the taxes of every member. This made the Mir even more a unit than it was before emancipation. The Act of Emancipation forbade any peasant to withdraw from the Mir without the consent of three-fourths of the members. To be sure, the Mir would not have endured if the reason for its existence had been the collection of taxes only. The Mir was cemented by the poverty of the peasants. General destitution, for example, made the individual ownership of agricultural implements impossible.

But whatever the special condition that helped to perpetuate the Mir, it is certain that its roots were deep in the native life. Its solidarity was basic. Even the unwelcome tax-collector learned after awhile to take a warning from the familiar adage, "If the Mir gives a whoop, the forest will groan and bend."

The Mir was the only truly agrarian institution in Russia. Unlike the Soviet, it was not political. It had to do with the business of the soil only. In a meeting of the Mir only the peasants belonging to the commune participated. Each person present was familiar with the soil and the needs of the village. Dictators or Commissars were unknown, and the will of the majority was supreme. Mutual intercourse and good understanding formed a bond among the peasants. Economic necessity, the common need of the communal resources, of implements and other agricultural accessories, held them together as nothing else could.

The story of agrarian reforms from the year 1905 to 1912 furnishes an excellent illustration of the deep-rooted nature of the rural commune. Revolutionary propaganda had made the Mir unpopular in Government circles. Nicholas II became anxious concerning the familiar argument of the Socialist Revolutionists, that the Mir is the cornerstone of Socialism in Russia. A serious attempt was made by the Government to break up the solidarity of the Mir. This was arrested by the World War. Absolute need of collective effort among the Allies everywhere and the shortage of agricultural supplies in Russia helped to strengthen peasant faith in the communal principle. There arose, as a result of the war, a special scarcity of agricultural necessities in Russia. The maintenance of production was made possible because of the collective ownership of the Mir. Through careful distribution, each peasant taking his turn, every implement was made to do the work that would have engaged many machines under individual ownership.

Then came the Bolshevik revolution and destroyed the communal solidarity of the Mir. Agrarian Russia was not ready for private ownership. Lenin, the Communist, accomplished that which the autocracy of Nicholas II desired but did not know how to effect. He was not preoccupied with the peasant. Autocrat of a proletarian republic, his real mission was to eradicate the bourgeoisie, socialize industrial Russia, and bring about a world revolution. He was not concerned with the land issue. But the peasants clamored for attention, and to keep them quiet while Lenin was attending to the real business of the State, the Bolsheviki threw the land to them.

The peasants proceeded to do as they liked. It was a scramble. Peasants who had land adjoining a large estate dislodged the owner and divided the land and agricultural supplies, not among the villagers of the Mir, but among the few peasants whose land happened to be nearest to the estate. Peasants whose allotments were situated in a remote part of the village had nothing to grab. These became, as a result of the loss in communal tools and supplies, poorer than they were before the Bolsheviki got into power. The Bolsheviki made no effort to meet the requirements of the impoverished peasants or to appease the strife in the village

which their failure to socialize the land or, at least, to effect an equitable distribution, created.

Through the collapse of industrial life in the cities, the Bolsheviki further separated the peasant from his chances of a livelihood. The Russian winter is long. Formerly a vast number of the poorer peasants were in the habit of adding to their meagre earnings by finding employment in the cities. But complete prostration of industrial Russia as a result of Bolshevik rule deprived the peasant of the opportunity of winter employment. Thus, the lack of manufactured goods was not the only hardship which the collapse of the city industries brought upon the poor peasant. It also deprived him of remunerative work without which he could not hope to secure agricultural tools or keep his family fed. Those peasants who gained little or nothing from the division of the land suffered greatly from the loss of the communal supplies and the lack of opportunity to eke out their budget by winter earnings.

The presence of Lenin's "poorer peasantry" in the village became another source of irritation to the peasants. Lenin's "poorer peasantry" consisted of those who, taking advantage of the conditions created by the reforms of the years 1905–1912, sold their land, withdrew from the Mir, and lost their money either through misfortune or drink. In order to gain a livelihood these peasants were compelled to return to the village. They were forced to become agricultural wage workers. As such they came under the patronage of Lenin. Out of these were organized the village soviets as well as the famous "Committees of the Poor". The business of the Committees of the Poor was to secure forced requisitions of food. These *bosaki* (tramps, as they are commonly called by the peasants) terrorized poor and prosperous peasants alike and earned the hatred of both. The peasants would have submitted to any plan for the distribution of food that was put forth by the Mir or village. But they refused to take orders from above.

The presence of the poorer peasantry in the village in the form of Bolshevik pillars of society became a permanent cause of civil war. In order to assert themselves they had to be more vicious and arbitrary than the servants of Nicholas II ever dared to be.

But it must be admitted that they did not find the peasant an easy prey. We learn from some of the Bolshevik official reports that the peasants did not hesitate occasionally to bury alive a particularly obnoxious Commissar. These reports were of course not meant to be taken as indictments of Bolshevik management in rural Russia. They were intended to convey the difficulty of communizing the peasants. But they offer a real glimpse into village life under Bolshevism until Lenin experienced a change of heart and abandoned his "Committees of the Poor" and his entire programme of civil war in the village.

There are other difficulties that beset the peasants who secured possession of the land. Their most serious discontent arose from the very method of acquisition. After the first proud flush of ownership disappeared they began to doubt their right to the land. Having no confidence in the Soviet Government, they besought the previous owners to come to some settlement. The peasants were even willing to pay the ejected landowner for a formal statement to the effect that the land was really theirs. Unwilling to commit themselves, the expelled owners insisted that the land was no longer theirs to give. To this the peasants replied that they had no faith in Bolshevik-made laws. Thus the peasants are still uncertain as to their title to the land and they hold the Bolsheviki accountable for this condition.

Aside from the question of ownership, the peasants have been unable to derive any gain from their new holdings. They have neither the implements, seeds or fertilizers with which to make their holdings really profitable. As a consequence of Bolshevik confusion and incompetence even those peasants who acquired more land have derived much less profit from their considerable acquisitions than they did from the trivial grants received under the reforms of 1905–1912. At that time, with the aid and sympathy of the Zemstvos and Coöperatives, the peasants proceeded to exploit these small gains in land. One can scarcely recall a period in Russian history when the agrarian population was more energetic or hopeful. This newly awakened consciousness in the peasant was reflected in the spread of education and in the improved agricultural and industrial life in the village. That was under the Czar. As things stand to-day, Bolshevik failure

to socialize the land has crippled the Mir, forced private ownership in the village, and so created an army of poor peasants whose only hope of relief can come from a reconsideration of the entire land question. Had the land been distributed according to the recommendations of the commission created by the Provisional Government of Kerensky and made legal by the Constituent Assembly, each peasant would have received his right allotment of land and with the aid of the communal resources of the Mir would have put it to the best use.

The dissolution of the Zemstvos or provincial assemblies had the same crushing effect upon the nation that the breaking up of the Mir had upon the village. The Zemstvos were the lineal descendants of the Assemblies of the Nobles created by Catherine II. The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 and the legal organization of the Mir destroyed the nobles' monopoly of representation in the assemblies. In the Zemstvos, as created in 1864, three distinct classes were gathered—the nobles, the peasants or members of the Mir, and the town merchants, or urban property owners. Henceforth the peasants sat and deliberated with the nobles and so touched shoulders with their former masters. The Zemstvos were meant to unite the three classes, not to eradicate them, so as to form a body of national welfare. As such they fully justified their existence.

The Zemstvos first directed their attention towards the improvement of roads and rural conditions generally. In time their activities took on a broader aspect, but up to their dissolution by the Bolsheviki they never lost sight of the needs of the agricultural population. Under the autocracy, especially during the last twenty years, every civic improvement and progressive measure was sponsored and fought for by the Zemstvos. With the exception of the Mir there was not an institution in Russia which was more respected or readily supported by the people. Apart from their interest in good roads and other improvements in the village, they introduced fire insurance into rural Russia, and so relieved the peasant of one of his worst burdens. They levied and regulated taxes, encouraged and maintained public charities, and nominated the justices of peace. But whatever their success in these important spheres it cannot be compared

with their two most notable achievements: education and public health.

To understand the importance of the Zemstvo medical service it is not enough to visualize the significance of our own departments of public health. Whereas in this country every effort in this field has been aided and sustained by the Government, in Russia it was quite the contrary. The autocracy gave little attention and still less money to the public health or medical institutions. So until the Zemstvos began to apply themselves seriously to the problem, doctors or drug stores were practically non-existent in rural Russia. That is, 85 per cent of the population of 120,000,000 souls were dependent on quacks or home remedies. It must not be assumed that the Zemstvos at any time succeeded in keeping pace with the vast demand. As late as 1910, according to a statement by Dr. Julius Halpern in *The Quarterly* of the Federation of States Medical Board of the United States, there was in Russia only one man and woman physician for every 1,500 town residents and 24,700 rural inhabitants.

Physicians however are not the only medical practitioners in Russia. The bulk of medical relief, health education and enforcement of sanitation was carried on by the *feldsher*, and nearly always by the Zemstvo *feldsher*, who can be described as a Zemstvo creation. He is, according to Dr. Halpern, "a cross between our nurse and junior house staff." The requirements for entrance into the *feldsher* schools varied from four years of high school to a complete course which is eight years. But sometimes the more able students of the elementary schools were admitted. For women the standard was higher. The training of this auxiliary medical staff was at the expense of the Zemstvos. A student who completed a four-year course at the Zemstvo school or other school which included three years of Latin, general education and medical instruction, received the degree of *feldsher*. In 1911 there were in Russia 26,184 *feldshers*. Of these 16,392 practiced in rural districts. They were associated with the central county hospitals or the small hospitals in the precincts. No detailed account of the varied activities and enormous usefulness of these men and women is possible. Dr. Halpern maintains that "there is nowhere in Russia, nor for that matter in the world,

a class of more devoted, hard-working, self-sacrificing, altruistic and public-spirited people than the Russian medical men and women, especially the Zemstvo medical workers. They are the truest friends and advisers of the people in the vast Russian backwoods."

To the American reader Dr. Halpern's statement, though authoritative, might seem somewhat partial. But a Russian familiar with the work of the Zemstvo physician or *feldsher* cannot conceive rural Russia without them. To appreciate their services to the masses one must visualize a Russian village during the winter. Buried in snow, nearly every hut contains a patient. A visit to any village would reveal the Zemstvo *feldsher* plodding through the snow either in a sleigh or on foot, in the most bitter cold, bent upon service. At the bedside of a patient no duty was too humiliating or disagreeable. He did the work of an orderly whenever it was necessary, and was the source of continual information for the peasant woman in her special problems. In an emergency or serious illness the people could turn to the Zemstvo practitioner at any hour of the night. He was humble in service. He was forever on the alert for transient or visiting physicians. A physician who happened to make a one-night stop in a village, on a visit to friends or relatives, scarcely ever escaped the zeal of the Zemstvo *feldsher*, who was immediately on his trail. Together they would visit the more serious cases in the district. This passionate devotion to duty and ever readiness to serve was the normal characteristic of the Russian medical practitioner.

This is the institution which collapsed as a result of the dissolution of the Zemstvos. And here again the Bolshevik skill of destruction was thorough. Mr. H. G. Wells and others have told us of the miserable plight of the Russian men of science. But we have still to learn the effect of Bolshevik humanity and enlightenment upon the great body of Russia's rural intellectual leaders and upon the health service of the country. Bolshevik Russia is indeed in need of drugs. But the lack of foreign drugs is not the only cause of her deplorable health conditions. First war and then the devastating work of the Bolsheviki among the Zemstvo health and medical centres are the real reasons. We

have heard much concerning Bolshevik socialization, education, drama, art, etc., but nothing about what they have done to public health. Not daring to reveal the deplorable effect of their policy they discuss only the blockade and the resultant lack of drug imports. The peasant knows better.

The Soviet rulers have fascinated well-meaning foreign visitors with the story of their new educational experiments. Much has been said about the Commissar of Education, Lunacharsky, and his proletarian version of *Faust*, as if the right interpretation of *Faust* was all that the Russian people needed in their struggle for knowledge. It has escaped the general public that under these picturesque experiments of the Bolsheviki lie buried the aspirations of the Russian people towards universal elementary education. Whatever comfort the Soviet press or sympathizers can derive from their elaborate educational tracts, these mean nothing to the Russian people. In this as in all their repressive measures the Bolsheviki are not original. They were anticipated by the Romanoffs. Nicholas II and his kin before him, like the Bolsheviki, had records of hundreds of schools which on investigation were found to be on paper only. This may be news to the foreigner but it is common knowledge among Russians, especially among the peasants.

Russians are not enthusiastic over the Bolshevik educational innovations because they conceal the real issue—the Bolshevik failure to introduce compulsory elementary education. The progress made by the Zemstvos and other civic organizations during the last twenty years indicated that even had Nicholas II continued in power, the people would have soon reached the objective of a general system of elementary instruction. In education as in health the Zemstvos were the most energetic workers in the country. Their struggle against illiteracy is one of the most inspiring chapters in Russian history. Harassed continually by the antagonistic attitude of the Czarist Government, impeded by the sectarian efforts of the poverty-stricken clergy, the Zemstvos kept rigidly to their task. The results of their persistent efforts can best be illustrated by the following figures:

In 1880 only 8 per cent of all the children between the ages of eight and fourteen attended school. As a result of the untiring

work of the Zemstvos as well as other mass organizations, but notably the Zemstvos, the rate of attendance in 1911 mounted to 44 per cent and three years later it reached 51 per cent. The educational budget under the autocracy furnishes another example of the peasants' yearning for elementary schools. In 1900 the entire expenditure for elementary education was about 50 million rubles, of which the government supplied only 10.3 millions. On the other hand, the Zemstvos contributed 11.4 millions; village associations 8.3 millions; cities 6.9 millions; private individuals 6.7 millions; and tuition fees 3.1 millions. In reading these figures one must bear in mind the poverty of the Russian village. The Zemstvo provinces have always led in education. In 1898 the number of army recruits from Zemstvo districts who could read and write was 59 per cent, whereas literacy in non-Zemstvo provinces was only 36.3 per cent. During the twenty years from 1878 to 1898 literacy in Zemstvo provinces increased threefold, while in non-Zemstvo regions it had less than doubled.

This is the work of education and these are the organs of popular upliftment that were undone when the Bolsheviki destroyed the Zemstvos.

The eradication of the Mir and the Zemstvos is not the only offense for which the Russian masses hold the Bolsheviki accountable. The Bolshevik passion for destruction has been thorough. It has not spared the most potent factor in Russia's economic life next after the tilling of the soil itself. The Bolsheviki attempted to destroy the coöperative societies. There is no need to write of the Coöperatives at great length because on this subject the American public has been well and copiously instructed of late.

In Russia, before the Bolshevik hurricane struck her, everything pointed towards the triumph of the principle of coöperation. The advent of the Bolsheviki found more than half of the enormous population organized in some form of consumers', producers' or credit associations. In 1917, there were 20,000 consumers' societies and 8,020 village coöperative societies as against only 522 urban coöperatives. Again it is demonstrated that the peasant had kept pace with the city worker in his communal

interests. The rapid development of the consumers' societies in the village stimulated the establishment of credit associations. There were two coöperative credit associations in Russia. The Loan and Saving societies were more popular among small trades people because every borrower was required to be also a subscriber. But the Credit Associations, on the other hand, did not require any subscription and were for that reason more prevalent among the peasants. In 1916 there were in Russia 11,768 of these credit associations and 4,239 loan saving societies with a membership of 10,000,000 householders. Apart from advancing money and receiving deposits the credit associations acted also as purchasing agencies. The members contributed 470,000,000 rubles to their aggregate capital of 800,000,000.

But these were not the only coöperative organizations in Russia which the Bolsheviki set out to destroy. They demolished such national institutions as the Union of Coöperative Credit Societies, the Union of Coöperative Consumers' Societies, and the Union of Coöperative Wholesale Societies. The last named was concerned with the supply of agricultural and other implements and the finding of markets for agricultural and manufactured products. These organizations were centred in the Moscow Marodny Bank (People's Bank) in which 85 per cent of the 4,000 shareholders were the coöperative societies. According to J. V. Bubnoff, "the leaders of these societies were mostly peasants, sometimes illiterate, who had the assistance of a bookkeeper." These mass organizations have been the very arteries of agricultural productivity and industrial endeavor. Their dissolution was to complete the Bolshevik scheme of national disintegration. But before the destruction of the coöperatives could be effected, the present Bolshevik change of heart had set in.

Such is a brief survey of mass effort for economic and social progress in Russia to which it will be useful to turn in following up the liquidation of Bolshevism and in speculating on the permanent future of the Russian people.

MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY.

NEW PROSPECTS FOR AMERICAN CAPITAL—II

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

In what way do the changes wrought by the Great War concern the investment of capital? In a former article I have endeavored to show that funds for investment will largely exceed normal savings during the next quarter to half-century. The total excess above normal which will come into the market during the period will probably exceed thirty-five billion dollars. If this enormous accumulation is to be utilized in a permanently beneficial way and is not to be squandered in fruitless undertakings, it will be necessary to alter radically the investing habits of the country, to educate the investor to an understanding of the new times and changed conditions, and, if possible, to guide the flow of capital into those lines which will work out to the greatest national profit.

There are six major fields for investment capital. The first to consider is foreign properties. By this I mean not securities indicating indebtedness, but actual ownerships, which by their nature have no term, though they may be bought and sold. The capitalists of this country may extend their control over the natural resources of foreign lands, particularly the unsettled regions susceptible to exploitation. They may secure concessions for railroads. They may erect engineering works, such as hydro-electric plants, for foreign countries requiring facilities but lacking capital. They may establish branches of American commercial and industrial institutions in other countries. They may even interest themselves in foreign industries. Doubtless much of this form of investment will take place. It is the channel into which England has directed her surplus capital through her favorable balance of trade in the past. But it must be noted that eventually income derived from these sources more than offsets

the annual export of capital entering this channel. England to-day has an amount of income from foreign investments sufficient to induce and to aid in accounting for an adverse trade balance.

There are many differences in the situation of England and America which make this a much less probable major field of investment for us. The British Empire is a support and an inducement to the exportation of capital. The Britisher is always within reach of his own Government. He has bases of operation in all parts of the world. Moreover, the very factors which have made the British a colonizing people, the limited size and resources of the "tight little isle", and the custom of primogeniture, have made it a national necessity to seek an outlet for their industrial energy and their surplus capital elsewhere. The development of England's world interests has been attended with wars of conquest, with methods of peaceful penetration, and with the active support of so-called "dollar diplomacy" even in lands of independent sovereignty. As we have found in Mexico, international ownerships bring entanglements that are involved neither in international loans nor in international trade. Since the necessity for foreign outlets for overflow capital and the facilities for this expansion provided by a world-wide empire do not exist in our case, and since the temper of our independent democracy seems opposed to the type of foreign relations that are a condition of this development, it is an open question whether American capital will seek extensive employment outside our borders. With the single exception of the ownership of natural resources, an inherent tendency of the great manufacturing corporations, which desire to control their own supplies of raw material, I doubt if the amount of ownerships acquired will, over a period of years, be an important factor in countering the payments due us.

The second outlet for capital lies in the purchase of foreign obligations, either for the purpose of funding new current commitments for purchases made here, or for refunding old debts. Issues of such securities have already been made upon a very large scale. Yet they have left unfunded a debt which probably exceeds all of the funded debts now in the hands of private owners. The drain upon such sources of private investment capital as are pre-

pared to enter foreign fields merely to fund for the time being the credits now extended by banks will be so great that it is a grave question whether any further extension of capital credits can be secured to cover temporarily the favorable trade balances that are still being created from day to day. It was the plan of those favoring the Edge law banks to finance further exports to Europe through bonds sold to the investor. Yet this fell through largely because it was perceived that it would merely build up further the topheavy balances owing us; did not contemplate, I believe, relieving the banking system of its large volume of almost frozen loans based upon commitments of foreign purchasers; and would only have served to enhance the problem which must eventually be faced, of receiving our payments in goods or placing in practically permanent form an international indebtedness which will be far larger than any hitherto known. Whatever we do now to finance a favorable balance of trade will to a large extent eventually increase our unfavorable balance of trade.

France has been a typical instance of an international banker of this variety. The French investor is legion. He is the petty bourgeois and the peasant as well as the capitalist. He invests through and upon the advice of his local banker. In the aggregate the funds accruing from these small individual sources are very large. But it is a matter of common knowledge in France that the direction which these funds have taken has not been entirely due to the choice and opinion of the individual investor, nor of his banker.

It is suggested that the inducement of buying the bonds of certain foreign governments on the basis of a high yield and placing them in the always receptive French market at its customary low rate, was so profitable that strong influence was brought to bear to assist in these foreign negotiations to the detriment of the needs for capital of local French institutions. Whether that is true or not, it is extraordinary that France should, to such a large degree, have lent, not used, its own surplus capital. And there is no similarity between the condition which has made it possible and the condition of vital and energetic development of indigenous industry which has been the characteristic of American finance.

Undoubtedly a large investment market for foreign bonds, government, municipal and private, has sprung into life during the war. And undoubtedly it will continue permanently as a large element in the investment field. Nevertheless, it is hopeless to try permanently to cover a balance of trade of fifteen to twenty billion dollars by this means. If this form of investment absorbs the renewals of existing foreign loans in the hands of individual investors it will do all that can reasonably be expected of it. It is at best but a small scale factor.

The third outlet for capital is our national plant for the production of goods—our own industrial machinery. During the war there has been poured into this plant vast quantities of new capital. Its capacity in many lines is far beyond the present demand, perhaps even beyond the peak demand of 1920. And it is now faced with totally new conditions. If I have proved that we must expect of necessity an adverse balance of trade, then in the aggregate our industrial plant will not need to meet even our own requirements, much less supply an exportable surplus. True, in many lines in which we are preëminent either by reason of natural advantages or greater efficiency, we should continue to be able to produce a surplus for export. But this in turn will correspondingly diminish the home outlet for other goods in which we must accept imports to balance these exports as well as the payments on indebtedness.

The fundamental test to be made upon all new capital issues for industrial purposes in the near future should be whether the line of manufacture is one in which we can naturally compete in world markets under adverse exchange conditions. If it is not, and the product is susceptible of international trading, then it will be in scarcely better position to compete in home markets. Perhaps appropriations of capital for increasing efficiency and lowering cost of production may pay and justify themselves by changing the position of the product in the market. But it is hardly possible that facilities which merely increase the output of such products will be profitable.

Tariff meddling will radically alter the positions of different lines of production in this respect. But what it does to help one or more lines will of necessity hinder others to an equivalent de-

gree. If we do not import so much of those articles which it is natural for us to import, we shall export less or import more of those which it is unnatural for us to import, or which we normally export. Therefore, the investor must take careful account of the indirect as well as the direct effect of our protective tariff schedules. Under the new conditions our strong industries will suffer for whatever protection is given the weak ones.

There may be a question in the minds of some as to whether Europe will ever again be in position to undersell us because of lower cost of production. To them I bring this consideration: In the long run it is evident that the economic pressure upon the peoples of Europe who have depended upon the exchange of their manufactured goods for foreign food supplies will, through sheer inability to feed their people otherwise, force a lower standard of living and the synonymous low wage scale. This will create a condition in which with present facilities they can and will undersell us in lines where labor is the principal element of the cost of production. Gradually the extraordinary pressure of competition for food will be relieved by emigration and a lowered birth rate. But all social forces, encouraged by modern doctrine, will be striving for relief from this pressure and will doubtless have the effect of giving to labor a larger and to capital a smaller share of the return than is normal. This will result in reduced accumulation of capital which will cause Europe to hang behind us in the process of the development of industrial efficiency and the substitution of machinery for men in industry, which can only be accomplished by new increments of capital. Our own policy should then be to meet this temporary but weakening competition with capital expenditures looking toward lowered costs of production. The tendency will be for America to make progress and for Europe to retrograde in the field of industrial efficiency and mechanization.

The fourth outlet for capital is in agriculture and the production of raw materials. It is a new phenomenon in the industrial age of the world that the country which is greatest in manufactures should also be so nearly self-sufficient as regards its food supply and its basic raw materials. And for this reason there is no precedent by which to foretell the character of our further

economic development. The sudden growth of the population of Europe during the nineteenth century, when England's people increased fourfold, Germany's threefold and the population of the continent as a whole doubled, was made possible by the settlement, principally by emigrants, of huge new food and material producing areas in other parts of the world. This settlement and the coincident improvement and cheapening of methods of transportation provided at one and the same time a source of food and materials to support this vast additional home population and a new and greater market among the colonists for the manufactured product. Agriculturally, Europe was no longer self-supporting. In England there was an actual decline in agricultural output largely due to the competition of cheaper and more fertile land.

The origin of our huge modern international trade lay in the conversion of nearly all Western Europe into the classic economist's "town", producing goods for and living upon the surrounding "country"—the rest of the world.

That time is past. The "country" is developing its own "towns". It is rapidly becoming self-sufficient. The newly settled agricultural areas are bringing in their wake industrial cities. And in this change the United States is merely the first to arrive at a stage of self-sufficiency. Everywhere the change is in progress. Perhaps, or probably, this means that the days of great international trade in food versus manufactures may be drawing to a close; that as each new land develops its industry, each old land must revive its agriculture. At any rate, the development of Europe's international trade is no criterion to us who require little or no food and only certain materials. We cannot sell abroad unless we buy abroad at least to an equal extent. But must we take food which we do not need in trade for manufactured products because Europe has done so?

The line of division between the agricultural interests and the industrial interests of this country will be sharply drawn during the next few decades. Without governmental interference certain staple goods in which we have no advantage will tend to enter largely into our imports to equalize exports of manufactured products and raw materials in which we do have an advantage. This was the process that crippled England's agriculture. It threat-

ens here. But the great political power of our agricultural interests and perhaps a general sense of national welfare may encourage the powers that be to reverse the old rule and give protection to agriculture while withdrawing it from industry. It would be futile to try to give it to both. If this is done the price level for foods in this country will be higher than elsewhere and our agricultural output will sooner than otherwise arrive at the point where there is no exportable surplus. For there would naturally be a change in the character of our crops to effect a curtailment of those in which the surplus would need to be "dumped". But in other respects such a policy will serve merely to maintain agriculture in the *status quo*, and the most fertile source of the farmer's profits, speculation in the price of land, will as a result be largely eliminated.

Even should the protection which is now promised not materialize, we should not be apt to see a rapid decline in agriculture. It would be a slow process, coming about only as our virgin soils became exhausted below the fertility of the poorest of those foreign areas which are required to complete the food supply of the world. Then, too, there is always some margin due to the cost of transportation, though wheat was moved from Chicago to Liverpool in 1905 for only 9.7 cents a bushel. And there is some advantage accruing to our farmers in superior technique and skill. Scientific farming, inventiveness in labor-saving machinery and a comparatively ample supply of capital may keep our farmer in a position where he can compete at least in our home markets in spite of the pressure to import his products.

It is obvious from these considerations that agriculture will be at a natural disadvantage; that merely to retain its modicum of prosperity may require protection; and that in the future it will be a far less attractive field for investment than it has been in the past.

I have treated of these five fields of investment merely to show that while they will undoubtedly continue to absorb large quantities of new capital, conditions in the near future will be far less favorable to them than they have been in the recent past. Foreign investments will be induced, it is true. But they are not likely to absorb a great portion of our annual increment of new

capital. And if through force of habit this increment flows into the channels of general industry and agriculture, it will not be likely to yield a return either satisfactory to the individual or conducive to national prosperity.

But there are two other fields to which I wish to direct special attention, for they seem, under the new conditions, to be the ideal types of investment.

Of these the first is the production of new commodities or means for the satisfaction of new human wants; devices attainable to the generality of men, for which the market will be additional to all present demand. Instead of devoting the increase of manufacturing energy to competing for the limited demand for old products, instead of pouring more goods into already saturated markets, it is quite possible to develop additions to the standard of living for which a new demand will spring up. We have already done much of this. The automobile, the phonograph, the moving picture and the sewing machine are examples which come to mind. These articles were not to any large degree replacements. They were new products. Their development has caused concern among those who conceived them as evidences of national extravagance. They did not perceive that the creation of anything that is wanted creates at the same time the purchasing power to pay for it. Surplus economic energy can find no better employment than in addition to the equipment of the consumer. If part of our population can make enough of the natural home commodities to supply all of us and maintain our desirable exports, then the rest can much better contribute new articles to the general welfare than either to over-produce in lines already saturated, or attempt to provide those things which the rest of the world is ready to give us in payment for our exports and their debt.

Material progress is associated with an improving standard of living and the goal is a happier and more progressive people. Mere quantity of production—mere productivity—is an outworn fetish. New kinds of production, the development and exploitation of new inventions, should be encouraged and receive more general financial backing. If successful, these ventures are always the most profitable. One feels that he is not talking into deaf ears when he preaches this doctrine to Americans.

The last field of investment is decidedly the largest of all and is the one *par excellence* which under present conditions should receive the great bulk of new capital. This is the fixed capital devoted to the production of services to our people as distinguished from the production of commodities. It consists principally of public works, public utilities and housing. At least half of the total invested capital of the United States is at the present time included in this classification.

This is a crude new land. Away from the relatively narrow limits of industrial settlements the face of nature has been little touched. The country is still frontier by comparison with the man-made countryside of older and more thickly settled Europe. We have been too busy with our beginnings to develop, in the short space of a hundred years, the finished product of a land arranged for man. We need waterways, hydro-electric developments, reforestation, roads and even parks. But public works are not developed on the initiative of private capital, though they are commonly financed by municipal bonds. Undoubtedly these projects can and will use large quantities of our savings, and officials should be encouraged to make wise expenditures for these purposes. As long as such bonds remain tax-free there will need to be no further incentive to secure all the capital that can safely be used for this purpose.

With the public utilities the case is, of course, different. They have been starved for ten years and are far behind their normal development. This is particularly true of the railroads, but somewhat true of other classes as well. With the coming of lower costs and saner regulation it is to be hoped that the credit of the public utilities in the market place may be reëstablished, so that they can secure a large share of the new capital available for investment, increase their facilities, and improve their efficiency both by the introduction of new devices and the judicious replacement of old.

Finally, there is the housing problem. And this field I particularly wish to emphasize because, while it is the largest single type of investment of the people as a whole, it has been singularly and perhaps unfortunately free from the application of funds upon a wholesale scale. It is an enormous and ideal field for investment,

particularly favored under the new conditions. Yet it has been, and is now, left largely to individual and retail handling.

Our housing is not nearly sufficient, nor suitable to the requirements or means of our people. The buildings are not permanent as in Europe, but are too generally cheap, temporary structures, because they are built as "tax-payers" or on the very limited means of the home-builder. The business of erection and of financing the homes of the people is usually handled on a small local scale. There is no open market for mortgages on residence property. These are matters for individual transaction, privately arranged. And the result is that investment in first and second mortgage loans and the ownership of renting residence property is so troublesome that the average investor cannot be tempted to touch it. Perhaps one of the reasons for the development of the apartment house has been the readiness with which it lent itself to a more business-like and large-scale handling.

As a general rule housing has not been considered a field for big financial operations. Some of the Western trust companies are already engaged in the residence mortgage business. The savings banks and insurance companies invest extensively in first mortgages on such buildings. But there is need for big operating and big financing corporations to develop this field. The risk of loans on standard housing developments is far less than upon specialty or one-use buildings, and the profits are big. A system of bond issues based on mortgages on assorted risks could undoubtedly be made a success.

It is, of course, utterly foolish that the outcry against the profiteering landlord should be permitted to take the course of harassing and restrictive legislation. What is needed is legislative encouragement and popular favor so as to attract investors into this field, not to drive them out as is now being done. Proposed federal legislation seems to indicate a change of sentiment in this regard.

It is also necessary that costs should come down. But that is coming at once. Material costs are already well liquidated and the reduction of wages is on the way. Labor must be satisfied with an equal real wage, and the money wage must come down, as it advanced, with the cost of living. The closed shop in the

building trades should be broken up, for it has been the bane of the business, and has permitted a small group of labor-monopolists to squeeze the rest of the people unmercifully. Yet even the laborers have not gained commensurately with what others have lost, because most of the increased cost has arisen through the lowering of output from restrictive rules and ancient methods. Since half of the cost of ordinary building is in direct labor and the bulk of the material cost is in indirect labor, a revolutionary increase in efficiency and a moderate reduction of wages would decrease building costs to somewhere between one-third and one-half of their present level.

In this last class of investment, which comprises most of the plant for the production of services to the people, there can be no competition from abroad. Europe can pay her debts to us in goods in the form of an adverse trade balance, while we devote the industrial energy thus saved to making ourselves more comfortable in our home land. Imports of goods indirectly liquidating the foreign debts will become new capital in the hands of some American, and will be released for reinvestment here. These funds should be reinvested in the form which will procure for the investor the greatest security and the largest return. Naturally these purposes will be best served, not by investment in some overcrowded field to increase production and compete with other redundant products for a limited foreign or domestic demand, but rather in the less competitive fields, in the manufacture of new kinds of goods and the enlargement or improvement of our equipment of permanent property for the production of direct services to our people. Because such undertakings offer a greater security and profit they will result in greater and more substantial prosperity among both groups concerned, the capitalists and the workers, and indirectly react to the benefit of the people as a whole.

Masses of men move according to natural laws. The causes of their actions are to be found in the conditions out of which they spring. It is my belief that the policies and choices which I have described will be followed, not so much voluntarily as involuntarily. They seem to be on the cards. As a people we are more likely to engage our attention in elevating our standard of living

at home than in spreading out to cover the world with our ownership and trade. If this is true, it is not well to attempt to stem the current. It is better to choose the winning, not the losing, side. The international banker has his place. And it will be a place of increasing importance. But the business of finding funds for public utilities and for housing will have a far greater development.

The careers of England and of France are not criteria for the United States. History does not repeat itself in the same terms at different times and under different conditions. The era of American preëminence may show to the world a new road to and a new standard of prosperity; a prosperity not so much built upon the quantitative increase of trade and industry as upon the invention and development of improvements and additions to the means of material welfare. Progress may consist in the development of new wants quite as well as in the readier gratification of the old.

C. Reinold Noyes.

THE AMERICANISM OF LINCOLN

BY CHEESMAN A. HERRICK

With Americans, Abraham Lincoln is what John Drinkwater terms "an article of faith". This follows no doubt from the fact that he was the most American of all Americans. He was the most indigenous political leader America had yet produced. He was a child of the frontier, but he was vastly more than a backwoodsman. His family represented American migratory instincts, and the many-sided American life, particularly of the pioneers. As the family moved from place to place its members intermarried with those of the various localities, and, in a sense, gathered up and carried forward the traditions of the parts of America through which it passed.

The first in the line of the family from which Abraham Lincoln sprang came from England to Hingham, Massachusetts, whence descendants moved out into that Colony, settling at Scituate and Hull; taking up the occupations of farmer, blacksmith and miller. Mordecai Lincoln moved from Hull, where he had served as blacksmith and ironworker, to Monmouth County, New Jersey, in 1714, or a little before that date, and thence, probably in 1720, to French Creek, in the northern part of Chester County, Pennsylvania, where the smelting of iron was being introduced. He was a resident of Chester County and of Exeter Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, during the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the eighteenth century. An account for 1735 shows that Mordecai Lincoln paid for shoes for his "Negro man". From this we may infer that the great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln probably owned a negro slave in Pennsylvania one hundred and thirty-eight years before the Emancipation Proclamation. During the second quarter of the eighteenth century a considerable migration took place from Pennsylvania down the Great Valley to Virginia. Daniel Boone and, later, John Lincoln, the great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, shared in this

migration. John Lincoln settled in Rockingham County, Virginia, about 1765–1768; Daniel Boone went on to Kentucky to be followed, about 1782, by John Lincoln's son, Abraham, the grandfather of the President. The next Lincoln generation was dissatisfied with Kentucky, and moved on to southern Indiana, and again, with the restlessness of the frontiersmen, to central Illinois. Even after reaching here the younger Abraham Lincoln showed the same restless spirit. Twice, as a young man, he helped to pole a flatboat to New Orleans, and twice in Illinois he moved from one county to another.

The United States was and is a geographic world empire. In her broad extent of latitude and longitude is included almost every variety of natural resource, climate, and production. So dissimilar are the various parts of the country that it was long common to suppose a close union between these parts to be impossible. Further to intensify sectional differences, people strikingly dissimilar came to settle in the different regions. The motives which brought them out as settlers were different, and in their interests and outlook on life they were widely apart.

As if to perpetuate the early sectionalism, when the lines of migration moved out to possess the great West they moved in the main along parallels of latitude. Of the streams of settlers which flowed across the continent, there were three main divisions: First, that from New England and New York, which passed through western New York into northern Ohio, and across the northern tier of States; second, that from the Middle States, which found its way up the Juniata, over the pass in western Pennsylvania, and down into the great valley of the Ohio; and third, that from Virginia and the Carolinas, which passed up the Potomac, through the Gap, and down into Kentucky. The streams passing through the two southernmost of these gateways tended to flow together in the Ohio Valley. From that commingling of peoples came Abraham Lincoln. His family, however, was originally from the northernmost section; it passed through the Middle States and reached the South before it joined the great westward movement. But, as if true to its destiny, this family was not content to remain in the South; it crossed again the line of division, merging its own life with that of the peoples

that had come out from the regions farther to the north. Thus Abraham Lincoln represented in himself the deep moral purpose of Puritan New England, and to this was added the chivalric, hospitable, and easy-going spirit of the South.

The dissimilar regions had produced sectionalism in the statesmen who preceded and who were contemporary with Lincoln. Adams and Jefferson, Jackson and Calhoun, Clay and Webster, each represented the interest of a State or a section in national affairs. Lincoln was the first to know no North, no South, no East, no West. In himself he represented all sections; he knew only a united America. His development has well been termed "the nationalization of the provincial"; it may similarly be maintained that when he went to the Presidency he went as a "national figure presiding over men dominated by sectional interests".

Lincoln's political ideas were indigenous. In speaking at the State House in Philadelphia, in 1861, he said that he had never had a political sentiment which had not taken its rise from that building. Of all the great Americans, he was least influenced by the Old World. He had never crossed the sea; he knew next to nothing of foreign languages, and little of foreign civilizations. His Americanism was uncolored by the Old World inheritances. Other great Americans were Europeans living under New World conditions; Lincoln was a product of the New World environment. Of Lincoln as a New World character, reflecting a peculiar type of Americanism, Lowell wrote:

> For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
> New birth of our new soil, the first American.

If we accept Burke's definition of a statesman as one who conceives of a nation as an organic entity, and who deals with every question which comes to him in its relation to the nation as a whole, who can be compared with Abraham Lincoln? In commenting on Lincoln and his work, Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker made the observation: "Too much has been said about

saving the nation. More ought to have been said about the creation of the nation. This country never became a nation until after the battle of Gettysburg had been fought."

Lincoln came prominently before the country at a time when the old leaders were passing away, and when, with the coming of a new era, it was necessary to make new choices. He grew gradually in his political outlook. His brief term in Congress brought him into contact with national affairs at a time when the slavery question was being forced to the front. In the years 1847 to 1849, David Wilmot repeatedly attached a paragraph to various bills pending in Congress, to the effect that their enactment into laws was to be with the proviso that slavery should be excluded from any territory which might come into the possession of the United States as a result of the Mexican War. Lincoln said that he voted for the Wilmot Proviso "as good as forty times".

The slavery question was not new when Lincoln came into public affairs. There was violent agitation over it during Monroe's administration, at which time the Missouri Compromise was effected. President Monroe expressed the conviction that the controversy would be "winked away" by the Compromise. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, wrote in his diary a conviction that the slavery controversy would outlast both Monroe and himself. Daniel Webster set forth the idea, in his famous Seventh of March speech in 1850, that nature had determined by an irrepealable law that a part of the territory of the United States should perpetuate the institution of negro slavery while another part was to be freed from it; arguing in effect that the attempt to eradicate slavery by Constitutional amendment or by enactment under the Constitution was either unnecessary or futile.

The compromises of 1820 and 1850 only put off a settlement of the slavery issue. We ought not to minimize their importance; they gave time for the nation to find itself, and for the Union sentiment to grow. The North also was becoming strong, to stand against the dismemberment of the Union.

In 1858, after the Dred Scott decision had added fuel to the flame kindled by the Kansas-Nebraska act, Lincoln made his famous attack on Douglas in a speech delivered in Springfield;

the direct challenge which led to the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The keynote of the speech was: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." This speech has been characterized as "like a shout from the watchtower of history". The inevitable tendency of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and of the Dred Scott decision in the direction of the extension of slavery was set forth in this speech in such fashion as to alarm the North lest the country should become all slave. The central thought of the speech was opposed by some of Lincoln's friends and advisers as likely to sacrifice his interests, but Lincoln asserted that he would rather be defeated with this expression in his speech than be successful without it. His answer was, "If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right."

The Lincoln-Douglas debates made Lincoln a national figure. Later he carried the case against the extension of slavery into the East in the famous Cooper Union address. In brief, he became the spokesman of the moral sentiment of the North against the extension of slavery into any territory where it had not been already established by law.

Lincoln was, however, no visionary dreamer; his Americanism was that of a practical statesman. He was always seeking to adapt means to ends in the accomplishment of his great purpose. He was even willing to sacrifice the lower principle for the higher, as was illustrated in his policy during the Civil War. Again and again he set forth the fact that his aim was the preservation of the Union, and when some of his friends in the North sought to substitute the slavery question for that of the preservation of the Union, he argued that if he could save the Union by freeing the slaves he would free the slaves, but that if he could save the Union by continuing slavery he would deem it his duty to save the Union. In the light of history, we now see how clear was Lincoln's vision, and how unerringly he moved to the accomplishment of his great purpose.

In 1858 Lincoln represented a revolutionary moral protest against the evil of slavery, and in a measure against the Government that would condone such an evil. After his election he represented the Government itself; it was then his mission to see that the laws were enforced, the Constitution preserved. With secession impending, and later when it became a reality, Lincoln stood by the Constitution and his duty to defend it. In his speech at Independence Hall, on his way to Washington in February, 1861, he intimated what his policy would be, and in his first inaugural he clearly stated the position of the Government in the following language: "In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it'." His first inaugural was an appeal to common sense in support of the idea of union.

Writing in 1864 on the evolution of his thinking which brought him to declare slaves free, Lincoln said:

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution all together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the

blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element.

Lincoln's Americanism was big enough to rise above sectionalism or personal hatred. He was the object of the most bitter and vituperative attacks, chiefly from the South but by no means limited to the South. Repeatedly was he called "a bloody butcher" and "an ignorant boor". One who examines the large collection of Lincoln cartoons in the Library of Congress at Washington, covering the years immediately preceding and during the Civil War, will find that Lincoln was reviled and stigmatized in the most extreme fashion in the South, in the North, and even in England, but through it all he knew not how to speak a word of harshness, or to harbor a feeling of animosity. Carried away with the supreme task of saving the Union, he forgot all personal insults, and out of the heat of the Civil War wrote the Second Inaugural, which must be reckoned one of the most inspired documents which ever came from the pen of man. The sentiment, "with malice toward none: with charity for all," considering the period and conditions under which it was written, may almost be compared with the prayer of Christ for His persecutors as He hung upon the Cross. Carl Schurz characterized this as having "all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die".

The success of the National cause gave Lincoln the power by which he might have crushed and humiliated his enemies in the South, and those who had opposed him in the North, but his success called forth sentiments, not of punishment, but rather of a generous good will. The spirit of Lincoln was well shown in the response which he made to his friends when they waited on him after his second election in 1864. "Now that the election is over," said he, "may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reëlection, it adds nothing to my

satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result. May I ask those who have not differed with me, to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have?"

Lincoln's Americanism was shown in his statesmanlike insistence that the seceded States had never been out of the Union, and, therefore, that when they were brought into subjection they were still in the Union. This left no room for reconstruction or the readmission of States. Statesmen of less vision could not realize in the era after the Civil War that the war was actually over. They wanted to discipline the South. Samuel McChord Crothers, in his essay "In Praise of Politicians", singles Lincoln out as the man who saw his official duty above any personal or sentimental feeling. What Dr. Crothers well terms "the tragic blunders of Reconstruction" resulted from the action of those in the Federal Government who lacked Lincoln's insight to see the meaning of the Union. "It took the ordinary politician," says Dr. Crothers, "a quarter of a century to see what the great politician could see in an instant."

But as Lincoln lived for the Union, so he also died for it. We may say that the life-blood of Abraham Lincoln was the seal for the new Union, and that in his death he completed the formation of this "more perfect Union" to which he had given so many anxious years. In ancient times and among heathen peoples the most precious human beings were offered as sacrifices. Abraham Lincoln wrought more by his death than by his life. In the shedding of his blood there was a mystical Union which created a new and, we trust, under God, a permanent nationality. According to a tradition of an Eastern land, the sweetest-toned bell could be obtained only by the sacrifice of a beautiful and innocent maiden, and as the molten metal was prepared for the casting of the bell, the life-blood of such a victim was poured into the composition. The life-blood of Lincoln was the seal for a new Union and in his death his life's work was completed.

The development of Lincoln's ideas of government was progressive. At first he was a local politician; next he was sent to the Legislature of Illinois when the State was "backwoods", where, as Elihu Root has said, he "learned the rudiments of government". After practicing law he was sent to Congress,

where he received enlarged notions of government. He then studied the slavery question in its relations to the nation, and became the leader of the opposition to the extension of slavery. But Lincoln's political ideas outgrew his own country, and the ideals of his democracy rose above national selfishness. He impressed himself upon the political thought of the world. As Lloyd George has pointed out, in his life Lincoln was considered a great American; at his death he had world influence; and now he "belongs to the common people in every land".

A few years ago, in a discussion of Lincoln before a Philadelphia audience made up chiefly of recently arrived immigrants, a Russian who spoke broken English made the statement that a fugitive sentiment of Lincoln's concerning liberty, "He who would be no slave must consent to have no slave," which he had seen in far-away Russia, had served him as a beacon light leading him to Lincoln's country. Those acquainted with the thought of the common people in Japan say that in that country Lincoln is the best known of all Americans, and that he typifies the idea of liberty to the Japanese people. Count Tolstoi held that Lincoln was too big to be owned by one nation; that he belonged to the whole world.

In recent years men have asked over and over, What would Lincoln have done in this or that emergency? Of one thing we may rest assured: his political ideas would have grown with the nation's need and the world's need. Above all the men of his time he saw the hand of God in the affairs of this world. He yielded to the Divine leadership, and under God gave this nation a new birth of freedom so that "government of the people, by the people, for the people" should not perish from the earth. In the times of new national peril, men may well draw from him fresh lessons of faith in the overruling power of Almighty God, and patience in dealing with the trying problems with which they are confronted. The world will enthrone justice and good will, this nation of ours will be safe, the destiny of the Commonwealth will be secure, the land in which we live will be a goodly place in which to dwell, as long as men emulate the virtues and imitate the action of this "first" American.

CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

PUBLICITY—AND ITS ETHICS

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL

In the November issue of The North American Review Professor Roscoe C. E. Brown discussed what he was pleased to call *The Menace to Journalism*, with a mind as impartial and in a tone as calmly judicial as was possible once he had selected a title which left little to be said except to pass sentence upon the guilty culprit. The "menace" to which he referred is publicity or propaganda—using the terms interchangeably—and the offenders are the press agents, or publicity men—likewise considering these as synonyms, which they have long since ceased to be—who are represented as being parasites who have colonized in great numbers on the Fourth Estate. Apparently the only distinction that Professor Brown would make is that the old-time and smilingly tolerated press agent of the circus "left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts"; whereas, the modern publicity representatives of great corporations, banking interests, public movements or philanthropies "stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty".

That the guileful, often amusing and usually harmless tactics of the old-time press agent have been developed of late years into a well paid and unusually busy profession of publicity as applied to large interests, may not be denied, and the first reflex is naturally upon the making of a modern daily newspaper. It has emerged from under the flap of the circus tent and from the narrow confines of the theatre box-office, until it holds a place of considerable dignity and importance in the public activities of to-day. It is only in comparatively a few editorial sanctums, though in many publishers' offices, that the modern publicity

man is looked upon as an outlaw, conducting a kind of guerrilla warfare against which the advertising department must arm itself.

For a number of years the American Newspaper Publishers' Association has maintained a standing committee to fight this fancied menace to its revenues, suspended in its activities only during the war when it was considered to be a patriotic duty to lend the power of the press to the propaganda work of the Government in its many forms. Yet it may be possible to show that so far from being a detriment to the material interests of the publishers, the work of the intelligent and resourceful publicity man may be and can be a direct stimulant to the creation of great national advertisers, thus dovetailing with the purpose of the publishers and the advertising agents.

Professor Brown, however, dignifies the discussion by placing it upon a higher ethical plane for consideration than has hitherto been attempted, and also by removing it—as it should be removed—from the business offices of the newspapers into the editorial field, thus bringing it into the broader light of the public welfare. In thus stimulating an open discussion of the subject on higher ethical grounds than its effect upon the advertising revenues of the newspapers, Professor Brown has rendered a service that places all parties at interest in his debt.

To the mind of the layman, not particularly versed in the details of the question, but viewing it with a natural shrewdness and innate common sense, there may come the query as to why it is true, as Professor Brown says, that "trained writers are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends" and, he admits, "to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs." Is it true that all these men are apostates, lacking in any idealism that cannot be made subservient to the greater monetary temptations that are held out to them, that they have "forsaken the editorial room for the publicity office"?

Are the old methods of news-gathering so perfect that they cannot be changed in any respect to advantage? Is it not within the bounds of reasonable possibility that these men of superior attainments, having lived in daily intimacy with present-day

conditions of news-gathering, and partly disillusioned thereby, have perceived that there is a function to be performed that has little chance of development in the rush and hurry of the production of a modern daily newspaper, but supplementing it? May it not be that there is another ideal that is worthy of consideration, equally in the interest of society and of the best journalism, this taking the form of the search for and the preparation of real news that is "predigested"—rather than hastily gathered and hurriedly thrown together, given to the public half-baked and not only undigested but actually indigestible?

We may not necessarily go so far as to agree entirely with the newspaper cynic who defined "news" as "any violation of any one of the Ten Commandments", but it is indisputable that in common practice that which is compelling news, that which bears the editorial blue pencilled "must" across its face, is of some sensational happening, something picturesque and attention-arresting, something that can be made into a "story" and the more of "human interest" it possesses the better. Bad news flies fast—it meets the reporter more than half way. Good news is often retiring and conceals itself. The function of the real publicity man is to give it wings. The news prepared by the modern publicity man is the news of construction. It has been sought out from a mass of data or other information in which it is so deeply imbedded that it could never be found by the hurried reporter seeking the news that shrieks aloud to be told.

This is the interesting point that Professor Brown raises, and which may broadly cover the entire field of activity of what we may call purposeful publicity, that "whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him an insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements".

Access to great corporation heads undoubtedly is more difficult to-day than it was formerly, and equally undoubtedly these corporation heads speak with greater care when they speak at all. When the great anthracite strike of a dozen or so years ago was pending, there were eight or ten corporation heads all being constantly sought by dozens of reporters, more or less competent,

from as many different local papers. Aside from the loss of time from executive duties, nothing but confusion resulted in the public mind from the various digests and interpretations of many not specially informed reporters from the disjointed statements of these several corporation heads. Since the importance of public understanding of the situation was recognized to be important, one man was selected—a trained newspaper man—who became the spokesman for all, thus saving time and clearing the atmosphere of a mass of ignorant speculations. As a rule, the man who is important enough to be sought by the newspapers, and who has any respect for accuracy, has learned that his only safety lies in the prepared statement—not as a shield to protect himself from saying things that he does not want to say, but as a preventative from being made to say things that he has not said.

The strict executive, who will not permit a letter carefully dictated to a competent and tried stenographer to leave his office without re-reading before signing, is expected to deal in an off-hand way with the most vital of topics whenever asked to do so by a reporter, and then to permit his views to go out to the world through the mediumship of a man he has perhaps never seen, who relies upon his memory only for faithful transcription, who has no fundamental knowledge of the subject to permit of accurate compression of the essentials into newspaper space and who does not permit the subject of the interview to see what he is to be committed to saying before its publication. This is one of the conditions of news-gathering that Professor Brown would not have changed, yet it is neither fair nor just to place the entire responsibility for misquotation upon the shoulders of the reporter. The plea of having been misquoted is as often, perhaps, because of the fault of him who is interviewed as it is that of the newspaper man. Few men of great executive ability—few men, in fact, of any kind—possess the faculty of talking for publication, accurately, interestingly and intelligently. It is an art in itself, usually acquired only by cultivation although, like genius, it is born in a few. Few men who have become authorities on any subject great enough to be sought by the newspapers still retain the thought that others not so familiar with it require a primary exposition of the fundamentals if a clear understanding is to be the result.

A single case in point may serve to illustrate more clearly the function of the publicity man in corporation work; and also the result, in one instance, of the collision of interviewing, as it is practiced, with that ideal of journalism which would "leave the reporter to go his way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts". A man of many millions and of great achievements in the industrial world had placed himself at the head of a new corporation which had a "vision". It was a vision of vast profits, perhaps, but it also from its nature possessed a public service value that caused it to be "news". For many months its plans had been prepared and merely hinted at publicly in detail. Each step in preparation had been scrutinized by the publicity man for its reaction upon the public. The newspapers were keen for the "story".

With infinite pains and much rewriting,—"predigesting", if you please,—the entire plan had been reduced to the form of an interview with the head of the corporation and had finally been initialled by him as evidence of his approval after careful study and weighing. In this instance it is possible that many newspapers would have accepted the statement had it been sent to them by mail, but the publicity man recognized fully what Professor Brown means when he charges that access to heads of corporations is often denied.

Since it was quite out of the question for a man of so many interests to give up the time to meeting all of these representatives of the metropolitan newspapers and of the various press associations singly, it was arranged that he should visit New York and receive them all at once at his hotel. Including trade papers, there were sixty or more news-seekers present, and of this number there was but one who declined to accept the prepared statement that was awaiting them. This single exception seemed to be inspired by Professor Brown's stricture upon what he calls "spoon-fed" journalism and branched off into side-issues and absolutely extraneous subjects when he asked his questions.

Although unprepared for this and taken unawares, the subject of the interview courteously submitted to the heckling and

arose to the emergency. His answers were short and to the point. They admitted of little or no possibility of misunderstanding and there was but one man within his hearing who did misunderstand. It was unfortunate, to say the least, that this should have been the reporter who was questioning him and that the readers of his paper the following morning should have been given a falsehood in the place of truth, while every other paper that did not follow Professor Brown's ideal had a perfectly accurate and truthful story.

A number of years ago—it was during President Roosevelt's second term—two prominent railroad magnates were each seized simultaneously with a desire to say something to the public regarding the railroad problem that was then vexing Congress and the public. To get his views and opinions widely before the public unexpurgated and in digestible form, each of these two magnates retained a publicity specialist, and these men followed methods that were essentially different. Both principals were men who were known to be hard to interview: the one because of a quick impatience that permitted of no slowness of comprehension or inquiry into essential detail; the other, because of a diffidence that stood in the way of expression by words. Both were required to reduce their ideas to writing, which were then edited and carefully "predigested" so that each in his own way said just what he wanted to say, in the fewest possible words, and with the greatest possible newspaper story value. The first, accompanied by his publicity man, went to Washington where the national correspondents gather. They were invited to come to the hotel to meet the magnate and came eagerly, for the fact that this man was willing to talk was news in itself. They listened to his humorous stories, smoked his cigars and probably partook of his hospitality otherwise. They plied him with questions and they politely took his prepared statement away with them. The next day, all over the country, this railroad man had all the publicity he wanted, but not of the kind that he desired. His statement was largely ignored, since the real story was that at last he had seen the light and was not only willing but eager to take the public into his confidence. That was the "news" as it was developed. To the day of his death

this railroad man never again submitted himself to a newspaper interviewer.

In the case of the other a very different policy was followed. His publicity man, knowing the psychology of the newspaper mind, carefully rehearsed his principal in a little drama that was calculated to win great applause at the final curtain. The cast was a small one, consisting of the railroad man and the President of the United States, with the Interstate Commerce Commission acting as a kind of chorus. Act I showed the publicity man calling on the President and, in the course of the conversation, casually mentioning that Mr. So-and-so, his principal, had a carefully worked out plan for the settlement of the railroad question.

"Is that so?" inquired Col. Roosevelt. "That's bully! I'd like to talk it over with him!"

"Why don't you invite him to come down? He'd come."

Act II showed the railroad man accepting the President's invitation and arriving in Washington thoroughly "in character", as a reserved and more or less unapproachable magnate, travelling in his private car. This car was, of course, quickly identified by the local reporters with the result that it was surrounded by correspondents when the principal—with no publicity man in attendance—returned to it from the White House. To all eager inquiries as to the subject of his conference no answer was given, except that it would be entirely improper and discourteous to the President to give out anything, unless it emanated from the Executive Mansion.

Act III shows the railroad man's car again rolling into Washington and a repetition of the previous proceeding, while the word passes around that some "big news is going to break". On his return to his car the railroad man seems to be more willing to speak but still holds his reserve, and then follows the master-stroke of the little drama, with the advice and consent of Col. Roosevelt, who thoroughly enjoyed the little play. As the train began to pull out, leaving the correspondents with long faces, the railroad man leaned confidentially from the platform of his car and said with a smile, "It's a wonder you boys don't know where the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission is!" and was gone. No faster, however, than the race for the offices of the Interstate

Commerce Commission which at once started, and there, carefully prepared and edited, fully "predigested," the statement was found to be on file waiting to be read, laboriously copied and telegraphed to all parts of the country.

The wiles and the artful practices of the press agent to advertise his client, regardless of any public interest in his subject, are so indefensible that it would be a waste of time to discuss them. This is not the form and character of publicity that has been brought to the light of this discussion by Professor Brown, but there is one argument that comes from the advertising office that deserves more than a passing word. "You can say anything in the advertising columns that you can say in the news columns, and just as effectively" is a favorite statement of publishers which is largely, yet not 100 per cent, true, as a single instance will show.

A great work of a semipublic nature, involving engineering problems having no precedent, had been undertaken in New York. It was being financed by its bankers through the sale of short term notes as a temporary expedient. An issue of these notes was close to maturity and it was the expectation of the bankers that a new issue would immediately be taken up by the holders of those which expired. About ten days before this maturity period there appeared in Wall Street and in the financial centres of Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and elsewhere, where the notes were heavily held, a rumor that could be traced to no starting point. It was one of those "whispering campaigns" that are usually the cloak of crooked finance and stock manipulation and its source could be suspected though not proved. It was to the effect that the engineering difficulties in this work had proved to be insuperable and that the project had been virtually abandoned. The object in view was perfectly apparent, and was the discrediting in advance of the new note issue in order to bring ruin upon the entire enterprise.

The banker sent for his advertising agent and placed the problem before him with the request that he answer the rumor and kill it. The advertising agent's advice was to call in a publicity man since to meet the situation by advertising a denial would be to spread the damaging rumor more widely. This was late on a

Thursday afternoon. The following Sunday morning virtually every newspaper in New York carried an illustrated story on its first page detailing, with many picturesque episodes, the inspection of the work made the day before by an Athenian Prince, several French army engineers and other notable scientists from Europe, and the following day the financial press of the country carried it in condensed form.

This space could not have been purchased at any price. No "influence", however strong, except that of actual news value, could have obtained it. The price that the publicity man paid for that space was in the only coin that passes current in the editorial department. Nor was it spurious coin, even though he had created the superficial news value by the introduction of the Prince into the situation. The real news lay in the fact that the work was going on uninterruptedly; the rumors of its cessation were false and that the investors were not in danger of loss of their money. The result was to dam the stream of lying rumors and to accomplish a piece of constructive work that otherwise would not have been done. It saved the work and it created, on its completion, an advertising patron which has turned many thousands of dollars into the coffers of the papers.

To many minds the word "publicity" means the "putting over" of something improperly. It would be a useless waste of space to berate at length all of the schemes and wiles of the unconscionable publicity man or press agent that really have for their purpose the exploiting of something under the guise of news that should not be exploited at all, or that are otherwise as indefensible as are many of the newspaper practices that are not in keeping with the highest ethics of journalism. It is a fact that has to be met and reckoned with that out of its fantastic beginnings there has arisen a new profession that, properly governed and regulated, is essentially in the interest of the public and which has been forced into existence by the failure of the press in many important particulars to live up to its highest ideals.

ATHERTON BROWNELL.

A COMMENT

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

Mr. Atherton Brownell illuminates with interesting incidents the conditions that have created the publicity business, without challenging the public's right to news from independent and disinterested sources. Nor does he deny that matter written to serve private purposes in increasing volume masquerades as news. The article in the November issue of The North American Review, which evoked his discussion, thus foreshadowed his explanation of the sway of publicity:

> The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips.

Mr. Brownell goes further than this and pictures the newspapers not only as failing to get for themselves what he calls "news of construction" and stupidly or perversely bungling such news when it comes their way, but also as forcing the "publicity specialist" of a great railroad man to resort to tricks worthy of a mere press agent seeking some free advertising, in order to circulate that financier's views at a moment when the President of the United States himself was giving them attention.

It is doubtful if this defense of publicity will tend to endear the publicity man to the editor. If Mr. Brownell's anecdotes were to be accepted as typical either of the newspaper's sense of real news and attitude toward it, or of the methods of the high-class corporation publicity man, whom he is so careful to differentiate from the old-time press agent, famous for disguising private schemes as public news, then, indeed, a critic might think there was little to do but pass judgment on the "guilty culprit", whether

of the editorial or the publicity office. But it is far less important to pass such judgments than to diagnose conditions. The writer's purpose has not been to condemn men of either calling for what is the result, not of any wrongful purpose on their part, but of business and social developments with which journalism and the intellectual interest of a large body of the readers on which it depends have not been able to keep pace. It has rather been to consider the journalistic tendencies thus fostered, with a view to the newspaper's future prestige and influence as a trusted leader and interpreter of society to itself. Mr. Brownell confirms belief in the menace of those tendencies.

Modern civilization has become too vast and complicated for many newspaper organizations. Only the greatest newspapers can afford to cover it adequately or expertly. And too often their circulation is among those who do not in the least care to have it thus covered. So whole fields are left to the publicity man and doubtless will be left to the publicity man until the newspapers, either singly or by associated effort, send out larger staffs of men and women highly trained to deal of their own initiative with these complicated matters. A beginning of such independent news investigation has been made in the field of science.

The methods and aims of news-gathering to-day leave much to be desired, and the conditions that promote such misrepresentation as Mr. Brownell describes and that he says the writer would not have changed, far from being left unchanged, should be radically reformed. But the "search for and preparation of real news", supplementing the chronicle of the routine and the sensational, which Mr. Brownell points to as the function of the publicity man, ought to be so carried on by the newspaper itself that there would be no need to depend on the self-interest of publicity seekers for the due enlightenment of society. And as for that "good" news that is too retiring to meet the reporter unchaperoned by the press agent, it is too good to be true.

While the tendency of newspapers to make themselves the retailers of ready-made news and opinions is easily explained, while the publicity man does an otherwise undone work, the fact remains that the all-important function of a newspaper is to report the world as it sees it, and not as some party in interest

wishes it to be seen. The publicity expert may, indeed, have an enduring place. He may tell corporations how to conduct themselves so as to deserve public confidence; he may help their managers to speak so as to catch the public ear; but he should never be permitted to put his story, written from the point of view of a private interest, into a newspaper in the guise of its report as an independent instrument of public intelligence. When that is permitted the newspaper surrenders itself to propaganda and invites loss of faith.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

MEXICAN AGRARIANISM

BY HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

MEXICO has always had her land problem, since the days of Cortés. Often, during colonial days, reform was predicated on redistribution of the land. Never, since the days of independence, has a savior of the people arisen who did not in some way hold out readjustment of agrarian difficulties as an inducement wherewith to acquire followers. But few if any of the schemes proposed accomplished the ends sought, and when those ends were achieved they proved unhappy solutions of a vexed and complicated situation.

Hence it was not surprising that Francisco Madero should have attempted to restore to his followers the lands of which they had from time to time been deprived; but it was even less surprising, taking into consideration Madero's idealism and the character of the group of politicians which surrounded him, that his scheme of land distribution should also have failed.

But after he had gone, the radical wing of his followers was supreme in the Convention of Querétaro which, under the leadership of Venustiano Carranza, framed the revolutionary Constitution promulgated on February 5, 1917. Article 27 of that organic law committed the country to the radical programme of land reform which is in operation to-day under an extension of the theory of eminent domain. The present party in power proposes to take, and is taking, parts of great estates, practically without regard for the justice or injustice with which they were acquired, to subdivide and redistribute to the landless native population. A measure of distinction is drawn in alienating these lands. In most cases the old Indian towns possessed communal lands, called *ejidos*, bestowed upon them under colonial laws, for the sustenance of the native population, which was almost purely agricultural. When such lands are identified and returned to the natives, the process is called

"revindication" or "restitution". Where it is found that native communities did not possess such lands, or possessed them in insufficient quantity, the process is called "dotation". In either case the land is being taken from the large landowners by action almost wholly administrative, in which the *hacendado* has only tardy recourse to courts of justice. Revindication connotes no indemnity; dotation presumes governmental obligation to pay one.

The present agrarian programme really began under an executive decree issued by President Carranza on January 6, 1915, which authorized the bestowal of communal lands upon Indian towns by provisional act of the National Agrarian Commission, before a reglementary law could be passed and also before suitable indemnification could be provided by government action. This pre-constitutional decree of January 6, 1915, was amended by another presidential decree, also pre-constitutional, dated September 19, 1916; the amendment did away with the "provisional bestowals", and sought to establish the practice of providing indemnification when lands were taken from estates and bestowed upon towns.

Recently the claim was made in the Senate by Senator Ortíz Rodríguez of Michoacán that the intention was to incorporate the amended and not the original decree in the Constitution, and hence that the present programme of bestowing *ejidos* without previous indemnification was unconstitutional. This opinion was heard upon the occasion of a vote taken by the Senate upon the introduction of the new agrarian law in that body, accompanied by the request of President Obregón to have the decree of September 19, 1916, and its reglementary law of December 28, 1920, specifying certain processes for petitioning for *ejidos*, annulled. If the reforms in legislation asked for by Senator Ortíz Rodríguez were to be adopted, an amendment to the Constitution would be required. Señor Andrés Molina Enríquez, of the Commission, pointed out that the royal Government of Spain, when it established its Ordinances for Intendants in 1786, provided for administrative seizure of lands for specific purposes under Article 61 of that instrument, and that such action by an autocratic Government may be esteemed

a precedent, when the exigency is as great as that which now exists. At any event, the Agrarian Commission proceeds serenely with "dotation" and "restitution" alike, calling upon the Federal army to enforce its decisions whenever difficulty is encountered, as is frequently the case.

The administrative procedure whereby native towns become possessed of communal lands was defended by General Antonio I. Villareal, the recently resigned Secretary of Agriculture. Before action is taken in regard to a town, its representatives go before the Agrarian Commission of the State in which they reside with their petition for lands. This Commission is appointed by the Governor, and works in harmony with the National Agrarian Commission, which is responsible to the President. The State Commission hears the petitioners' request for an *ejido*, that is a square league or more, of communal land. When the petition is received, the local Commission takes a rough census to determine how much land will be required in order to provide each head of a family with an appropriate number of hectares of land, usually three or four hectares. Then surveyors make the necessary measurements, and the lands are distributed to the Indians from the estates which lie around their village. When these "possessions in first instance" have been bestowed, the former proprietors, who have not been consulted up to this point, may interpose a writ of *amparo*, a sort of writ of review, before the courts, to determine whether the expropriation shall stand or not.

Naturally enough, seizure of land in this manner has raised howls of indignant protest all over the land. The large landholders have long been the constructive prey of the Radicals. They have grown accustomed to insecurity in titles; they have suffered without recourse the widespread spoliation of the days of actual warfare. But their protests against the current programme have become at last vehement to the point of absurdity. I rarely met an *hacendado* last summer who did not beseechingly invoke intervention by President Harding at once in order to bring to an end the disgraceful robberies of which the *hacendados* are victims. This class of agriculturists would hail intervention as their last hope of salvation. The agriculturists have

indeed been harassed by some pretty high-handed measures, but Señor Rodríguez Cabo, Director of Agriculture, told me that such instances were due to the unmeasured zeal of local fanatics, and were not being upheld by the national authorities.

The process of bestowing communal lands, something over one thousand parcels of which have been granted, has been attended with many evils. In Guanajuato, in one instance at least the peons who were farming lands on shares were obliged to revoke their contracts with the proprietors for such labors, and to accept *ejidos* against their will, under penalty of imprisonment for continued refusal. In some cases where original possession by the town was at least dubious, the bestowal has been by way of "restitution", whereas "dotation" would have at least raised the question of indemnification. In some cases those who received lands, having no plows, teams, seed, nor food for sustention until crops might be harvested, have fallen prey to speculators who have charged exorbitant prices for these necessities. In very many cases lands taken by communities have been left fallow, whereas they previously yielded ample crops. In other instances large holders, fearing expropriation, have refused to plant normal crops, in the apprehension that they would lose them at harvest time.

The complaint is also raised that the Government takes lands from cultivated estates for subdivision, even where, as in the State of Jalisco, it possesses ample extent of national lands suitable for the purpose. In many regions political ends rather than economic improvement have been sought. In Yucatán the State Government has used the bestowal of *ejidos* as a weapon with which to compel allegiance to the dominant Socialist party. The Secretary of Agriculture has warned the Socialists and other politicians that the agrarian programme is technical, not political, and that political advantage is not to be sought through bestowal of lands. The trouble is that other officers of the central Government encourage such activities. The loudest complaints are that the demands for lands often come from natives whose vocations are industrial and not agricultural, that the bestowals are often made in such a way as to reduce production rather than to encourage intensive agri-

culture, that grants are often excessive in size, and are made from the best lands of intensively cultivated estates. Señor Molina Enríquez of the Agrarian Commission defends the latter feature of the programme, saying that if the Indians were to be given the poor, unirrigated lands, the agrarian policy of the Government would necessarily fail, as its many enemies wish it to do. Besides, in many cases the irrigable lands, for which the *hacendado* has erected an expensive reservoir, are precisely those areas from which the Indians were at some time evicted.

The serious problem is not, as has been pointed out by many friends of Mexico, the creation of small properties. The essential thing is the creation of small proprietors. Those who criticise the Government's programme would create or educate the latter first. They would endow the peon with superior agricultural knowledge, organize him into syndicates, equip him with modern farming machinery after he has been taught to use it, provide him with ample water rights, and suitable land credits to insure his subsistence between crops, apparently before they would sell him land. Above all things, they would see to it that the land he is to become possessed of should come to him not by expropriation or confiscation, or even by indemnification through government bonds, but by payment in cash before alienation occurs. Needless to say, the Socialistic trend of the times in Mexico looks askant upon such a conservative programme. It would measurably retard distribution. There are even those who demand the nationalization of as much agricultural land as possible by organizing the small farmers into syndicates, and making it possible for them to acquire full title in leased lands after a rental period of five years, with no capital purchase price. This proposal is not endorsed by the Government.

The National Agrarian Commission has shown a reasonable attitude in subdividing *ejidos* bearing crops, though its orders have not always been observed. A circular of last July to all agrarian authorities ordained that all lands required for dotation but bearing annual crops should be left to the proprietors until the standing crops could be harvested. Lands bearing the maguey plant, coffee trees, guayule, sugar cane, or other crops

requiring more than a year to mature the product, are to be left untouched if other lands suitable for subdivision are available, and indemnification is to be provided when such long-time crops are on lands that are to be taken. Search is being made in various States for national lands from which *ejidos* may be had; in five States alone over 2,000,000 hectares of such lands are in possession of the nation, and it is expected that available areas within these extensions will be given to native communities.

Colonies are being established in various parts of the Republic for retired soldiers and army officers, and for repatriated laborers and those whose employment in the oil fields has terminated. One colony recently undertaken is in the Territory of Quintana Roo. Some doubt has been expressed as to the advisability of establishing small holdings in the peninsula of Yucatán, as the characteristic henequin crop there requires exploitation on a large scale in order to assure success. The military colonies are fathered by Dr. José Siurob and General Gildardo Magaña. The plan is favored by President Obregón; it will, if successful, have a helpful influence in the solution of the spiny problem of reducing the highly over-officered Mexican army.

It has been stated that estates held by foreigners are not to be subjected to partition for *ejidos*. This must be construed to apply to estates held under contracts not yet declared to have become invalidated by failure to colonize or for other causes. Such properties, many of which lapsed because disturbed conditions during the revolution prevented compliance with contractual conditions, have been the object of hostile legislative and executive action in certain States, notably in Sonora and Sinaloa. If foreign holdings should be held exempt the state of the Mexican citizen would be worse than that of the foreigner, but as a matter of fact some foreigners at least have suffered more than some Mexicans, in this respect. The Association of American Owners of Lands in Mexico points out that the laws originating in the recent revolution seek redistribution of privately held lands, for private purposes; that Article 27 deprives landowners of their prescriptive rights of possession, use, and alienation; that this Article is in effect retroactive, and if otherwise con-

strued it becomes a legal nullity and inoperative. This body seeks relief in an amendment to the Constitution of Mexico, or preferably in a return to the Constitution of 1857, alleging that recent decisions of the Supreme Court or statements by the President as to non-retroactivity of Article 27 are insufficient to restore the security of their acquired rights.

Mexican landowners have attempted various methods of abating the evil. In the State of Mexico the Legislature in August authorized expenditure of 100,000 pesos to purchase lands for subdivision. The *hacendados* are to provide the money, in order to protect their lands from expropriation. The first purchase was to be of 700 hectares for subdivision to applicants with seeds, teams, etc. This is the most conciliatory attitude so far manifested by the agricultural interests. In the State of Jalisco the agriculturists organized a syndicate to oppose the Government programme. This organization has since become national in scope and membership. Its leader, José Gutiérrez Hermosilla, frankly announced that the organization of this guild of *hacendados* was due to the necessity of protecting agriculture from the campaign of the National Agrarian Commission. This syndicate proposes to include field laborers in its membership, and will work for the improvement of their condition. It recognizes the legitimate existence of farm laborers' guilds, and offers to coöperate with them "when they are inspired by respect for individual property", but it will "defend by all legitimate means the rights of proprietors when they are prejudiced unjustly by laws, acts, or whatever authority may be animated by agitators or perturbers of the public tranquillity."

In Chihuahua leaders of the Association of Proprietors are more mild. They do not oppose subdivision, but point out that their huge holdings were legally acquired and that the Government must surely provide indemnity before expropriation. They insist that there is no real agrarian problem in the State, nor will there be until it is created by the development of irrigation works. Possibly their placidity is due to the defense they have in the normally arid condition of the land, which will hold back small farming until more irrigation is de-

veloped. At present the relatively small number of 38,000 hectares have been expropriated in that State.

The Department of Agriculture continues its active policy of endeavoring to improve farming conditions throughout the Republic. It is sending a respectable number of young men to the best agricultural schools in the United States. It is establishing a new agricultural institution at Chapingo, near Mexico City, and during the past year one of its representatives has been canvassing our agricultural colleges for good instructors to place in that school and at the school at Tacuba in the capital. German agriculturists are also sought. Implements for farm labor are imported duty free. A liberal budget has been requested for the operations of the coming fiscal year. An effort to provide agricultural loan banks to protect small proprietors from extortionate rates of interest in financing their operations has still to be worked out. If extreme radicalism can be prevented from destroying confidence by senseless expropriations, if irrigation and credits can be established to catch pace with needs, the land of Mexico may be brought to contribute a normal measure of the food supplies of which the country stands in such perpetual need. The forced resignation of General Villareal from the Secretaryship of Agriculture last December, after investigation of the acts of his subordinates by the President, may safely be considered a hopeful sign that less radical measures will prevail in future. President Obregón, in sympathy with the revolutionary struggle in behalf of the indigent rural population, indicates a commendable desire to protect property interest to a saner degree than some of his subordinates. The wrath of the nation against age-old agrarian abuses needs careful direction toward sanity, the elimination of political self-interest and social ruthlessness, and admonition that haste made slowly brings the most rapid and substantial progress.

HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY.

RAVENNA

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Nulla speranza li conforta mai,
Non che di posa, ma di minor pena.
DANTE, INFERNO V

How could he write the things he wrote, just here
In her own home where she had once been dear?
I think sometimes he must have caught her eyes
Lighting in swift surprise
Upon those words remote, austere,
Falling from his stern pen,
Just here, just when
She should have seemed most near,
With all the looks and ways
That made that dark house fair,
In the familiar days
While Guido's eagles brooded on the air
That still could kiss her hair.

"No hope of rest or any lesser pain
Shall comfort them again"—
How could he ever bear to think that way,
Here in the tranquil day,
With not a shadow falling on the blue
Of the bright wave she knew?
How could he look on these still cypress trees
Scarce stirring in the breeze,
And write of rushing winds and beating wings
And damned and desperate things?

I like to think the deep, didactic springs
Of those relentless words found birth
In some high region of the poet's mind
While memory lagged behind,—
Being a fond and foolish thing that clings
Forever to the earth,—
And that when afterward he came to look
At what he had to say
Of that young flower that bloomed beside his way,—
Why, then I like to think that in the book
He wrote "no more that day."

CREATION

BY DuBOSE HEYWARD

There is a holiness upon her as she waits
Close by the station gates.
All of the forenoon long
Hasten the restless throng;
Eyes that seem scarcely to live,
Faces with nothing to give,
Swung by the rock of the years
On to their narrow affairs.
Now women come who draw their skirts aside;
And negro porters, braced against the tide
Of beating life, shrug with a smile or sneer,
Seeing her waiting there.

Where the massed shadows crawl
Out from the soaring wall
Her face shows dim and small.
Only her eyes,
Sombre, remote and wise,
Gaze out of æons past
Over today to the vast
Dream of tomorrow.
All of Earth's sorrow
Lies there, and all of Earth's joy;
And the infinite patience that builds
While armies destroy.

These others who beat in a tide
Of turbulent life through the wide
High gates: perhaps they go seeking their fate.
She needs but to wait.

What has she to do with the strife!
Her concern is of Life,
Faint-stirring and small.
Biding its time till the call
Of the Earth for its child

Out of its night to the wild
Glad urge of its day.
So, while they go on their way,
She can wait
By the gate.

While I, who make of my brain and my soul and my hand,
Only a fugitive song for the mirth of the land,
Turn, as the blind must turn to the warmth of the sun,
Reverently, and alone, in the presence of one
Who, mutely and steadfastly, up from the night and the sod,
Is shaping a life in the wonderful likeness of God.

TO ONE IN FLANDERS

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

As on that day, among the red leaves blowing,
We lay and watched the wild hawks windward throng,
You looked at me—and, like thin water flowing,
Time and creed went past;
And old earth sang to us her old wild song.

As on that day—alone, 'mid dead leaves blowing,
I stand and watch the dark ships seaward glide,
And wonder if the Flemish autumn's strowing
Red, low-singing leaves
Where, like stopped water, your wild splendor died.

Do you regret, in fields of ghost-flowers blowing,
The sterner love that cleaved our passion here?
Or do you dream my tears are dewdrops glowing
Round your unmarked sleep?
And do you wake, and weep—I wonder, Dear?

THE INFINITE

[*AFTER LEOPARDI*]

BY FRANCIS ROGERS

I always loved this solitary hill,
And yon green hedge that from my roving glance
Shuts off the low horizon's farthest sweep.
For as in meditation here I sit
I come to sense beyond that distant line
Immeasurable space and stillness deeper far
Than any silence known to mortal ears,
Where for a time my heart can know no fear.
And as the wind goes soughing through the leaves
I listen, and compare that silence infinite
With this soft sound. Then in my mind wells up
The thought of all eternity, of days
Long past and dead; then of the day that is
And what it means to me. And so, deep down
In this immensity of thought I sink;
And sweet it is to drown in such a sea.

INCIDENTAL SCENES AND THE GREEK CHORUS

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

Must the incidental scenes in Shakespeare be expurgated from an acting version of the plays, or must they be carefully preserved? This question has provoked, from time to time, a good deal of controversy among Shakespeare scholars and producers. It was contended, on the one side, that the author's dramatic technique had not reached perfection, that he was still hampered by mediæval conventions, and that, had he been aware of the progress of stage contrivances, he would have written his plays differently. On the other side it was argued that Shakespeare knew the resources of his art as well as or perhaps even better than the more popular stage manager, and that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could not be considered, from the point of view of the drama, as a benighted period compared with the twentieth. Generally speaking, one might say that the conflict lay between alteration and scrupulous respect for the original. As long as the adapter was content with the suppression of some irrelevant and apparently superfluous scenes, or parts of scenes, it must be admitted that he had a good case against the scholar, who would have "the text and nothing but the text".

A rapid perusal of the "Irving edition" of Shakespeare's works will give the reader a clear idea of the guiding principles of the adapter. They are easily discernible: All scenes or parts of scenes necessitating a change of scenery, or which do not seem absolutely essential to the development of the action, fall victims to the blue pencil, with the sole exception of the speeches and monologues uttered by the hero, the stage manager's part being, as far as possible, carefully preserved. The introduction of this personal element naturally throws the whole scheme out of balance, but, on closer examination, it becomes plain that it is not so much the starring of the principal character which impresses the reader

or the audience unfavorably as the curtailment or suppression of all so-called adventitious incidents. From a purely logical point of view, these incidents may certainly seem of very small importance. In many cases they are not necessary to the plot, which is not materially altered through their disappearance. But logic is perhaps the weakest point of Shakespeare's art. He seems to have written very much as some of our modern artists paint, by patches, some scenes being thrown into relief by others for no obvious reason, light succeeding to shade and shade to light without being necessarily linked together in the ensemble of the design. Pursuing this train of thought, one wonders whether the incidental scenes which were suppressed with so little respect ten years ago do not belong to the play to the same extent as the principal scenes which were maintained; whether they do not play in the drama of the Renaissance the part of the chorus in the Greek tragedy.

Most arguments used for adapting Shakespeare to the modern taste would militate in favor of curtailing the chorus in a classical performance. The chorus delays the story; it stops the action when it has reached its climax, providing an unexpected anti-climax. It is by no means essential to the plot, and often appears to be thrown in for no other reason than to fill up an interval. True, it often prepares and explains the argument, as does the first chorus in *Agamemnon*. True also, it gives the hero or heroine an opportunity of venting his feelings. But we are not concerned here with the chorus which may, to a certain extent, logically justify its existence, but with the chorus which, as happens frequently, seems as absolutely independent of the action as the incidental scenes of the Renaissance theatre.

There is an excellent example of what we might call an "adventitious" chorus in the *Electra* of Euripides. Orestes and Pylades, unrecognized by Electra, have come to her house. Electra, overjoyed by the news that her brother is still alive, sends the peasant, in whose keeping she has been placed, to seek the old shepherd who reared Agamemnon and saved Orestes's life. Some time elapses between the peasant's departure and the return of the old man who will presently recognize the hero and bring brother and sister together. It is essential to the development of the drama

that the impression caused by the first meeting should sink into the soul of Electra and be at the same time fully realized by the audience, before the climax of recognition is reached. The interval is filled by five strophes sung by the chorus, relating the birth of Achilles and the gift to the hero of divine armor by his mother Thetis and her sister Nereids.

At a later stage, in the same tragedy, the chorus sings of the theft of the Golden Lamb brought by Pan to Atreus. The king's younger brother, Thyestes, with the help of Atreus's wife, stole the lamb, which sin caused great perturbation in the heavens:

> 'T is a children's tale that old
> Shepherds on far hills have told.

During this song, Orestes is supposed to succeed or to fail in his attempt to avenge his father's death. Electra has dismissed him, bidding him to "be a man to-day", and awaits the result of the tragic venture, her sword lying across her knees, "for never, though they kill me," she declares, "shall they touch my living limbs."

In a note, Professor Gilbert Murray tells us that these choric songs "are markedly what Aristotle calls ἐμβόλιμα, 'things thrown in'." They have no effect on the action and form little more than musical "relief".

Logically, the thing is absurd. There is no more reason for the chorus to remind us of Achilles's birth in the first instance, than for recounting the story of the Golden Lamb in the second. After Orestes's departure silence would be the only natural attitude assumed by any crowd in such circumstances. The crowd would await intently the first cry announcing the hero's failure or victory. Instead of this, we are asked to listen to a half-forgotten story told by "white-haired folk" in Argos. The song is calm, devoid of all passion; no attempt is even made to connect the sin of Thyestes with that of Clytemnestra. The poet's only idea seems to be to provide some relief to the tenseness of the dramatic situation, to show that in the midst of the darkest tragedy light and beauty are still shining:

> And Pan who holdeth the keys of the wild,
> Bore it (the lamb) to Atreus's feet:
> His wild reed pipes he blew,
> And the reeds were filled with peace,
> And a joy of singing over him flew,
> Over the fiery fleece.

Another striking instance of adventitious chorus may be found in *Œdipus* after the abrupt exit of Jocasta, who rushes to her doom, and the entrance of the old shepherd, from whom the king later forces evidence of his guilt. Œdipus has just uttered his over-confident speech, "Break what break will . . . ", when the chorus celebrates their Theban mountain Kitharion, where the divine foundling was exposed:

> O mountain of Thebes, a new Theban shall praise thee,
> One born of thy bosom, one nursed at thy springs;
> And the old men shall dance to thy glory, and raise thee
> To worship, O bearer of joy to my kings.

"This joyous Chorus," writes Professor Gilbert Murray, "strikes a curious note. Of course it forms a good contrast with what follows, but how can the Elders take such a serenely happy view of the discovery that Œdipus is a foundling just after they have been alarmed at the exit of Jocasta?" The only answer seems to be that dramatic technique requires, at this special moment, a note of relief, which must be struck by the chorus despite all other considerations. Such behavior, on the part of any of the principal characters, would be impossible. It is left to the anonymous crowd to show blind irresponsibility.

It may be objected that these are extreme examples and that, as a rule, the choric utterances are more directly connected with the story. All choruses are not adventitious. Some, as already stated, introduce and explain the main action; others fill the part of the faithful attendant. But, when due account is taken of these, there remain a number of choric songs whose only purpose seems to be to provide a certain relief when the drama approaches or reaches its climax, and which are either entirely independent or only vaguely connected with the plot. They stand generally in complete contrast to the feelings which would be obviously inspired by the dramatic situation. Thus, in *Antigone*, the invocation to Love after the fierce discussion between Creon and Halmon; and, later in the drama, the solemn hymn to Zeus following Teiresias's ominous prophecy. In both cases the chorus, after acting as an attendant to Creon (through their leader), create the required diversion, abruptly altering their attitude of mind from anxious entreaty to inspired exaltation.

Out of the three main tasks of the Greek chorus, two at least are fulfilled by the incidental scenes of the Renaissance theatre. On the Shakespearean stage it is no longer the chorus which gives the reply to the principal character, but some faithful friend, like Horatio or Kent, while frequent use is made of the monologue. From this point of view, Nerissa, Emilia and Celia may be connected with the conventional *confidente* of the French tragedy.

It would be easy to quote any number of incidental scenes, such as the meeting of Duncan and the Sergeant (*Macbeth* I, 2), and the dialogue between Kent and a Gentleman (*King Lear* III, 1), whose obvious task is to introduce and explain the plot. These must necessarily be maintained in the stage production or introduced in another scene in order to preserve the continuity of the story. They do not belong to the category of adventitious scenes with which we are specially concerned.

A second group of incidental scenes seems far less connected with the action. They include only a few characters of secondary importance, or hitherto unknown to the audience, and deal with matters which have a very small bearing on the subject of the play. Wherefore should we in *Macbeth*, for instance, listen to the ravings of a drunken porter immediately after the climax of the murder scene and just before the still greater climax when the murder is discovered (II, 3)? Why should we find a piece of idle street gossip between Ross and an Old Man after the great commotion caused by this discovery (II, 4)? Why again, in *Hamlet*, does the scene of Laertes's departure follow the one in which the prince hears for the first time of his dead father's wanderings, while Polonius's elaborate instructions to Reynaldo follow the first apparition of the king's ghost to his son? There is in *Julius Cæsar* a dialogue between Cicero and Casca (I, 3) which reminds us of the scene between Ross and the Old Man. It records similar wonderful omens. It takes place in the storm before the meeting of the conspirators, at the very time when Brutus's resolution hardens; it leads us away from the main purpose of the drama, while indirectly bringing us back to it through the atmosphere it creates. Further on in the play (III, 3), the short scene when Cinna the poet is put to death by a mad crowd, being mistaken for Cinna the conspirator, affords a

diversion and an anti-climax after the forum scene in which Antony rouses the populace against Cæsar's murderers.

Shakespeare was fond of such ironical contrasts. They frequently take the form of a humorous monologue coming after a tragic climax. The Fool's prophecy follows on the mad ravings of King Lear (III, 2), just as Edgar's monologue provides some relief after the mock trial (III, 6). The latter sounds very much like a Greek chorus philosophizing on some dreadful occurrence:

> When we our betters see bearing our woes,
> We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
> Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
> Leaving free things and happy shows behind.

Thus, the concluding chorus in *Œdipus:*

> Lo, he is fallen, and around great storms and the outreaching sea!
> Therefore, O Man, beware, and look toward the end of things that be,
> The last of nights, the last of days; and no man's life account as gain
> Ere the full tale be finished and the darkness find him without pain.

There are striking differences between the typical incidental scene of the Shakespearean drama and the adventitious chorus of the Greek tragedy. The latter ranges from the most commonplace comment on the events just witnessed to some entirely detached piece of lyrical poetry. The first always preserves some connection with the story and does not reach the same height of poetical inspiration. But both aim at creating a timely diversion in order to relax the tension of the tragedy and give the audience some breathing space in order to realize all that is past and to prepare themselves for what is to come. Whether this is done through the introduction of extraneous songs and solemn hymns or through some humorous or matter-of-fact episode, the result is the same. Our imagination may be as much refreshed by a piece of street gossip as by hearing the strains of great music. Shakespeare favors the more familiar and intimate method. He wants us never to forget that while great kings are murdered and the world is shaken by the most violent commotions, people are still living, walking, eating, singing along the road. This feeling is in the background of all his tragedies, it forms the very atmosphere in which his heroes move. To strip the drama of the

scenes which provide this atmosphere is to cut out a figure from a picture and isolate it from its surroundings. It alters all the values of color and design. It takes all relief from the performance, which becomes strained and artificial, piling up effect upon effect to such an extent that the tension becomes unbearable. It produces exactly the same result which would follow the suppression of the chorus. The latter has never, I suppose, been contemplated, owing to the moderate length of the Greek tragedy. It would be, if anything, more justifiable. The principle which ought to guide the producer of dramas such as *Hamlet* or *Othello*, which it is obviously impossible to produce in their entirety, ought to be the preservation of a certain proportion between trivial incidents and great scenes.

The incidental scenes and the chorus must be preserved, not on account of a scrupulous respect for the original, but because they are essential to the general effect of the drama. They are to be maintained, not so much for their intrinsic beauty as for the beauty they confer on the more striking episodes.

We possess in the history of literature an example of tragedy without chorus and an example of drama without incidental scenes. It would be futile to compare the tragedy of Corneille and Racine to that of Sophocles and Euripides. The French tragics seldom reach the bedrock of human nature; the passions of their heroes are severely controlled by the laws and conventions of a disciplined and highly cultured society. The need for relaxation is therefore felt to a far less degree, but, in spite of this, it is easy to realize what the French tragedy has lost through the substitution for the chorus of the *confident* and *confidente* when we read *Esther* and *Athalie*, in which, exceptionally, the chorus is again introduced. In the same way, though Shakespeare exerted a considerable influence on Victor Hugo and his followers, the failure of the French romantic drama in the nineteenth century must be largely attributed to the efforts made by modern dramatists to adapt their works to the exigencies of the modern stage; that is to say, while breaking with the three unities, to concentrate the action as much as possible within a few scenes of striking effect. Here again the rule is proved by the exception, Alfred de Musset, who makes frequent use of the incidental scene,

being the only romantic playwright whose work does not savor of melodrama.

The views of our contemporary dramatists with regard to chorus and incidental scenes are difficult to ascertain, owing to the very small number of historical or legendary plays which are given the honor of a public production. There are, however, some evident signs pointing towards the restoration of such essential parts of the technique of the stage. Consciously or unconsciously, our contemporary poets realize the mistake from which the modern stage has suffered so long. Maeterlinck in the earliest part of his career (1890–1898) re-introduced the incidental scenes into French dramatic works. *Pélléas and Mélisande*, for instance, contains some typical examples of episodes which are, if anything, still more remote from the story of the play than any incidental scenes to be found in the Shakespearean theatre. His example has been followed more recently by Claudel, in *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, and by John Drinkwater, who has again given a prominent part to the chorus in his *Abraham Lincoln*.

Not taking into account the mediæval mystery and morality play, human genius has been able to create only two forms of serious plays: the tragedy, in which unity of time and place are generally observed, and the drama, in which the action is broken up into as many scenes as the imagination of the author may provide. It is doubtful whether any new form will be invented independently of these two fundamental types. But whether the one or the other of these types be adopted, the chorus in the first case, and the incidental scenes in the second, may be considered as intimately attached to it and as providing the subtlest means of dramatic expression which literary tradition has been able to create.

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

GEORG BRANDES IN LIFE AND LETTERS

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

At certain periods in the life of any man who has attained fame it is customary to glance in retrospect across the years that have gone to the making of the sum total of his recognized achievement. In the case of some noted writer it may be the twenty-fifth anniversary of literary activity that furnishes the incentive for a reëxamination of endeavor. Or perhaps the attaining of his three-score and ten brings renewed publicity to bear on an author with international reputation. Again, it may remain for Father Time to wield his scythe before the public comes to a full realization of what such a personality meant to his generation.

In the case of Georg Brandes, whose eightieth birthday occurs on February 4, not only is he still among the living and in the full possession of all his remarkable faculties, but the honors paid him on November 3 last, on account of the fiftieth anniversary of his first lecture at the University of Copenhagen, proved a most impressive demonstration of how this noted critic is valued in his home country. It is not to be overlooked that on that memorable occasion half a century ago, when Brandes first appeared on the University lecture platform and expounded ideas that were widely looked upon with horror, the man who to-day is considered worthy to be classed with Sainte-Beuve and Taine was nothing less than anathema in the eyes of the conservatives. The torchlight procession of November 3, however, the great tributes paid to him who is now hailed as Master, the address by Brandes himself when he spoke on Homer in his own inimitable manner, all went to show that a prophet after all is sometimes honored in his own land.

One of the interesting features of this celebration was the spontaneity with which men of all religious, political and literary creeds hailed him as the forerunner of that Liberalism which now characterizes Danish affairs. As a matter of fact, Brandes needs no

apologist at this late day. From the first appearance of his *Dualism in Our Newest Philosophy*, written at the age of twenty-one, to the publication of *Michelangelo*, his writings have been landmarks in European literary history. In America, he is perhaps best known as the author of *William Shakespeare, a Critical Study*. This, naturally enough, may be due to the fact that for some years this book has been available in English.

Few writers of any period or any country have done more than Brandes toward clarifying historical facts by means of picturesque description. He was only twenty years old when he was awarded the gold medal of the University of Copenhagen for his essay dealing with the fatalistic tendencies among the ancients. Philosophy and æsthetics were his particular studies. The lucidity of his style and the delightful manner in which he could convert any dry-as-dust subject into something entertaining was out of the ordinary at that day, and surprised the staid pedagogues of the University not a little. In reality, from the very earliest time he had to assume the defensive. He had opened a new vein, but it was for him to prove that the ore brought to the surface was pure and indestructible.

Obtaining his doctor's degree, Brandes spent several years in travel. It was then that he met such men as Mill, Taine, and Renan, whose influence on that particular period was indisputable. Nor did they fail to impress a mind which like his was receptive to a degree. Their progressive ideals appealed wonderfully to this young Dane, who early became familiar with the leading languages of Europe and who thus was able to investigate for himself the literary treasures of the various countries. It goes without saying that without his knowledge of the English language he could never have produced a work like his *Shakespeare*. And the same can be said with respect to his *Goethe*, *Voltaire*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Michelangelo*.

It was on his return to Denmark, when he was not yet thirty, that Brandes began to deliver at the University of Copenhagen the series of lectures which did nothing less than revolutionize history-teaching in northern Europe. He humanized epochal events, by centering the attention upon this or that great personality. The fruits of this series of lectures we find incorporated in

his *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.* Delivered over a period of more than ten years, these lectures furnish perhaps one of the best accounts extant concerning the subject.

Going back, then, to the time of the German-Danish war of the 'sixties, we find Brandes working with might and main to raise the Danes from the intellectual stupor into which they were gradually falling as a result of the loss of Schleswig. Bad as it was that the province had been lost to the country, he declared with emphasis that it was not a time to sit down and mourn. He stirred up his countrymen to a realization of the fact that they had their own intellectual house to put in order. He fought self-sufficiency at home with every instrument at his command. He never doubted that some day the great wrong done to Denmark would be righted. But he did not believe in the impossible. Chauvinism has no abiding place with him. It was no fault of his that he was misunderstood with regard to Danish neutrality or the return of Schleswig. Always he has stood the loyal champion of the South Jutlanders in their desire to rejoin the mother country. The Schleswig plebiscite, with its happy result, owes much more to him that is ordinarily known.

The literary career of Georg Brandes extends over a period of more than sixty years. From 1866 to the present time his range of production touches almost every subject of literary importance. He reveals his purpose as a writer in the concluding chapter of his *Shakespeare:*

> Even a long human life is so brief and fugitive that it seems little short of a miracle that it can leave traces behind which endure through the centuries. The millions die and sink into oblivion and their deeds die with them. A thousand so far conquer death as to leave their names to be a burden to the memories of school-children, but convey little else to posterity. But some few master-minds remain; among them Shakespeare ranks with Leonardo. He was hardly laid in his grave when he rose from it again. Of all the names of this earth, none is more certain of immortality than that of Shakespeare.

It is in the identical spirit that Brandes treated Shakespeare that previously he wrote of such commanding figures as Disraeli, Lassalle, Ibsen, Heine, Björnson, and the many personalities that go to make up the galaxy in his *Men of the Modern Transition.* The Great War brought renewed interest to bear on his *Impressions of*

Russia and *Impressions of Poland*, written more than thirty years ago. Students of events in those countries to-day may find considerable profit in comparing Brandes's impressions with what he had to say more recently about the people of those nations. He certainly did not remain silent following the overthrow of the Czar and the coming of the revolution. He is as much against the red Bolshevism of Russia as against the obstructive policies of those who call themselves "white" in those lands. Before the recent change in Soviet-ruled Russia he delivered himself of the following, which is not without its significance to-day:

> The more completely Europe lets Russia alone, the more readily Europe allows the Russian Republic to put its own house in order, the quicker will the Russians view Europe in its right perspective and let the European nations do what they think is best for them. It is the experience of history that any political agitation left alone by the world at large becomes tempered gradually, loses its particular stamp of violence, and actually changes from within, so that it more and more balances in the scale with its surroundings.

Is it not a fact that something to the above effect is actually taking place in Russia, even though the outside world has not entirely kept aloof from Russian national affairs? As for Brandes's internationalism, nearly thirty-three years before the World War he made certain pertinent references to the Germany of the future which bear repeating now:

> The love of liberty, in the English sense, is to be found in Germany only among men of the generation which within ten years will have disappeared. And when that time comes Germany will lie alone, isolated, hated by the neighboring countries; a stronghold of conservatism in the centre of Europe. Around it, in Italy, in France, in Russia, in the North, there will arise a generation imbued with international ideas and eager to carry them out in life. But Germany will lie there, old and half stifled in her coat of mail, armed to the teeth, and protected by all the weapons of murder and defense which science can invent.

Passing from the domain of political internationalism to that of books, it is interesting to find how the American visit of Georg Brandes in 1914, shortly before the Great War, focused attention on his *Shakespeare*. Much could be written about this visit, which brought the American people face to face with a personality that quickly found himself at home with the Western spirit. Indeed, a unique connection was seen between this modern in-

terpreter of the Melancholy Dane of Shakespeare and that Hamlet who has sent the fame of Denmark throughout the world.

In one of his American lectures, Brandes declared that the character of Hamlet is the true picture of the mind of Shakespeare at the time he wrote the drama:

> In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare puts the cloak of motley on his own shoulders. He well understood the value of indirect expression, and the fact that wisdom cuts deeper when thrown out as folly. Shakespeare lived all Hamlet's experiences. Shortly before writing the drama his father had died,—not by assassination, it is true; and his mother had not degraded herself,—but the patron of his youth, Southampton and Essex, had died; the woman he loved had proved false and heartless, a friend had conspired against him with this woman, and his prospects of winning the poet's wreath were slim. At first he was submissive under these misfortunes. He was stunned. Later he took his revenge incognito through the scathing invective of *Hamlet*. He makes Hamlet speak not as a prince but, as when he speaks of the "oppressor's scorn" and the "proud man's contumely", in the manner of one who has been outraged by the sight of stupidity lording it in high places. The bright view of life which characterized his youth was overcast, and his disappointment voices itself in Hamlet's expression of weariness of life.

There seems to be something of a Hamlet in Brandes's very way of looking at humankind. To get at the analogy, however, it is necessary to go back to his earlier writings, to review once more his battles for recognition, his friendships and the many enemies he made when first he broke a lance with conservatism and "the stupidity lording it in high places". It is this word "stupidity" that occurs and recurs again and again in the writings of Brandes. He loathes the very thought of mankind undermining its own usefulness because it refuses to think for itself and use common sense. As for finding the true Georg Brandes as he reveals himself to-day it is necessary to go to his *Michelangelo*.

It is impossible here to treat in detail of the various productions of Brandes; it must be sufficient merely to mention the great array that includes, besides the books already referred to, such other works as *Æsthetic Studies*, *Criticisms and Portraits*, *Men and Works in the Newer European Literature*, *Ludvig Holberg*, *Danish Personalities*, *Foreign Personalities*, *Foreign Regions and Personalities*, *Youthful Poems*, *Autobiography*, *Bird Perspective*, etc., and finally, the great companion pieces to *Shakespeare:*—

Goethe, Voltaire, Cæsar and *Michelangelo.* His *Goethe* appeared in 1915, and Brandes says that it was largely due to the war and his involuntary stay at home that he was able to complete those two massive volumes. No ardent Frenchman, whatever his criticism of the Danish writer for his neutral attitude during the war, could possibly find fault with the manner in which Goethe is presented here. In fact, the philosophic calm of the great German poet as the Fatherland was invaded by foreign armies is emphasized further by Brandes who writes as follows:

> Goethe by no means saw in Napoleon the demolisher of the German Fatherland. He had never known such a Fatherland. On July 27, 1807, he wrote that he could not hide his impatience when people bewailed the loss of something that not one person in Germany knew anything about. He did not look upon foreign domination as a disgrace. On the contrary, in the place of numerous small states, badly ruled, there had come a smaller number governed more in the modern spirit, in consonance with the principles of the French Revolution, which first now impressed him as they were embodied in a great personality. . . . Goethe's lack of interest in the so-called War of Liberation did hurt the nation's sensibilities. Perhaps the war was for the purpose of gaining national independence, but on the other hand it brought back the entire reaction of the past. Hence his words: "They do this to no purpose. The man is too big for them."

Brandes says that there was something in Goethe's nature which precluded him from ever becoming popular. He was too big and unapproachable to be valued by more than a minority. As for the Goethe-worship, exemplified in the reverence shown him in the years following the Revolution of 1848, Brandes writes that it was not until the establishment of the German Empire that it took hold in earnest. "Not until after that event was the worship of Germany's foremost mind made part of the national system."

Brandes's relations with intellectual Germany dates back to the time when he left Denmark as a protest against a certain opposition which felt itself in danger because of the pronounced liberalism of the young scholar who had expected to succeed to the chair of Æsthetics at the University on the death of the then incumbent. Remaining in Germany several years, Brandes quickly established himself among the literary notables of the southern country. His familiarity with German literature and his remarkable treatment of Goethe as man and scholar are easily

traceable to that period. In the same connection it is worth mentioning that years ago the University of Copenhagen through its highest functionaries acknowledged that it did wrong in not offering him the Æsthetic professorship when Brandes desired it. This sentiment was expressed once more during the recent celebration when Professor J. L. Heiberg on behalf of the University referred to the injustice done the noted Dane.

It is unquestionably a fact that Brandes's literary predilections are favorable to the French. For this reason it was to be expected that in his *Voltaire* he would give free rein to his great admiration for the people with whom he has so many things in common. As in the case of Goethe, so Brandes for many years had occupied himself with the French cynic. He draws an interesting comparative picture of the two intellectual giants, as follows:

> Goethe and Voltaire resemble each other very little with regard to their mental make-ups; they are alike in that intensity and universality that gave them dominion in the intellectual world. In science, Voltaire was a mere disseminator of ideas. He was a scholar, but did not create, as did Goethe. His grounding in mathematics stood him in good stead in his investigations. This Goethe lacked. But Voltaire, as a physicist, lacked Goethe's independence, and yet, in contrast to his gifted successor on the throne of literature, he abounded in that hard, sound sense which enabled him to grasp the real value of Newton's theories. In his case, in fact, human knowledge was developed to such a degree of clarity and brilliancy that it became the equivalent to genius. And in his writing of history he was undoubtedly Goethe's superior. His *History of Charles XII* and *Essays on Moral* were epochal in their effect.

Pages could be written about Brandes's *Julius Cæsar*, which is an entirely different Cæsar from him whom Shakespeare pictures. Brandes says:

> It was because of Shakespeare's lack of historical and classical culture that the incomparable grandeur of the figure of Cæsar left him unmoved. He depressed and debased the figure to make room for the development of the central character in his drama,—to wit, Marcus Brutus, whom, following Plutarch's idealizing example, he depicted as a Stoic of almost flawless nobility. Brutus had to be the centre and pivot of everything, Cæsar was therefore diminished and belittled to such a degree, unfortunately, that this matchless genius in war and statesmanship becomes a miserable caricature. Generation after generation has been educated to see in Cæsar the representative of lust of power, in Brutus the hero of liberty. That honor fell to the weakest head among those surrounding Cæsar.

In *Michelangelo* there is so much of Brandes himself that it is quite apparent that in no other book can we gain a better insight into the idiosyncrasies of the Danish scholar. His estimate of Michelangelo is set forth succinctly in the following sentence: "In 1871, when for the first time I stepped within the Sistine Chapel, I told myself: 'At last you are in the presence of that mind which of all mind-forces has struck deepest into your soul.'" It is in this spirit that the book is written. Many of the obstacles that confronted Michelangelo in his long and strenuous career, the envy that met him at every point and attempted to belittle his achievements, his indomitable will power and his creative genius, find their counterparts in much that Brandes experienced before the world finally acknowledged his genius. Faced by a bibliography that for more than four hundred years had occupied itself with Michelangelo, Brandes set to work to add his own interpretation to the many that had gone before. This in itself was no small task. But it seems quite certain that the Danish writer considered himself in duty bound to pay this tribute to the man who had influenced his life-work so decidedly. How Brandes understands the art of making environment effective in leading up to characterization of personality we learn at the very beginning of the book, where he writes:

When to-day one visits Florence for the first time, it is customary, in order to obtain a good view of the city, to take a drive along the Via dei Colli, the road which twists in and out like some broad winding stairway, up the hills where Michelangelo built fortifications for the defense of Florence. If the month is May, the tour is through a veritable flower-garden (which gives Florence its name), through an atmosphere fragrant with the scent of thousands upon thousands of roses; and at each turn of the road the vista reveals more and more of the fine and rarified landscape, through which winds the Arno River, and in which, like some mosaic flower in the bottom of a bowl, Florence appears, with its cathedral, with Giotto's bell-tower in black and white marble, with its palaces, equally suited to defense and festival, and with its wonderfully decorated churches and cloisters.

It was on that hill, in 1875, that a great monument in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's birth was unveiled to Florence's greatest son—the greatest still, even though we do not forget Dante. Here, Michelangelo's David in bronze rests high upon its marble base, and from it extend reclining bronze figures, replicas of Morning, Evening, Day and Night, in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

It is a well-known fact that the discovery of Friedrich Nietzsche to the northern nations, if not even to Germany herself, was due to Georg Brandes, who found in this philosopher something so entirely new that he felt he had to make the world acquainted with it. The Nietzsche-Brandes correspondence, available in English, shows to what extent the German scholar realized his indebtedness to his Danish colleague. On Nietzsche's death, in August, 1900, Brandes took occasion to write about him:

> To be able to explain Nietzsche's rapid and overwhelming triumph, one would want the key to the secret of the psychological life of our time. He bewitched the age, though he seems opposed to all its instincts. The age is ultra-democratic; he won its favors as an aristocrat. The age is borne on a rising wave of religious reaction; he conquered with his pronounced irreligion. The age is struggling with social questions of the most difficult and far-reaching kind; he, the thinker of the age, left all of these questions on one side as of secondary importance. He was an enemy of the humanitarianism of the present day and its doctrine of happiness. For all that he must in some hidden way have been in accord with much that is fermenting in our time, otherwise it would not have adopted him, as it has done.

With all this, and however much Brandes stood spokesman for Nietzsche, he strenuously denies that he is a disciple of this German superman. "When I became acquainted with him," he wrote some years ago, "I was long past the age at which it is possible to change one's fundamental view of life."

In what has been said here about the works of Georg Brandes the question may easily be asked, as he asked in the case of Nietzsche: What is the value of this man? Are his books interesting? That he has influenced his generation, there is no doubt. One need not be in entire sympathy with his philosophy of life to follow his literary standard and take example from his penetrative faculty for getting at the bottom of things. When present friends and one-time foes unite so wonderfully in paying tribute to the genius of Georg Brandes in his home land, the reason is not far to seek why he stands acclaimed a leader in the world of thought and expression.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

THE ENGLISH TEA

BY MURIEL HARRIS

If the English tea has not always been the foundation of English society, it is simply because Marco Polo began his travels a few centuries late. The germ of English tea was as much a part of the English constitution as is the Bible, Beethoven, or Blighty. And just as the Germans feel that Shakespeare should have been born in their Fatherland, so it scarcely occurs to the English mind that China tea really comes from China and Indian from India. And even if it does, what is China? What is India? Both are places to which the Englishman takes England and brings it safely home again. And tea? Tea was being poured in the panelled drawing-room when he left England, and seven years later he comes back for his second cup. It is as impossible for the Englishman to forget English tea as it is for him to forget England.

There are grandmothers to-day who remember the severity with which their grandmothers regarded the decadent innovation of afternoon tea. You might have tea, but you might not have it comfortably. It was brought in under protest, and conversation languished until it was taken out again. And yet the Great War was run on tea, and the submarine sinkings and the convoy system and the munitions question and the War Cabinet itself were suspended regularly every afternoon for a few minutes when the little black tea-pot made its peremptory appearance, flanked with what had once been cake and toast but now was—it is difficult to say what it was in 1918. The apotheosis of tea took place during the Great War. More than this. A certain Georgian virility returned with it. The "dish of tay" which was drunk alike by men and by women after the portentous three and four and five o'clock dinners of more than a century ago, again became masculine as well as feminine. Perhaps it was more the one than the other by the time the war

was finished. Certainly the solvent that is tea accommodated a million inter-relationships where friction was possible. If nothing more, it was the weakness to which the truly great succumbed as readily as any one of their minions. Queen Anne is dead—though she was once a real person with a marked liking for playing at the game of "Let's Pretend"—but her tall glass cupboards with their Lowestoft and egg-shell china found real successors in the rude earthenware of the funny, ramshackle, shabby old Whitehall buildings which constitute the heart of the British Empire. If you go to Regent's Park to-day, if you visit the pleasant town of Cheltenham or of Bath, you will see by the hundred the houses in which the "dish of tay" flaunted it with parrots and negro servants and marmosets and coiffures of astounding geography. You will see where the Nabobs lived and you will hear faint echoes of John Company, and perhaps also some of the fantastic old tea-chests will remain and the red lacquer trays and the dragon china, and a memory of the days when the trial of Warren Hastings was the gossip of the day and a few other Anglo-Indians felt uneasy, even though the word "profiteering" had not yet been invented. And so the old Government offices, in which the Pepys and the Norths—also of tea fame—and the Pitts and the Foxes had had their being, positively clamored for the revival of the beverage of which the regalia was still there.

Nor could an institution be neglected which so instantly reflected the genius of the times. It is only necessary to compare the classic Georgian tea-service with the redundant curves of the Victorian tea-pot; the Victorian tea-pot—prosperous, stout-waistcoated—with the miscellany, the democratic diversity, if you will, of the Great War china—the silver was mostly at the Bank—to realize the part in English society played by tea. And why? Because tea—afternoon tea, nowadays, and not the ten o'clock nightcap of the Victorian era—makes a halfway house between English formality and English expansion. Strangers are often at pains to reconcile the English stiffness and coldness with the expansiveness of the English house and its manner of hospitality. In one sense, the Englishman's house is his castle, strongly barred against intruders, extremely jealous of its pri-

vacy, resentful of any attempt to penetrate its fastnesses. In another, it is an open door, welcoming, free, hospitable. You have to be given the freedom of the castle and it is yours. Without this freedom, you are a mere outsider. The English tea is at once a preliminary to this freedom and a relaxation from the forms of life. There is no set service, no special time within an hour or so. It comes after the day's efforts and provides the little stimulus which overcomes fatigue. The shining silver reflecting the leaping fire, the sound of the kettle, the warm scent of the flowers, the low book-box or stand, full perhaps of brand new books, all these elements which have grown up round the tea function, provide a quiet, expansive atmosphere in which both friend and family can feel themselves most perfectly at home. The secretive Englishman delivers himself most astoundingly at tea. You have a share in his confidences. For once he becomes conversational, easy, even eloquent. There are subjects suited for the dinner-table; the people who breakfast with each other are usually the rulers of our destinies; lunch is an uneasy meal, booted and spurred for the afternoon's avocations. At tea there are no rules—nothing but arm-chairs and relaxation and informal converse, and perhaps the children in clean frocks for an hour or so before dinner. The tea-hour represents the English home in its fullest sense in that it conveys a sense of intimacy even to the stranger. He can see the household out of the office, off the stage, when it is content thus to dispense with the trappings of ceremony and of form.

Perhaps the penetration of the English tea into the Versailles Conference was one of the most remarkable of its achievements. In a sense, of course, the Conference was itself something of a return to a state of society when society was small and international and not, as to-day, large and intensely national. Nobody who was unconnected with the Conference had for the moment any particular interest, and a limited and cosmopolitan society was thus the cynosure of every eye. When Mr. Balfour diverted M. Clémenceau with tea, it was an international incident, in the sense almost that upon the frown of a king's mistress depended the fate of nations. And it was tea made with canned milk, too! Was it a ruse of the wily Lloyd George?

Did he realize how tea helped the inarticulate Englishman? How it gave him something to do with his hands, filled in the pauses in his conversation, compensated for his French—or lack of it—and, most of all among the voluble Latins, gave him the feeling of being after all at home?

For the Englishman has to feel at home in order to deliver himself at all. The Frenchman is most truly gracious in public. The *beau geste*, of its nature, implies an audience. The German needs officialdom, almost a book of etiquette, behind him, to be most impressive. For the things he cares most about he puts on a uniform; for the things an Englishman cares most about, he takes off his uniform, or never puts it on. And the English tea is for the Englishman the taking off of his uniform and feeling himself at home and therefore free to act and speak. In India he divests himself of officialdom and takes his tea. In China he brings England into the home of tea, just as, after a life-time, he takes China back to England and his porcelain and his jade and his Mandarin robes and his carved ebony for the back-ground of the tea-table. It is the oddest thing to see in Cairo or Quebec English chintzes and perhaps an array of photographs in court trains upon which is the name of a South Kensington photographer; to drink tea among these household gods, just as though the thermometer were not above a hundred or below zero and the Red Sea and the St. Lawrence River were merely the Thames a little geographically displaced. It is the oddest thing to return to South Kensington and Regent's Park and again to drink the self-same blend amid brass bowls and mirrored hangings; amid perhaps Egyptian hieroglyphs and ushabtis; or amid assegais and Zulu shields and elephant tusks and lion skins.

For here again the Englishman's home may be his castle, but it is also his point of departure. You might define it as a place to come back to—and to come back to from Asia or Africa or the South Pole, laden—as John Company used to be laden—with shawls and spices, with the insignia of your travels which you laid at the foot of the steaming altar in the drawing-room. There are hundreds of these homes in England, repositories of successive tides of travel spoils, each of which leaves its high

water mark. And the tea-kettle goes steaming on, whether it be surrounded with stuffed birds from Australia or kakemonos from Japan or carved chessmen from India, or latest of all, polished shell-cases and shell-noses and German helmets and saw-bayonets, trophies of the last tide in the English adventure.

Perhaps the oddest contrast of all was tea in the Tower of London itself, in the building where Sir Walter Raleigh languished and wrote his *History of the World*, himself the typical Englishman who loved England to go away from her. And the tea-kettle hissed and bubbled as though the twelve-foot walls were upon no Roman site, as though no countless tragedies of Kings and Queens and courtiers had filled the very atmosphere. Perhaps the Englishman is lacking in the sense of time or place. Perhaps he has so complete a sense of continuity that time and place do not matter. Perhaps again, his one-idea-ed mind sees only that one thing is right and that thing must be done. It would account for his stolid bringing to America of eighteenth century bricks for his house in the cockle shells of the period, although boundless forests were at his disposal. It would account equally for his perfect naturalness in applying his own customs amid the most incongruous surroundings. Of course he has his tea, whether he is in London or in Timbuctoo; whether empires are falling or rising. It is the same instinct which makes him apply quite gravely the English form of government to the Kaffir or the Yoruba peoples. *Civis Romanus sum;* and tea is part of it all, part of a great freemasonry.

In the life of every country there are certain illuminating moments in the day. The Frenchman dines with mellowness and joy in living. The American thrills by doing something differently. The German expands under the influence of opera with ham sandwiches. The English love of formalism makes tea a regular institution and then proceeds to remove any suggestion of regularity about it, except its every day existence. Nor does this apply to any particular class. The cottage tea with its big loaf and its thick black liquor is just as much of an institution as is the Cathredral tea with a delicate blend from China and thin bread and butter. There is the same warm, generous feeling about it as in the crispness of the falling leaf and

the pungent smell of its burning and the glow of the flames against the blue mist of the darkening autumn afternoon. The English drawing-room is nearly always formless. It has just come about; it is rarely conscious. And the English tea-party is formless too, apart from its being an institution; apart from the sense of its always having been. Now, it is a gathering in an old London house, on the gates of which places for the link-man's torches still survive. And the guests come in at any time, and there is no guest of honor, though affairs of state may be settled or a plea put through for somebody's appointment, or a traveller may have returned from a big game expedition, or a writer may have uttered a *mot* which penetrates to all the groups in the various corners of the room, who are as publicly private as it is possible to be. Now, it is definitely a tea-party in an old provincial or cathedral town. And old ladies wear their seed-pearls, and, proud of their ancient family, look quite incredibly shabby, and the room is uncommonly full of furniture of every period, and there are glass cases with miniatures and perhaps a wax relief portrait or two, of which, if you are favored, you may be told that it was my great-uncle, who served under Lord X— during his first ministry. "Yes, I do value them a good deal." And there is nothing of the antique shop about it, because the things have always been there, have accumulated there. And here sometimes a lion may be found, though it is not openly confessed. And if he can be persuaded to roar, why then, there is all the more to talk of afterwards and it is very pleasant of course to hear of something from the great world and perhaps to learn that Dr. Y—— is to have the next bishopric. And the atmosphere is warm and friendly and quite incredibly dignified, and the young people whisper together, and in a few days it all begins again, only the exquisite lustre and the Queen Anne silver and the Chippendale tray are in a different house, and the glass table contains a tray of orders, and my great-uncle is this time my great-grandfather or a cousin who fought under Wellington. And once again, it is perhaps tea in the University town. And the rusty dons make jokes at each other's expense, and Greek and Latin tags fly round, and sometimes the fresh-faced undergraduate looks in and his breezy slang can be heard

penetrating the attenuated accents of the Oxford manner. And nobody is very rich and many are very poor and this is an exclusive society, and town—meaning the inhabitants—and gown—meaning the University—are separated by a great gulf, and there is the same study and the same reference books and the same dust upon the writing-table, and there is the same tea-kettle, the fountainhead of all the converse, indeed of all the gathering.

Withal, perhaps the English tea is best alone; when it comes in of its own accord and is set down silently by your great arm-chair near the fire. And you reach out to it vaguely from the engrossing book upon your knee, and you read and dream and sip your tea and relax beatifically, and the day seems smoothed out and you walk on air and a spell is over you, pointed only by the rhythm of a falling coal, and you are conscious of a great release.

MURIEL HARRIS.

AN ARTISAN POET

BY DEWI J. WILLIAMS

THAT cultural achievement is not incompatible with manual labor has many times been proved, and it is one of the cheering signs in a materialistic age that the lot of peasants and artisans in all countries is taking an upward trend into the field of thought while not deserting that of action. In no people has this combination of culture and labor been more apparent than in the Welsh, the bulk of whom are peasants and "working men", but with a tradition and history for literary effort that go back some fourteen centuries. That Wales has not been awarded her place among the greatest literary nations can be traced to a complexity of causes, one of which is the inherent difficulty of adequate and accurate translation of Celtic poetry into a Teutonic language. But there has recently been published a volume of verse written in English, and so within the scope of all Anglo-Saxon lovers of literature. The book is entitled *Through the Upcast Shaft*, and comprises the poetic work of a young Welsh miner. Though it is too early to prophesy the rising of a star which shall become one of the first magnitude, yet it is safe to say that here we have a notable example of literary achievement under circumstances that in the case of most other men would prove, if not an insurmountable obstacle, at the least a serious handicap to intellectual development.

Huw Menai Williams, born in Carnarvonshire, Wales, of peasant parentage, became cognizant of the pecuniary limitations of his native district, and at the age of sixteen trudged afoot to the coal-mines of Glamorgan, then—some thirty-odd years ago—regarded as an El Dorado by the poorly-paid agricultural laborers of the north. From that time to the present day he has lived the life and carried out the duties of a coal-miner, and it was during his hours of grimy toil far underground that the Muse inspired him to poesy. Lacking the education which we nowadays consider

necessary to every child, he is intellectually a "self-made man", and has acquired his knowledge and self-education during his few leisure hours after the arduous duties of a miner. His performance is all the more meritorious when it is remembered that this poet sings in a foreign tongue; indeed, one of the most striking features of his work is his marvelous command of English. Ellis Lloyd, the well-known author of *Scarlet Nest* and other novels, in his introduction to this little book, says of Huw Menai (that being his *nom de plume*): "Yet, lonely and hampered as he has been, unaided, and under the daily yoke of exhausting manual labor, he has expanded his poetic soul and has created poems which are amazing in their stark individuality, their rhythm, their range of thought, and in the exquisite beauty of their imagery."

Following his literary compatriots, past and present, Huw Menai sings chiefly of nature, love, religion, native country, and war, though the last is not treated in the abstract so much as in particular reference to the World War. But he also finds beauty and poetry in subjects not commonly associated with them. For how many modern poets would tenderly and feelingly apostrophize a butterfly, its wings and limbs shattered on a bit of broken glass on the "tip" (slag-heap)? The majority of Menai's poems are on subjects of Nature, and it is in these that we find his excellence most consistent. But in all his poems we are thrilled with the joy of life and the optimism of faith, the whole clothed in a wealth of imagery and an astounding aptness and virility of expression. His ode, *On the Road*, carries us bodily along with a swinging rhythm to the "eternal dawn" that—

> will break some day
> To the rhythm of the road.

Some of his poetic descriptions are delightful. In describing the butterfly, he depicts her as working "a pattern on the mother-rays" of the sun, and "fringing an ode thereon", all of which he epitomizes as "poetic lace". Two words—yet what a wealth of meaning! The swallow's "graceful curve" he describes as

> The line that Rodin loved to carve,
> And Wagner strove to sound.

His description of a child reads:

Her eyes were dreams, her lips were love,
Her cheeks were like the noon.

* * *

Her voice was one sweet melody,
Her hair was perfect night;
Her kiss a song, her presence all
A source of pure delight.

Again, his *May Musings*, in which he extols his native country, contains this masterpiece of sequence of thought, musical in expression as in conception:

Sweet linnets shook young leaves with chorus gay,
While streamlet symphonies rhymed through the mirth,
To blend in choral union with the day—
To join the oratorio of new birth,
That swelled in gladness from the re-awakened earth.

Later on in the same ode his patriotic enthusiasm finds expression in the following exquisite harmony and imagery:

Dear Wales! Sweet home of rivers, lakes, and rills!
Pan's wondrous passion made her spirit proud!
She draws the soul of sunshine to her hills,
And o'er her fields the lark is singing loud
For joy, that he has been by God allowed
To pour his soul upon a land so fair.
Her rugged mountains kiss the snow-white cloud—
Mist-surpliced oft they stretch their hands in prayer—
One feels much nearer Heaven in Wales than anywhere.

Who can deny the divine inspiration of the lark's outpouring? Or of the priestly mountains, "mist-surpliced" and prayerful? Possibly for wealth of thought in fewness of words, he is at his best in *The Geologist:*

Shaking the dust from truth, I watched him swing
The midget sledge for Science and Love's sake,
Until the beaten stones break out and sing
Of blue lagoons, nymph-haunted nooks, and take
The mind to live among
Those bygone days when Pan was young;
Part-reading in the hard primæval sod
The infinite biography of God.

If the whole stanza may not live for aye, surely that last couplet must deserve immortality, pregnant as it is with an immensity of meaning!

Sometimes he writes of depressing things, but always with that optimistic faith that seems to argue the deep-rooted conviction that, to quote his own words, "Kind God blames not His own created things," and that "All is divinely wrought". The certainty of Ultimate Goodness, which he sees portrayed in the wonderful and awe-inspiring beauties of Nature, affect him with a healthful *joie de vivre;* nor is he downcast when Nature's face is gloomy, while in the midst of life's tragedies he has ever before his eyes the Greatest Tragedy of all and its lesson, as witness the last stanza of his *Clinging:*

> Clutching at the straws of creed—no substance there!
> Philosophy a bubble, and Science bare!
> Struggling against wave and wave, toss and toss,
> To find sure hold at last in the battered Cross.

Of war he writes but little, but here he displays best his vigor of language. In his description of *The Attack*, where concatenation of sounds—which forms in a measure the metric basis of the older school of native Welsh poetry—assists his own and the reader's imagination, he carries us right into the heart of things and takes us back a few years to the time when we were experiencing that very action which he describes so minutely: his picture is so terribly accurate and so accurately terrible. More nakedly terrible and less to be liked by the timid are his *Reprisals* and *Revolution.* In *The Kaiser* he unites the same virility of expression with a moralizing reflectiveness (which may not be without a significant political application!):

> Nay! hang him not; let live, and let the sun
> Search out his conscience, and the wrath divine
> Wring from his heart the uttermost remorse;
>
> * * *
>
> True, a gallows stands
> In every conscience; and the hangman's noose
> Forever slack or tight about the soul—
> Inherited from all eternity—
> Shall squeeze in measure as the crime deserves.

At the opposite pole to this is his tenderness in *Eyes Right*, where he speaks of warriors who have shown the "greater love". This ode was inspired by Lady Butler's famous picture of a file of British "Tommies" returning from battle (says the poet: "You have shaken hands with Death, and you are better men"); as they pass a wayside cross, the officer salutes and gives the command, "Eyes Right!" The last stanza reads:

> Rain-plashed, shell-weathered Crucifix, beside
> A broken road. The Saviour of the slain,
> Whom pain salutes, because a greater pain
> Filled that great Heart. And tears immortal, too,
> He shed o'er all their failings; and, besides,
> He died for them, as they have died for you.

That Huw Menai's poetry is everywhere perfect would be a false claim, which I have no intention of making. But certain it is that most of it reaches a height seldom attained by poets of the present generation. To have done this under the limitative conditions under which he wrote is indeed an achievement worthy of perpetuation, inspiring hope that the voice that came out of the bowels of the earth and "through the upcast shaft" will soon again, and long, be heard.

DEWI J. WILLIAMS.

MOLIÈRE: COMEDIAN OF SOCIETY

BY STARK YOUNG

With anyone but Molière—who knew that a light touch is not always a thin one—I should be afraid of seeming flippant if I said that his third centenary brought to my mind something Whistler once said at a dinner. At the end of many speeches his turn came, and he said that though he hesitated to speak after so many distinguished Professors and Ambassadors, he would like to say that in France they taught the student which end of the brush to put into his mouth, but in England it was all a matter of taste. The hit-and-miss of Anglo-Saxon civilization lies in that remark; the individuality, the whimsy, the obstinate self. This Anglo-Saxon civilization blunders along the ground, or it flies; whatever happens it does not learn a sense of the general, the type. The French has a sense about it of society, of learning the general way of things. Civilization as Latins mean it implies that sort of thing. It implies a levelling for social considerations and with regard to people's opinion of one, a dislike of eccentricity and of ridicule, a subordination of the individual to the whole. It is not so much a passionate concern as it is an instinct; and its feeling for morality has this public and civic aspect. Latin civilization is a prose thing. It prefers bounds to any risk of chaos. The Italians, and even more so the French, are the most prosaic people in Europe. And for that matter their prose shows in their faces, which have a more even and typical and a less personal, peculiar or fantastic expression than an Englishman's. For all their vivacity and heat and explosiveness they keep their feet in the pathway trodden by men—though it must be said they strive to make this pathway as agreeable as possible. For one illustration of all this, look into their marriages; in spite of their passionate loves, their despairs, their experience which has all the variations of opera itself, their magnificent erotic art, it must be remembered that many and

many an Italian or Frenchman, if he does not kill himself in a frenzy, will marry at length to please his family or to his own scheme of advantage.

Your Anglo-Saxon has not this instinct for the social or for the whole. Morality for him has more tortuous personal meanings, very often of sex. He is capable of crusades in his own soul or in public for the good of men in a mass; he works and prays and frets for the betterment of society. He wants to make it better. But he has no particular instinct for making it more agreeable, though he may have a conscience for making it so; and only theoretically does he come down out of his own tower, or tree, to make himself an affable part of the general. The Anglo-Saxon common man has not the lively mentality or sheer spirits to make him social. He never easily gives up his self and the fence about it for the sake of the general pleasure; and only with labor can he keep his eye on a general opinion and harmony. So that he has little feeling for manners or for the surface of living; and only after an intense and long culture that is possible for a few small groups does he become civilized as a Latin takes the word.

And he is not a prose creature; he is poetic. Dull or intelligent, he has something within him that throws him against life with a quiet hunger; he tends toward inhibitions for private reasons or simply for their own sake; he is romantic because of his hunger; and because he lacks to a certain extent taste and vivacity, he is often sentimental. He makes a comfortable and sometimes a sodden world about him, but he lives on illusions, one way or another. In the opinion of his spirit there are no bounds. He is your born dreamer; and he likes to believe that his dreams are deep and important whether anybody ever stirs by them or not, and whether or not they even take any shape in his own mind or merely remain his own confused and precious inner comfort. This shows in his face—as that more open and type thing shows in the Latin—and gives to an Englishman in Paris or Rome a certain distinction, noble or eccentric; and causes no little perplexity to Latins in general, who solve it, I am afraid, by regarding all Anglo-Saxons as practically insane. Out of all this a great and profound poetry has come. But we never had

a society out of it. And that is why we have never had a Molière, why we have not comedy to rank with his.

Molière descends on his literary side from Plautus and Terence, who descend—too fine a word for them, since very often they almost reproduce their Greek originals, especially Terence—from the Greek comic writers, such as Menander. These Greek comedies came out of a life that lived itself in the air and the sun, in piazzas, squares, streets and markets; where all men were observed, where the normal was admired; where there was in sum the beginning of a society. On his other side, that is to say the life about him from which he drew his matter and for which he turned it into comedy, Molière had under Louis le Grand what could be truly called a society. The king had taken measures to further this public unity, under himself of course; though what concerns us here is not that so much as the fact that Molière had a definite, special thing to study and write for and play to.

In English social comedy Ben Jonson is the biggest figure; though, by way of promise wholly unfulfilled dramatically, I should except Fielding, who had in his genius a possibility of comic character invention and observation equalled nowhere in our literature. Ben Jonson, who left a monumental comedy behind him, had on one side Plautus and Terence, and on the other a sort of gorgeous, poetic, half barbaric state of things. The Elizabethan atmosphere was magnificent, rich, violent, brutal and poetic. And the mass of comic tradition behind Jonson was for the most part clumsy, broad, full of loutish spirits; its manners were rough, however full of ballad charm and folk poetry they might be; and its humors were worked with a cudgel. Jonson's world never completes itself and cannot be seen in the round. Congreve is our most distinguished comic genius, with a fine wit, restraint, and, within limits, sense of character; and in his style a finish and rhythm that Molière never achieved. But Congreve's lack of any deep foundation in a society is evident; at the most he belonged to the elegant few; and the failure of his best play, and his withdrawal from the theatre on that account before he was thirty, attest the slightness of his theatrical connections. And though the bright names of Sheridan and Goldsmith bring the remembrance of their great talent, they wrote

too few plays to have much scope, and their work's connection with any general society is almost casual.

As for the Restoration, you cannot read Molière and the comedies of that English epoch without seeing how they pillaged from him, these English dramatists,—Betterton, Shadwell, Dryden, Otway, Farquhar, Etheredge, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Flecknoe, Congreve, Davenant and the rest. For the curious there is a long list of their borrowings in Professor Miles's excellent *Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*. They regarded Molière as a convenient storehouse for theatre material, and pilfered and plundered till one of their songs could begin with "Molière is quite rifled, so how shall I write?" But none of them saw as Molière saw his material, saw it distributed, proportioned, related to social limits, ventilated with a wide sanity, and fed with large observation and social ardor.

But no dramatist could be expressive of so much of his race without his nature's finding for itself somewhere a strong social passion. In Molière this passionate concern, as everybody knows, took the direction of a hatred of hypocrisy, of all affectation. "You only lacked hypocrisy to make you wholly bad, perfectly bad," Don Juan's servant says to him; and we are to believe that none of Juan's sins, rape, seduction, murder, cheating and lying, were so bad as hypocrisy. For Molière the great sin in hypocrisy, then, is that it undermines social living by taking advantage of men's faith in one another, to deceive them for one's own ends. Hypocrisy discredits the mutual trust that makes society possible to live in. And in the individual it rots away the sincerity that is at the bottom of all character; and in the end makes it impossible for him to tell when he is sincere and when he is not; in other words may make him an unconscious hypocrite, a pious fraud, as well as a conscious deceiver. Affectation is only another form of hypocrisy. It may be a deliberate pose, an arrangement, a deception through pretending to have qualities which one has not. Or it may be an unconscious pose, derived from seeing oneself in some special light or as possessing eminently some special quality or interest. Quite admirable people as well as knaves may have a weak spot of affectation. The result of affectation of any kind is that it sets up an indirection in oneself that pre-

vents straight dealing and clear living either with oneself or with others. Whether it comes intentionally or not, the confusion is the same.

Hypocrisy and affectation are English sins if ever there were any. They may come about from exalted sentiments and a real desire for excellence, a desire too strong for any admission of shortcomings. They may come from a distrust of the mind, a refusal to give up the illusion, a persistence in seeing things not as they are but as they ought to be, and a recourse in the evasions of sentimentality or even of faith. Or they may arise from a man's being too much like Lady Macbeth's poor cat i' the adage; he wants the fish, but does not want to wet his paws. Or they may come from a strong self-consciousness, thinking on oneself, one's individuality, one's effects on others. Affectation is a more inward thing; and an Englishman will be affected where a Frenchman is only mannered. Hypocrisy and affectation come out in Anglo-Saxons in the form of cant and isms, in posing, in fads, hobbies, whimsies, and snobberies. There is nothing so easy to deceive, however, as a fraud; he is not sure but that the other man may be the real thing that he himself pretends to be. As a race we do not like to set down anything as straight hypocrisy or as affectation. Perhaps it is so; partly, not wholly, who knows? That is our attitude; and it may be a good one, coming from our accent on the individual soul involved. But despite its advantages, one result of it at least is confusion and indirection. So that Molière and his French world are removed from us even in the nature of the two hypocrisies; and the certainty of his attack could never have come from Anglo-Saxon society.

This fundamental sincerity and this large proportionate nature of Molière's genius are at the bottom of one's devotion to him; they are not the qualities that bring him leaping into our veins. They are the excellences of character and mind on which we rely in him, and through which we are free to be happy in his plays. Without these solid elements he might be merely witty, inconsiderable, like Oscar Wilde in his comedies. What brings Molière to us really is his animation, his tremendous welling up of spirits, his gift for taking the things dearest to us and expressing them under the liveliest circumstances.

I do not think that even in this vivacious aspect, however, do we get Molière aright. All that line of borrowers from him, Etheredge, Farquhar and the others, regarded Molière as merely a tremendous clown, a fellow of a thousand droll devices, an easy fountain of comic motive and hilarity. We are at least ahead of that, for we realize that Molière is a great comic writer. But we shall have to admit, nevertheless, how far Molière is still from the Anglo-Saxon. For one thing our mere attitude toward high spirits is misleading when Molière is concerned and, for another thing, the farcical pattern that Molière keeps nearly always even in his most serious plays, gets in our way. He had it from Terence and Plautus and the *commedia dell' arte*, and he found that it was a good working form; found it a pattern that is healthy and fluent, well-rounded and easy to follow. But for us it has given the impression of Molière as a writer of farces. It has persuaded us that his genius is the genius of *Le Medecin malgré lui* and of Mascarille, Sganarelle and those other broadly drawn and robustious eccentrics that bluster through some of his work. We are prone to think his characters mere types, whereas in fact they are individuals so subjected in treatment to Molière's intellect that they can take on the aspect of the typical and yet at the same time remain alive, a miraculous achievement.

I remember once sitting at a performance of *Fanny's First Play* with a very eminent critic; and after the final scene, the one in which the stage critics are discussing the play, and Shaw is parodying all critics and vaunting himself, my companion said to me that Molière could never have done so brilliant and clever a scene. But Molière would not have done a scene so clever and brilliant and egocentric even if he could, which I think might have been the case. Molière had more taste than that and more lasting charm, as you have only to read the *Impromptu de Versailles* to know; and he was so much more of an artist that the particular emphasis and insistence employed by Shaw would have been impossible to him; impossible to Molière, who waited in every bitterness of soul and every injustice for five years before he got his heart's labor, *Tartuffe*, performed, and then—as with his funeral—only at the King's intervention, but left no trace of all this in the work itself, which swings as free and varied and

wholesome and right as if it had been written by the very sun itself.

As time passes, too, and one goes back to Molière in comparison with other work, one notices more and more the things that Molière did not do or say; and one realizes more and more as one watches life and the expression of life in art, the great endowment of mind and heart that in the midst of a terribly stricken body and a wretched love affair kept Molière in all his work so poised and sweet and abundant. There are moments when Molière means nothing to us; certainly through him one could never become a great saint or a poet or lead a crusade. But a member of society needs other things as well as halos and laurels and holy emblems. Molière was at home in the world, the type of soul that at the outset was made so well in heaven that it holds out on earth without pining.

But apart from these more solid qualities in Molière's genius, how much there is that merely bubbles up from him into almost any mood we have! They are little gaieties, pocket philosophies, the mere happiness and health and jollity of the mind, that dart across the business of thinking and observing the world around us as a shaft of light falls through the shutters across the room. They catch the little bird of our vanity on the wing, which we might have mistaken for the flight of the soul. They poke solemnity under the ribs, and show how much of it is egotism. They ventilate the ordinary house of life. And most of all they chart out the track of the single ego in the social map. A handbook of these moments would not be a book of revery, for there is no twilight in them or spiritual thirst; but rather a sort of Noonday Notebook. The list would begin with absurdities manifest, little humanities of absurd people; famous cases, most of them; with Mascarille in *Le Depit Amoureux*, who couldn't die if anybody was looking at him; or Monsieur Jourdain, who had spoken prose all his life and never known it; or Sganarelle, with the old joke about the heart's being changed to the right side; or those heavenly learned ladies, Bélise and Philaminte—Bélise, who agrees with the doctrine of atoms but finds it difficult to understand a vacuum and much prefers subtile matter; and Philaminte, who finds in ethics charms that delight her heart, and, though ethics was

formerly the delight of great geniuses, for her part nowadays prefers the Stoics and thinks nothing so grand as their founder. Or the Lord Jupiter who comes on a cloud with his eagle, in thunder and lightning as well, and after having seduced Amphitryon's wife by taking her husband's shape, explains to the wounded husband in that delicious speech, so full of a god's tact but more to Molière's credit than to Jupiter's, I am afraid:

Behold, Amphitryon, who has thus imposed upon thee; and in thy own likeness see Jupiter appear. By these tokens thou knowest him; enough, I trust, to bring back peace and happiness to thy heart. My name, worshipped over all the earth, silences all that might be said. To share with Jupiter is not dishonorable; it is doubtless glorious to see oneself the rival of the first of the gods. Why should thy love complain? It is I who should be jealous. Alcmena loves only thee; thou shouldst be pleased to know that one cannot please her except by taking thy shape. Jupiter himself in all his glory could not triumph over her virtue; and all he received was given by her loving heart to thee.

And then the servant Sosia's remark: "*Our Lord Jupiter knows how to gild the pill!*"

There are scores of these. And afterward would come the speeches at the opening of *Tartuffe* about cant and gullibility and virtue; and then the talk about the rules of art in the *Critique de L'Ecole des Femmes.* And so on through the plays with their radiant sanity and their flexible and lively Horatianism, so on through this world which is always trying to end with supper; because Molière knows what peace that pleasure brings to conflicting bosoms, who have, besides, to be got from off the stage somehow or other.

And last to remember what the wife of the comedian writes in Monsieur Voltaire's *Vie de Molière:*

He was neither too fat nor too thin: he had a stature rather large than small, a noble carriage, a fine leg; he walked gravely with a very serious air, the nose big, the mouth large, the lips thick, the complexion brown, the eye-brows black and strong, and the diverse movements that he gave it made his physiognomy extremely comic. With regard to his character he was sweet, complaisant, generous. He loved to orate; and when he read his pieces to the comedians, he wished them to bring their children in, in order to sense their impressions from their natural movement.

STARK YOUNG.

UNHONORED EDUCATIONAL HONORS

BY JAMES HENLE

Professor of History—I must confess that I found the style of your essay very dull and commonplace.

Student (feebly)—But that comes in English Lit.!

In his annual report President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard emphasizes a point which has disturbed and distressed our educators for many years. In this country little attention is paid to high grades in college courses; the *summa* men, the *magna* men and the ordinary graduates stand upon an equal footing in the view of the general public and of the business world. If anything, the rank and file of the graduates have a little the better of it in common estimation.

In the case of graduates of professional and technical schools exactly the opposite is true. These men, to be sure, have been trained for some definite work, and the degree to which they have absorbed this training, roughly measured by their scholastic standing, may be taken to indicate their fitness for the tasks ahead. The purpose of college is more general and accordingly more difficult to achieve. Yet the popular verdict, as expressed in society's attitude toward those whom college has delighted to honor, is anything but favorable.

It is only fair to say that this opinion is shared by the honor men themselves. I cannot remember that my classmates of ten years and more ago who distinguished themselves in their studies felt that these were, as the mathematicians say, necessary and sufficient, or that the attainment of high scholastic standing was a matter of great importance. On the contrary, the best students were hurrying through their college work in order to be able to enter professional school a year earlier. For my own part, I must admit that the possession of a Phi Beta Kappa key has never seemed to me any reason why captains of industry should seek my services.

Clearly there must be something behind this distrust of our academic system. The Junker rule in Germany was certainly bad and it was resented by the common folk, but there seems to be every reason for supposing that the Junkers themselves believed in it. Our colleges, at least as institutions of learning, have lost the confidence not only of the general public, but even of that special class which has best adapted itself to their *régime*.

Perhaps, in some unconscious and unreasoning way, this is because our colleges have failed to reconcile educational practice with educational theory. They have "kept abreast of the times" by offering courses in aeronautics and in twentieth century literature, but they have not kept abreast of themselves and of their own best thought.

For years, to take one instance, it was usual to justify the time spent upon the classic tongues and higher mathematics by the statement that these studies served to "strengthen the mind." Experiments in educational psychology, however, demonstrated some years ago that training in one field does not "carry over" into another; studying solid geometry prepares a student to solve problems in solid geometry. It does not "strengthen the mind." It has no influence in any other direction except as the student uses this knowledge in astronomy or other related fields. It is apparent that if we really want to teach a young man to think clearly—and geometry was formerly supposed to do this—it is better to attempt this directly than to expect this to come as a vague byproduct of other work.

This is no plea for the elimination of mathematics and the classics and the substitution in their stead of commercial law and accounting. These are special studies that are as narrowing in their way as those others; they are no more "practical" than Homer except for those who intend to make direct use of them. It seems that Mr. G. K. Chesterton hit the mark exactly when he told Englishmen of cosmopolitan tastes: "By all means associate with Japanese generals if you desire to associate with Japanese generals. But if you want to meet someone who is different from you, jump over the garden wall and get acquainted with the old lady next door." In the same spirit an educator could say to a student: "You should certainly study Greek and ac-

counting, if what you want to learn is Greek and accounting. But if you are anxious to use your mind, tell me what you would do if you were to awake some morning and find yourself in Lloyd George's shoes."

Closely associated with this problem is the unfortunate tendency that some of our colleges have shown to take for their models the modern department store which carries in stock everything from pins to pianos. Probably university trustees like to be able to assert that a young man can obtain instruction in any field of knowledge at their institution, and there is much to commend in this idea. It is unfortunate, however, if a large part of the energy of a college is to be diverted to rivalry of this kind, if the establishment of a chair of Dutch at one is to be met by a course in Russian at another; if the fact that one college inaugurates a course in Icelandic sagas means that its neighbor must reply with a series of lectures upon Aztec hieroglyphics. The net effect, in fact, has been to multiply "cinch" courses, weaken the effect of collegiate training, and in the end undermine whatever prestige academic distinctions may possess.

It is probably inevitable that there be departments in a modern institution of learning. The tragic thing is that these should be repeated in the brains of its students, for when this is done their knowledge is effectively guarded against all use and the disrespect paid to college honors is completely justified. Yet these brain compartments, each hermetically sealed against related knowledge, will be built unless some common carrier is devised that will visit them all, unless some medium of exchange is found that will make classroom knowledge a living, circulating reality. The remarkable reception which Mr. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* has received is proof of the demand for some broader and more comprehensive outlook on life than any single course or department can offer.

It is easy enough today to sympathize with the young man who protested against any criticism on the score of style of an essay written to fulfill the requirements of a course in history. Were there not instructors in the Department of English Literature who were supposed to concern themselves with his style? If he wrote an historical essay for these latter, that would be a

different matter; they could say anything they pleased about his style, but they could not legitimately and fairly take exception to his facts.

To many it will seem that there is a touch of burlesque in the exposition of this young man's point of view. Unhappily, it is merely a sober presentation of the attitude adopted by the majority of college students. It is difficult to blame them. They study biology and receive no suggestion of its influence upon history; they obtain their knowledge of economics from textbooks and correlate it neither with the lectures they hear on politics nor with what they may read in financial publications; Darwin, Tennyson, Karl Marx, and Mazzini are treated in separate courses and as isolated phenomena. Few institutions have taken even the obvious step of teaching their students to read the daily press intelligently.

To a great extent this is because we are still under the dominion of the fact tradition. Many centuries have contributed to the idea that facts in themselves possess some mystic power and are valuable irrespective of whether we understand their proper relationship or their application. But a revolt is well under way. In history, for example, much less attention is now paid to dates and names; in their stead our students are learning to examine causes and conditions, to study not the conqueror but the influences which produced him. In other fields as well this movement is gaining headway. It remains only to recognize its validity and to extend it to our whole scheme of education. When this is done our endeavor will be not to fill the student's brain with as many facts as possible, but rather to assist him to comprehend and judge the forces which have created our present society and which are directing its development. With this as a background facts obtain some relevancy.

From this point of view we see that the problem which confronts President Lowell and every other educator would be comparatively easy to solve—were the students of a college numbered by the tens instead of by the hundreds or thousands. Society today pays little respect to the man upon whose diploma has been engraved *summa cum laude*, and it fails to do so because of the feeling, not expressed in exactly these terms, that he is

the product of a scholastic system as far removed from reality as that of the Chinese. But it would be a different matter if President Lowell could introduce a graduate to the world in a manner somewhat like the following:

"I know Samuel Henderson intimately. Except for the periods of our academic recesses he has spent half an hour with me every morning during the past four years. At such times we have discussed politics and religion, sociology, the natural sciences, psychology, literature, history and economics. We have not confined ourselves to a theoretical consideration of these subjects; we have followed the course of labor disputes in the daily newspapers, we have had the benefit of advice upon political issues from candidates for public office, we have talked to manufacturers, trade unionists, retailers and housewives on the subject of tariff legislation. During one summer vacation I had the pleasure of Mr. Henderson's company upon a trip to Ireland, where we studied at first hand the forces of nationalism at work.

"In my conversations with my young friend I have drawn extensively on my knowledge of the past and of the literatures of many nations. These references have almost invariably been linked with present occurrences of importance. In that way they not only have acquired an unusual interest for him, but have stimulated him to undertake a broad course of reading and, furthermore, have provided him with a background which has enabled him to assimilate what he has read.

"I have been impressed by the toughness and resiliency of Mr. Henderson's mind, by the clarity of his vision, by his lack of bias. During the four years I have known him he has achieved a remarkable mental growth and an enviable power both to perceive objects in their proper relations and to reduce to their primary factors complicated situations. I do not mean that Mr. Henderson and I see eye to eye upon the immigration problem nor upon the question of the League of Nations, but I have a very hearty respect for his opinions upon both these subjects. In social relations I have found Mr. Henderson courteous, agreeable, forbearing.

"It would be absurd for me to say that this young man is an expert in the field of economics or biology or in any field whatso-

ever. However, he is now admirably equipped for specialized study in any of those departments or for work in the commercial world where broadness of vision and sound judgment are essential.

"Gentlemen, in my opinion Mr. Henderson has fairly won the right to be termed educated."

Impractical? Yes, because President Lowell's day is not long enough to permit him to give half an hour to every student at Harvard. But it is highly practical in the sense that society would recognize the value of such training. And it seems certain that the closer our educational system comes to this method, the more respect will be accorded to those upon whom it confers honors.

A great deal has already been done in this direction. At President Lowell's own institution the general examination at the end of the senior year requires the student to correlate his knowledge, to review his past work, to take a survey of his own mind and his relation to society. At Columbia students may elect to study for honors; this means more intensive and intelligent application, the adoption of a broader point of view, frequent and intimate consultations with members of the faculty. Courses are being offered there and at other institutions that attempt to coördinate the work of various departments; recognition is being given to the idea that there is some relation between economics and politics, between politics and sociology.

In the changes that have been made in the entrance requirements for colleges an even greater amount of progress has been made. The classic tongues no longer monopolize attention—often not even Latin is required—though the study of mathematics is apparently held in as high esteem as ever. The striking point, however, is that some institutions have had the courage practically to abolish their entrance examinations and to substitute for them psychological tests which show not how many unrelated facts a student has been able to remember, but his or her ability and possibilities. For everywhere the question which the world puts to the college man is being sensed not as "What do you know?" but as "What can you learn to do?"

JAMES HENLE.

SOME OF MR. GALSWORTHY'S HEROINES

BY LACY LOCKERT

THE novels of Mr. Galsworthy customarily find favor with reviewers. In the chorus of praise that greets each new book from his pen, dissent would be unheard. Beyond question he has restraint, a sense of form, command of language, capacity to analyze and depict familiar human types. Yet the frequent serial publication of his stories in a magazine whose other "star" contributors were Robert W. Chambers and Ella Wheeler Wilcox is suggestive that his vaunted art has something of the meretricious in it, and that his moral philosophy is an immoral philosophy. For clearer discrimination, let us go back two or three years to some novel over which "the tumult and the shouting" has died—let us take, say, his *Saint's Progress*, which was lauded like the rest, and examine it in detail.

Saint's Progress deals with the misfit existence, the experiences, and the spiritual trials of a vicar, Edward Pierson, in war-time England. It aims to portray him, I think, as a lonely survivor of the Age of Faith, in painful clash with the modern spirit and point of view, especially typified in his daughters. The elder of these, Gratian, shares the unbelief of her husband, a young doctor; eighteen-year-old Noel falls in love with twenty-two-year-old Lieutenant Cyril Moreland, whom she has known just three weeks. He is going to the Front, and she wants to marry him. Pierson not unnaturally tells her she cannot; so on her last night with Cyril, Noel takes matters into her own hands, without benefit of clergy.

She says afterwards that she did this "to make sure of him." Again, more fully: "'I did it so that we should belong to each other. Nothing could have taken him from me.'" There have no doubt been girls who have erred from precisely that wrong-headed notion that thus they could form a *quasi* marriage tie. Anybody who knew anything about the human male

would know that, so far from binding a man, *that* would be a good way to lose him; the whole idea becomes absurd when one considers how a man might thus be "bound" to a dozen or so at once. But in the present instance we cannot accept Noel's statement-after-the-fact. It is natural to sentimentalize and justify one's misdeed with ambiguous words. Mr. Galsworthy has earlier told us explicitly and from Noel's own lips the impulses that urged her.

"'We can't afford to wait. He might never come back, you see, and then I should have missed him.'"

"Missed him"! She could not miss his love; she had it—knew she had it. That love was mutually confessed; and the sweetness of its avowal and its realization, the being together while they shared that realization—these things were theirs already, and no act or ceremony could make them more real, and no stroke of fate could wipe them out. There was only one thing which immediate marriage could guarantee her against missing; which, therefore, it is plain she was mightily concerned not to miss; and which she was going at all costs to make sure of, by marriage or without marriage. In other words, her declaration, being interpreted, will be found to parallel closely that of Mall Barnes, in the old Elizabethan comedy, *Two Angry Women of Abington:*

> "O Lord," said I,
> "Shall it be so? Must I unmarryed dye?"
> And being angry, father, farther said,
> "Now, by Saint Anne, I will not dye a maide!"

"No coarser minded girl in Elizabethan comedy"—"no dramatic portrayal of the animal more observantly conceived or more faithfully executed": thus Mr. Gailey characterizes Mall. Yet there is no essential difference between her position and Noel's. What difference there is, is in her favor. Noel's longing is focused and particularized—and importunate:

> I want to make sure of Cyril, auntie; I want everything I can have with him while there's a chance. I don't think it's much to ask, when perhaps I'll never have any more of him again. . . . Oh, auntie, I want him *so badly!*

As Hashimura Togo said after seeing the American Drama of Sex, I would rather drink my beer in some saloon where thoughts are more pure.

Merely to write about an immoral person is not immoral. Yet it is next to impossible for the author to be just a camera and nothing more; we can nearly always tell that he has likes and dislikes, approvals and disapprovals. Mr. Galsworthy's attitude is apparent, and frequently he declares it in so many words. I quote again. The italics are mine. Noel speaks:

"Daddy oughtn't to mind. Old people haven't to fight and get killed; they oughtn't to mind us taking what we can. *They've had their good time.*"

It was such a just little speech that Thirza answered,

"Yes; perhaps he hasn't quite realized that."

As was the love of Noel Pierson for Cyril Moreland, so was the love of Cyril Moreland for Noel Pierson.

"Of course I mean to come back, but chaps do get knocked over, and I think it's cruel that we can't take what we can while we can. [It is interesting that he and Noel seem to have agreed on the same euphemisms.] . . . We don't mind risking our lives and all that, but we do think we ought to have the run of them while we're alive."

Well—as aforesaid, Noel didn't get her way about the marriage after all, so proceeded to take what she could while she could. And she did it "in the first degree," too—that is, with ruthless, deliberate intent, not in the swirl of a brain-beclouding, unexpected passion. On the bank beside the water, these lovers sat through the gathering twilight and the deepening shadows.

Longing paralyzed their brains. . . . They could do nothing but press close to each other, their hands enlaced, their lips meeting now and then. On Noel's face was a strange, fixed stillness, as if she were waiting—expecting. [You see, she had it all planned out, nicely and poetically.] . . . And just then the top of the moon looked over the wall . . . the color of pale honey.

"Ours!" Noel whispered, and her hands drew his head down to her.

It is from no pruriency of mind that I regret the intervention at this point of the inevitable line of dots. I should like to know whether the natural reverence a man feels for a woman, if he really loves her, made Cyril slow to understand; whether he felt any qualms or shock of disillusionment, or repulsion. But it seems to be an established convention in English literature, dating back at least to *Michael and his Lost Angel*, that opportunity assures commission.

"He was hers forever now, in spite of anything. . . ." Yes—in a certain sense.

Then Cyril went to France, and presently was killed, I am happy to say; and in due course of time Noel found she was going to become a mother. She might have known that she would; a story-book girl always does, even from a first and single fault (unless she is going to have a regular "career"—then she *never* does). Probability matters nothing to our consequential-minded purveyors of fiction. They certainly must believe that the wages of sin is life.

The rest of the book deals mainly with the situation thus created; though there is a good deal of "war-atmosphere" worked in, with due share of humanitarian sentimentality about the wrong of hating the Germans and punishing "conscientious objectors". Of course the blow falls heaviest on the poor "saint" father. The author had set out to make him appear pathetically futile and absurd. He did it. But if Edward Pierson is meant to stand for the Elder Generation, he is as much a libel upon it as Noel is upon the Younger. There was backbone to the old religionists, a stalwartness of faith based on hard-headed conviction and categoric reasoning. Perhaps that type is beyond Mr. Galsworthy's comprehension. Pierson's religion was a vague spiritual æsthesis, which he cherished with the rapture of a dilettante. When Noel wanted to marry Cyril, he did object that war-marriages were frequently just a momentary gratification of passion, and that people who had known each other only three weeks might later find themselves an ill-matched pair; the main thing he balked at, however, was the profanation of the exquisite, sacred mystery of wedlock by such irreverent haste. He lacked the mental grasp to perceive that the institution of marriage exists to assure the offspring a father's care and guidance; and that therefore a union contracted when there was immediate prospect of the death of the bridegroom would be a legal evasion—in effect, an invalidating—of the institution. But sanity along these lines is scarce enough everywhere in war-time.

As was to be expected, Pierson agonized over the sin and was very gentle with the sinner. When he saw the young mother fondle her child, he felt caught up to a beatific vision of the

Divine; similarly, when disturbed about Gratian's soul, he had comforted himself with the thought that, as she loved her husband, she could not have left God's side—because of the Scriptural assurance that "God is love," I suppose; the tortuous windings of some paths of modernism are a little beyond me. At length it became clear that his congregation would not accept the closet-skeleton in their midst, and he resigned to take a chaplain's berth in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, where he found himself as far out of touch with his fellows, as unanchored and ineffectual, as ever.

As Pierson is Mr. Galsworthy's target, so Gratian's husband is his comfort. George Laird acts as an admirable mouthpiece for the author's speculations, if not his convictions.

"Life is a huge, wide, adaptable thing. . . . *Life's* going to be the important thing in the future, Nollie; not comfort and cloistered virtue and security, but *living*, and pressure to the square inch. . . . Regrets and repinings and repressions are going out of fashion; we shall have no time or use for them in the future."

Let us get that proposition straight. All checks of conscience, all considerations of morality, are to be scrapped; we shall have no time or use for them in the future. Henceforth everyone will live as hard and as fast as one can, obeying every impulse and excusing one's self on the ground that life is adaptable.

"It was all a question," this scientist maintained, "of whether Nollie could make good her vagary. If she could, and grew in strength of character thereby, it was, *ipso facto*, all right; her vagary would be proved an advantage and the world enriched."

To the higher type of scientist—the man of broad, clear, imaginative vision, not the puttering experimenter incapable of a synthesis—it would have been fairly obvious that our social forms are themselves the pragmatic selection of a thousand centuries, and are rigid because their strict maintenance is believed to work better, by and large, than any trimming to the convenience or growth of individuals. Such is the way with the majority of "advanced" thinkers; they are so advanced that they have left all the lessons of history behind them.

But it was reserved for the motherly Aunt Thirza to utter the supreme and shining example of perverted moral concept, of downright nonsense, that adorns the pages of *Saint's Progress.*

"'You know, Nollie, I absolutely refuse to regard this as any sort of tragedy. To bring life into the world in these days, no matter how, ought to make any one happy.'"

According to the same brilliant line of reasoning, the German soldiers who went through Belgium ought to be presented with Carnegie Hero Medals. True, the circumstances there were rather unconducive to the desired precious result; but that was the fault of the Belgian women in not being more acquiescent.

Under the lash of public opinion Noel's proud self-justification gave place to shame that she had been unladylike; which was as near as she ever got to a real moral instinct. Time assuaged the pain for Cyril, and she was left unreconciled and craving. In a purely general way, now, she longed for what she called "life." When she stretched herself on the ground, "she wanted the earth to close its arms about her; she wanted the answer to her embrace of it. She was alive and wanted love."

The first place she got a chance at it was in the person of an incapacitated soldier, Fort. But he himself was entangled in a liaison with a fast-fading siren who was another one of those people that are insatiably anxious to "live." "'Live? Why—don't you always?'" he once asked her, in the sanest words of the entire novel. This episode, even when well ended, Pierson could not overlook. "'In my view,' he said, 'you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her.'" Paradoxically, such a conferment of dignity upon a mere physical relation is to be expected from those who take the most supernal view of marriage. They are totally blind to the fact that, if they lead people to expect any consideration whatever, to claim any right to faithfulness, in a union outside wedlock, they will tempt many to forego the binding ceremony; in short, that thus they encourage free love and make marriage seem unnecessary.

Oppose Noel's having anything, and she would immediately want it; she married Fort as soon as her father was conveniently out of the way. In so far as it sees her safely "put" where she is not likely to make further mischief, the story ends at this point. In so far as it concerns the "progress" of Pierson, it does not end at all. Perhaps it carries a moral: If parents exercise any check upon the impulses of their children, they are responsible

for disastrous consequences, which may be expected to ensue; and the children are probably in the right anyway, for impulses are sacred and inhibitions hateful.

Now, what is really important about *Saint's Progress* is the fact that it is not an isolated aberration. If it were, it would not deserve such extended treatment. It is thoroughly typical of Mr. Galsworthy. Go back a few years, and take something he did then—*The Dark Flower*, for instance. In that book, when Anna Stormer falls in love with her husband's pupil, she finally struggles through to renunciation (or, at least, acceptance of defeat), but all her qualms and decisions relate purely to individuals; she never once considers her duty in the social scheme. And when Mrs. Olive Cramier, the author's darling, finds that she cares for Mark Lennan, does she avoid him, build a wall between them? By no means. If Mr. Galsworthy wants to know how a really noble, conscientious woman would feel and act in such a situation, he ought to read *Saracinesca*.

In *The Dark Flower* we find the same special pleading for individual exceptions to moral codes, the same view of physical union as the "fulfillment" of love instead of merely the legitimate by-product of a partnership to which love often leads, the same insistence upon feeling rather than ethical judgment as the one sure anchor of a man. Even Lennan's final decision of loyalty was inspired by kindness, not a jot by sense of right. There is the same cosmic eroticism ("constantly involving the vegetable world," as Mrs. Gerould puts it), and the same absurd identification of eroticism with "life." "Just the fleeting moments of passion," we are told, are the only things in existence, "with all its prizes and its possibilities," that satisfy completely.

The total incomprehension of decent standards that characterizes *Saint's Progress* and *The Dark Flower* is observable in a wretchedly large share of modern fiction and the criticism which extols it. Something may be traced to a natural, wholesome reaction from Victorianism. No rebel, however, can wield the lightning unless he is himself a god; we feel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* to be indeed of one piece with the work of our contemporaries, but Hardy was the Shakespeare of that school

which has only a Beaumont in Mr. Galsworthy and a mere Fletcher in Mr. Robert W. Chambers. The recrudescence of Romanticism, especially through its persistent confusion of the sensuous with the spiritual, bears also a share of the blame. But whatever its cause, the vicious philosophy which runs through our literature is a present fact, insidious in its effect upon the vast army of readers who are stuffing themselves with that and nothing else; and there is need of clear, sober thinking and writing, of a revision of our outlook and a getting back to fundamentals, if we are not to drift into a limbo of eroticism where all sanity and rectitude will founder.

In the first place, we need a sharp realization that the mere desire to do a thing does not make it right. Our novelists seem to think that if they only show how natural and credible it is that a man should feel or do thus-and-so, *that* excuses him. As if we did not know already that everything—every theft, every murder—is the effect of a moving cause! It is man's capacity to resist temptation, to follow conscience, at the least quite as much as it is his superior intellect, that dignifies him above the brute. To abdicate the moral throne will not tend to keep him above the brute.

In the second place, we need a concentration of emphasis on the fact that marriage is *fundamentally a social institution.* As formative of the Family, as source and maintenance of the next generation, it possesses a high seriousness sufficient to account for the saying of a revered authority, that husband and wife are joined in one flesh by God himself, or to justify any sacramental aspect with which it has been invested. Such was the historical view; there could have been no other when the parties were customarily chosen for each other by their respective fathers. The theory of "mated souls"—altogether recent—is inevitably productive of moral dissolution. Its corollary is that loveless wedlock is degrading. Now once grant that the marriage ceremony alone is not sufficient to make respectable the union of man and woman, but that love is necessary to dignify it, and the next easy step is the assumption that love is itself sufficient to dignify it—without the ceremony at all.

With marriage recognized as a social contract, much that has

been rough will be made smooth. People will not feel, when they find their harmony anything but divine, that God evidently never joined them; that therefore it is wrong to remain mated at all. They will understand that they have pledged themselves to a proposition which common weal demands they go through with as best they can. There will be less talk by eager lovers, either in literature or in life, that the woman (or man) they love is wrongly bound to an unloved mate.

Another thing we need is a finer distinction in our vocabulary; the word "love" covers entirely too many and distinct concepts. It is used indifferently to designate either affection or passion, or a combination of the two in any ratio. We observe it applied to the tenderness which one has for another arising from delight in their similarity of tastes and ideals, from admiration for character, and from a community of experiences; and also applied to physical desire. The truth is that while both are frequently found together, it is by no means always so. Yet by that slovenliness of mind which makes us think with words instead of with the realities they inaccurately denote, we constantly impute to the latter feeling, a purely carnal, purely selfish emotion, something of the spiritual values that we all sense in the former.

In the "Autumn" episode of *The Dark Flower* Mr. Galsworthy recognizes and makes it perfectly plain that Lennan has little save affection for his wife and nothing but passion for Nell—no smallest mental bond. He is veracious in showing that neither feeling in the least impairs the force of the other. (Lennan, with man's inherent polygamousness, might have desired Nell even if he had been married to a woman he loved in every way, like his lost Olive—Mr. Galsworthy is perhaps too sentimental to create *that* situation.)

But in his extreme wrong-headedness it is the affair with Nell that Lennan poetizes—and this in the name of Love! He anticipates bringing her "to full knowledge of love within his arms." "How desolate, sacrilegious, wasteful to throw love away; to turn from the most precious of all gifts; to drop and break that vase." Naturally he values it; for he presently concludes that "a man has but one use for woman." The impression is that Mr. Galsworthy agrees with him.

Only one use for women! Mr. Galsworthy and Mark Lennan to the contrary notwithstanding, there is "another use" for them: in association between congenial minds, in harmonious comradeship, to which by reason of their gentler nature and quicker sympathies—traits feminine rather than female—they bring unique, precious factors impossible in any comradeship of man and man. Whatever of permanence, of beauty, of nobility, of spirituality any of those various things we have been calling "love" may hold, lies in the emotion which springs from this "other use"; but both the use and the emotion are doubtless beyond the ken of those who see existence only in terms of sex-adventure, woman as a mere bundle of sex, and man as an excited male.

As for the "love" which Mr. Galsworthy celebrates, a demonic thing which is said to seize and enslave (but can be shaken off by vigorous exercise!), there is another name for it—a word of identical length and with the same first letter—that is more precise.

To say so, is not to say, "Out upon it! Fie upon it!" With all our modern clamor for frankness, very few people face the physical calmly and frankly. Either they draw away from it as from something unclean and degrading (the old way), or they become entirely preoccupied with it (the new way), or they persuade themselves that it is not physical, but spiritual, and invest it with religious values (the usual way). It needs to be recognized as an *instinctive appetite*, quite as unmoral in itself as any other appetite—moral or immoral according to the circumstances of its gratification. The desires of the palate are respectable and legitimate for their own sake, when they are not indulged to gluttony or regaled upon stolen fruit. But we would deem it absurd to wax rapturous or pathetic or mystical about them—though their *raison d'etre*, the sustainment of life, is quite as important as its reproduction. Apples are very good to eat, but they are not accounted transcendent save in the earlier chapters of *Genesis*.

Even of love in the highest sense, the only true sense, equally as of love falsely so-called, we need some metes and bounds. Love bulks too large in modern literature. The fact hurts literature—consider that in the field of drama, for instance, no

tragedy better than *Romeo and Juliet* has a wooing for its theme. (Nor, outside of French Classicism, does any considerable proportion of great dramas deal with the domestic triangle, or with the "quadwrangle.") The literary dominance of love hurts life, too; it destroys balance and control by its incessant suggestion of exalted values—suggestion to which we yield ourselves often where balance and control are most wanted. When, in love's name, ruthlessness towards the rights and feelings of others and towards obligation before mankind is excused or even glorified, we imbibe the doctrine and behave accordingly—perhaps are thrilled with pride that our easy disregard proves our emotion genuine. Such ruthlessness, where it furthers our desires, would be only too easy, without encouragement.

It does not make for improvement when Mr. Galsworthy writes about the love of Lennan and Olive being bound to endure somewhere among the woods and flowers or down in the dark water, though they themselves presently be dead; or when he suggests that perhaps even melodies of music love and mate. Like a snowball our concern with romance and our apotheosis of it have been growing for several centuries, until they can culminate in such nonsense as this. The average "moving-picture" enforces the lesson *ad nauseam*. The average person's mind cannot get out of that groove. Writers cannot speak of love except dithyrambically; everything about it, virtue or vice, is idealized. "The love before which the world was but a spark in a draught of wind"—thus Lennan's for Olive. Stripped of its verbiage, the fact appears: "a love whose obsession destroyed all sense of relative values."

It may readily be granted that the business of love and mating is an important thing in one's life; but it is not the *only* important thing; and the more one becomes and achieves, the less it looms beside other things. Its limit of possible magnitude is definite; whereas the fruits of one's endeavor are limited only by the bounds of one's capacity.

As for Olive, the cause of Lennan's emotional insanity, here is Mr. Galsworthy's caressing chronicle of her thoughts:

> . . . this day for which all her life had been shaping her—the day of love. . . . To grow and reach the hour of summer; all must do that!

That was the meaning of Life! She had no remorse. . . . As well might grass stay its ripening. . . . Whatever Power had made her heart, had placed within it this love. Whatever it was, whoever it was, could not be angry with her!

And she was about to run away from her husband, with another man! It would be difficult to find a second passage packed with as many varieties of characteristic Galsworthy poison. Here human passion is vaguely associated with "the vegetable world," love invested with mysterious and awful significance, eroticism identified with Life, desire justified by itself. If you feel any impulse, it is all right; for the God who made you, made it in you. A comfortable philosophy, truly! Suppose the thing in Olive's heart had been Hate instead—the desire to mutilate somebody with an axe! But her love would wound no less than her hate; aside from her disagreeable husband, to whom she had plighted herself as a free agent and responsible person, it would wound her uncle by her disgrace, wound Lennan's sister and his old guardian by the scandal, wound society by breach of its essential institutions.

Sometimes a man is unwittingly his own critic. In *Saint's Progress*, Mr. Galsworthy satirizes the typical modern novel,—

with its self-conscious exhortations to complete self-consciousness, its doctrine of pure and utter selfishness or of a hopelessly self-conscious unselfishness, with the querulous and thin-blooded passionateness of its young heroes and heroines, bent on nothing but realizing their unrealizable selves through a sort of brain-spun arrogance and sexuality.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels

—as we see others!

LACY LOCKERT.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A TONE-POET FROM ITALY

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not often that Italy has sent to this country a creative artist so distinguished and so remarkable as Signor Alfredo Casella, who has come to America as an active representative of the music of his native land. Signor Casella is a very eminent composer—a far finer and more serious artist than any music-maker who has visited us within recent memory except Vincent d'Indy. Signor Casella is the most prominent and the most articulate of that adventurous Young Italian school who have highly determined that musical Italy shall no longer be represented to the outside world as the land merely and exclusively of *bel canto*, of the romances of composers like Tosti, of Neapolitan tarantellas and Venetian serenades. They hotly resent being summed up under the formula of *Santa Lucia*, or the formula of *La Donna e Mobile*, or the formula of *Vissi d'arte*. They are in revolt against the notion of the casual foreigner that Italian music means "tunes played on the mandolin, restaurant-music, gross theatrical realism devoid of human emotion, obvious and insipid melodies accompanied by tremolos," or the belief of those slightly more sophisticated ones who suppose that they have bounded musical Italy when they have indicated, with a gesture of careless familiarity, certain operas by Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Zandonai, Montemezzi—which, says M. Jean-Aubry with some impatience, is "as if one should judge the French literature of the last century by the novels of François Coppée, English literature by Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Russian music by the one and only Tschaikovsky."

There is, we are to realize, another and very different musical Italy—an Italy immeasurably remote from the spiritual terrain of Mascagni and Puccini, as well as from the lovelier and rarer

land of Montemezzi and the soberer, more formally-gardened region of Sgambati and Bossi and Sinigaglia. This new Italy (from which are carefully to be excluded such noisy upstarts as Pratella and his brother "Futurists") is the innovating, neo-classic Italy of Signor Casella and his confrères; men who are interested in the symphonic forms rather than in the opera-house—though they do stray now and again onto the stage. They are of the clan of Pizzetti, Malipiero, Castelnuovo, Respighi, De Sebata—composers who differ widely among themselves, who cannot accurately be said to form a school, but who do, nevertheless, own allegiance to "a particular and clearly defined æsthetic." They constitute (as Jean-Aubry has defined their position) "an ideal union of very divergent personalities, born often under contradictory conditions, who have in common only a spirit of innovation and the sense of a nationalism that does not end in the appearance of picturesque facility too generally approved by Italian and foreign audiences."

It is their aim to counteract certain qualities that are conspicuous and influential in contemporary Italian music, and which may discreetly be indicated in the French of Signor Casella's famous lecture on the Young Italian school: *la suprématie vocal, le mauvais goût, et la vulgarité.* . . . Against these baleful things must be opposed the true and permanent characteristics of the Italian genius as one perceives it across the years, traits common to Monteverde, Caldara, Scarlatti, Pergolesi. These qualities are "grandeur, severity, robustness, conciseness, sobriety, simplicity of line, *pléntitude plastique et équilibre architectural,* vivacity, audacity, and a perpetual quest of novelty". These Young Italians, therefore, seek a rejuvenated classicism, a true renaissance, "destined to reunite, in one harmonious eurythmic, all the newest conquests in the field of sonorous experiment, Italian and foreign." Already, Casella believes, the Italian modernists, exponents of this "new classicism", have begun to reveal a musical spirit that is native and distinct—that stands apart from "French Impressionism, Stravinskian primitivity, the cerebralism of Schönberg, the sensuality of the Spaniards, the audacious fantasy of such Hungarians as Bartok and Kodaly, and *la decadence Straussienne.*"

These Young Italians are, of course, determined rebels and experimentalists, differing among themselves only in the degree of their audacity. They have perceived, no doubt, that the trend of musical art, from Monteverde onward, has been toward a progressive approximation of tonalities, an increasingly intimate relation between the different keys. One bar after another has been let down, and the gradually liberated music-maker has sported happily over an ever-widening expanse of tonal meadow, revelling in expanded prospects, plucking strange, unknown flowers and gathering pungent herbs—which, to the slower-paced observers in the rear, seemed to be merely tares and thistles.

Wagner seldom changed his key more often than once in every measure[1]; Debussy often changed his with every beat. When separate tonalities had come within such hand-clasping proximity as this, it was hardly surprising that the next step in the advancing intimacy was for them to fall into one another's arms. This, at last, they have done; and we find in the music of the ultra-moderns a genuine marriage of tonalities (whether happy or not is scarcely, perhaps, for the mere observer to determine). Casella, Malipiero, and others of their clan (as Stravinsky and Schönberg and Strauss a while before them) habitually exhibit to us two totally different keys proceeding in double-harness—E-flat going along simultaneously with E natural; or the association may be triangular, and we have F natural as another element in the complex. This concurrent sounding of two or more keys—"polytony", or "harmonic counterpoint", as it has been called: the horizontal movement of chordal strands rather than of melodies—is the distinguishing technical procedure of the ultra-moderns. Instead of dissonances conceived as separate chords, or arising occasionally from the movement of distinct melodic parts, we have a multiform and practically continuous tissue of dissonance arising from the simultaneous movement of chord-groups in different keys. You can find an embryonic hint of this in Bach, as you can find almost everything else in that amazing forerunner; but there, of course, it is casual, momentary, episodic. With the moderns it is calculated, persistent, and cheerfully remorseless.

[1] It may be recalled that Wagner advised the young composer not to leave a key until he had said all he could in that key—a rule which he himself interpreted with delightful liberality.

Who shall assert that it was not a natural and inevitable step? There is Helmholtz to be remembered—Helmholtz the unerratic scientist, the deliberate student of musical sound: "The system of scales, modes, and harmonic tissues," he remarked, "does not rest wholly upon unalterable natural law, but is at least partly the result of æsthetic principles which have already changed, and will still further change with the development of humanity."

Signor Casella, now in his thirty-ninth year, is a remarkable figure among his colleagues. Nationalist and cosmopolite, realist and romantic, scholar and musicologist, he is at the same time a master of irony, a delicately lethal parodist, whose musical caricatures, *a la maniere de . . .* , are exquisitely malicious take-offs of Wagner, Brahms, Fauré, Debussy, d'Indy and others. He is a poet with a satiric mask. At twenty-five he had produced piano pieces, songs, chamber-music, and a symphony, music written with unusual surety and address, but without marked individuality. A maturer group—a second symphony, the *Rhapsody for Orchestra: Italia*, a suite in C major, a ballet: *Le couvent sur l'eau*—run from 1908 to 1912. "The *true* Casella" has been discerned in his setting for voice and orchestra of Carducci's *Notte di Maggio*, which dates from his thirtieth year (1913). After that followed those heretical scores by which he is most scandalously known to the orthodox—for piano, the *Nove pezzi* (1914), the ironic *Pupazetti* and *Sonatina* (1917); for orchestra, *Pagine di Guerra* (1915), *Elegia eroica* (1917), and *A Notte Alta* (for piano and orchestra, 1917–1921); and five recent pieces for String Quartet that include two studies in ragtime, *Valse Ridicule* and a "*Fox-trott*" (sic.).

He has been called "a musical Internationalist"; yet he loves Italy wholeheartedly, and labors with genuine passion and self-forgetfulness, as composer, conductor, teacher, pianist, critic, propagandist, for her intellectual good and her artistic glory.

He has set before us during his recent visit several of his own works, but nothing more impressive and memorable than the "poem" for piano and orchestra which he disclosed in New York for—strangely enough—the first time anywhere. This extraordinary score, originally a piano piece, was composed about five years ago. But Signor Casella has lately rewritten it for

orchestra and piano—the form in which, one is convinced, it must always have subconsciously existed for him. The composer has himself described its purport. He calls it *A Notte Alta* ("At Midnight" is perhaps as faithful a rendering in English as one may come at).

Two human actors are projected by the music—they are, not altogether surprisingly, a man and a woman. You see them wandering through a deep, winter night, a night clear and cold, still, solemn, mysterious. The man is grave and quiet; the woman melancholy, capricious. Now, says Signor Casella, begins the action of his tonal drama. "We have been aware only of the serene and lovely night, cold, splendid, inhuman, indifferent to earthly ills. But this night is like a vast and mysterious temple, whose secret depths are gradually revealed as by the opening of innumerable doors; and when a certain point has been attained, we hear out of the heart of the luminous darkness a word of infinite sweetness, the most enrapturing that can be uttered. A long ecstasy follows the avowal. A profound shudder—violent, tragic, abrupt—traverses the orchestra. When calmness has again returned, we hear once more the mysterious harmonies of the opening, and the two essential themes. There is a heart-breaking farewell. The lovers part, and the sound of diverging footsteps dies away in the immense silence. The night is once more calm and undisturbed. Ethereal harmonies, symbolizing the deep, enigmatic indifference of Nature to human emotions, conclude the poem."

The burden of this is of course clear. It reminds one, in certain of its emotional essentials, of Meredith's wonderful sonnet-sequence, *Modern Love.* The mood of the music ranges from a rapt and momentous exaltation to a piercingly vehement outcry of despairing grief. It is full of the tragic sense of mortal futility in the presence of the huge blank stare of the Cosmos. It gives us simply another aspect of the unalterable picture of the human innocent uttering his ecstasy or his woe in the midst of terrifying immensities—singing on the rim of a vast darkness, and realizing with dismay that he is only an unregarded voice on the shore; that the remote sweet peacefulness of the stars neither mirrors his felicity nor is designed to assuage his grief;

that he is merely one among a wandering multitude of shadows "sighing at the edge of the world".

Signor Casella has uttered these things in music of unforgettable intensity. Nothing more poignant, more sincere, more deeply poetical, has come out of Italy in our time. The idiom employed is not easily entertained by ears accustomed to the comfortably bourgeois ways of Signor Puccini's Muse—that Muse who is so perfectly fitted for the requirements of the public she sings to. Signor Casella knows not her easy and pleasurable lures—or rather, he knows them too well to be interested in exerting them. He is an artist of extraordinary subtlety and sobriety. He would as soon think of writing music calculated to echo in the boudoir or the drawing-room,—music to delight the smug, the savage, or the sentimental heart,—as Miss Amy Lowell (let us say) would think of writing poetry shrewdly geared to edify the manufacturers of Christmas cards. Like all original artists, he writes to please himself. He is, we fancy, sincerely and amusedly indifferent to its contemporary reception—for he is humorous and wise. And his imagination is far-flung. He can wait. That lazy moron, *das Publikum*,—as Wagner used contemptuously to call it,—may yet, and sooner than we think, come running after Casella and his kind, breathless and florid, but of course no wiser than before; since the poor cretin learns not, neither does it forget; having profited nothing whatever from its experiences with Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, d'Indy, and other once annoying innovators. Who would be so simple as to expect it to repent?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Conference at Washington, which began with singular simplicity of purpose and programme, has developed step by step to a degree of comprehensiveness scarcely dreamed of at the outset, save by its far-sighted founders. To what extent it will ultimately be expanded, either *per se* or in its logical sequences, is at this date still matter for conjecture. What is certain, and is as gratifying as it is certain, is that the few great, basic principles for the enunciation of which it was summoned and which were with impressive unanimity adopted early in its deliberations, remain and will remain unmoved, the secure foundation of all else that has been or that may yet be done. If nothing else could be set down to its credit, that achievement alone would mark this Conference as one of the most fruitful and beneficent in the history of the world. But much else has been and doubtless will be done, through the tactful and resolute prosecution of the far-reaching programme which we must assume the President and the Secretary of State to have had in mind at their very inception of the design. It has become quite evident that Mr. Hughes's plans and purposes were not confined to the delivery of that one initial master-stroke which took the Conference and the world by storm, but that they included appropriately dealing with the whole train of results which his prevision told him would be sure to follow.

The most perplexing and not least important of the subsidiary issues which have thus far been raised is that relating to submarine vessels. Upon the question of reduction and limitation of capital ships agreement was effected with little difficulty or delay. Concerning submarines there quickly arose perhaps the most radical difference of opinion; or perhaps it would be more just to say, of practical policy. In this friendly controversy the division was that of *Britannia contra mundum*. Great Britain

alone roundly proposed the entire abolition and prohibition of submarine warfare, along with poison gas, aerial arson, and other Hunnish abominations. This superb attitude, instinct with the noblest impulses of humanity and chivalry, was characteristic of its author. Such methods of warfare are traditionally repugnant to the genius of the countrymen of Blake and Nelson and Beattie. It is to be recalled that the British Government more than a hundred years ago curtly rejected Fulton's device of a submerged torpedo-boat, and when a few years later the great Dundonald submitted to it plans for the practical annihilation of any antagonist,—plans which probably provided for either submarines or poison gas,—it recognized their assured effectiveness, but refused to adopt them because of their inhumanity, and filed them away where they should never be disclosed. Apart, moreover, from principle, which doubtless had first weight, Great Britain had and has special and very practical cause for abominating submarines. We must remember that through them she lost during the World War a million tons of shipping, valued at more than a billion dollars, and, worst of all, the lives of twenty thousand non-combatants, including many women and children. Also there was the significant argument, pressed with much force by Lord Lee, that according to the experience of the World War, submarines are of little or no avail against armed vessels and therefore are to be regarded merely as a menace to mercantile shipping. In view of these things, Great Britain would have to be either more or much less than human if she were to regard those furtive devices of destruction with anything less than aversion.

We must suppose that in principle submarine warfare is no less repugnant to the chivalric genius of the French. Yet at the Conference the French delegates insisted upon being permitted to have a submarine navy. For this the reasons were obvious, and no less commendable to consideration than were the British arguments in the other direction. France readily acceded to the limitation of her capital ships at a standard far below that of Great Britain and America. Yet it was impossible to dissuade her from the conviction that her need of defense was at

least as great as theirs; she probably regarded it, indeed, as much greater than theirs. She has a colonial empire second in extent only to that of Great Britain. She has in her home-land not only a land frontier to guard against a Power which for two thousand years has been her persistent and malignant enemy and frequent despoiler, but also an extensive and vulnerable frontage upon three seas. Moreover, it is impossible to be blind, save wilfully, to the fact that if another European war occurs, it will be directed against France, and it will be upon her that the first blow will fall. The *Gott strafe England!* of a few years ago has been transformed into *Gott strafe France!* And while from one side of her mouth Germany is pleading poverty and forecasting bankruptcy if she is not permitted to repudiate the just debts which everybody knows she is amply able to pay in full, from the other she is whispering to her boys that the supreme aim of their coming manhood must be to wage a war of revenge and destruction against France, and is intriguing with Soviet Russia for her aid in that campaign. In such circumstances to deny France full rights of self-defense would be unthinkable.

The situation thus presented in the Conference was of peculiar interest to Americans, because of the striking analogy which the attitude of France presented to that of this country many years ago. There can be no question that this country was earnestly in favor, in theory, of all four of the rules of the Declaration of Paris, of 1856. Yet it refused to subscribe thereto, because in practice it recognized that one of them—that abolishing privateering—might prove disastrous to it without other guarantees which it was unable to obtain. This was the situation: The United States had an enormous mercantile marine, but a much smaller navy than the other Powers. Therefore in case of war, if privateering were forbidden, she would be helpless at sea and her commerce would be destroyed by the superior navy of her foe; while if she were permitted to transform her merchant clippers into privateers, she could make good her lack of a navy and hold her own on the ocean. So she prudently declined to assent to the abolition of privateering unless the other Powers would agree to exempt all private property at sea from molesta-

tion, save, of course, contraband of war. In other words, she would not deprive herself of the power of self-defense unless she could have some satisfactory guarantee of security. The other Powers would not give that guarantee, and therefore the United States stayed out of the Declaration of Paris. Precisely so at Washington France was unwilling to deprive herself of an easy and inexpensive means of self-defense, unless she could have such a guarantee of security as the other Powers were apparently unable to give her to her satisfaction. The great and gratifying difference between the two cases is, of course, that France had no thought of letting these circumstances debar her from participating in the major agreements of the Conference.

Our nearness to it in time makes it difficult for us to appreciate the magnitude, the epochal significance, of the Irish settlement. When the treaty was signed by David Lloyd George and Arthur Griffith and their colleagues, promptly to be ratified by the Imperial Parliament, there was present in visible form a noteworthy company of men, who will be remembered for that act above most other things in their distinguished lives. But it requires little play of the fancy to see surrounding them a greater company, recruited from the history of five troublous centuries. There are the proud Geraldines, Shane and "Red" Hugh O'Neill, and the ill-fated Devereux; Tyrconnel and Oliver Cromwell; the recreant James II, the ruthless William III, and the knightly Sarsfield; Grattan and Flood, Wolfe Tone and Emmet; Castlereagh, Cornwallis and Pitt; O'Connell, Butt and Parnell; the tragic figure of Lord Frederick Cavendish; Gladstone, running the gamut from buckshot coercion to Home Rule; Chamberlain, revolutionizing British politics to prevent the very thing to which his son now cordially accedes—these and many more may well have been the spiritual witnesses of the transcendent event which "mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave". A touch of shame must come upon us, at knowing that the most malignant and sordid attempts to balk the great settlement, so eagerly desired and so heartily approved by the masses of both peoples, were made in this country, and not solely by men of Irish origin. It is easy to understand, of course, that

with a final solution and disposition of the age-long "Irish problem" some professional patriots for revenue only, and some persistent mischief-makers between the two great English-speaking democracies, will find their particularly discreditable occupations gone. But that will be merely additional cause for gratification over the settlement, not only to Irishmen and Englishmen, but in no less measure to Americans who have long wearily resented having this country made the propagandist battle-ground in the feud between the Sassenach and the Gael.

The release of a number of Federal prisoners as an act of Christmas-time grace has been regarded with general approval commensurate with its correct interpretation; or, rather, with avoidance of its misinterpretation. It would have been a deplorable mistake for anyone to imagine that the men were released because of the slightest change of opinion as to their guilt or the justice of the sentences imposed upon them. There is no doubt that to the President in his act of signing their release their crimes appeared just as black and as vile as they did to the judges in their acts of pronouncing sentence; and as they appear to the overwhelming mass of the nation. They were released not because of any lack of guilt, but rather because the beneficent purpose served by their incarceration had been accomplished, and because they were assumed to have suffered enough for mere punishment. It would have been—it would be—at least equally deplorable for them to be regarded as what a few thoughtless persons and some of their partisans have called them, "political prisoners." It cannot be too clearly understood or too strongly emphasized that there are no "political prisoners" in this country, in the sense in which that term has been used in despotic lands, or indeed in any rational sense. Not one of these men was imprisoned because of his political opinions. Every one of them was convicted of crime, of wilfully and wickedly breaking a law which the American nation had made for its own welfare. They were no more "political offenders" than so many burglars, forgers and murderers in our State prisons, and they were released on precisely the same grounds as those on which such clemency is at times shown to other criminals.

Comparably with the fallen soldiers of humanity in the World War must we honor the memory of that other soldier of humanity who fell victim to the foe which he was seeking to vanquish at Vera Cruz. Dr. Howard B. Cross, of the Rockefeller Institute, went to that notorious plague-spot to conduct a campaign against yellow fever similar to those which had been successfully waged in Cuba, at Panama and at Guayaquil, but like the martyred Lazear in Cuba himself contracted and died from the disease. It was less thrilling in circumstance but no whit less heroic in essence than the death of the leader of a bayonet charge in No Man's Land. The tragic incident is a reminder of the progress which has already been made, in this centenary year of Pasteur the Great, toward realizing his prophecy of the elimination of all communicable or germ diseases from the world. Vital statistics show a great decrease in mortality from such diseases, some of the formerly most destructive having now waned toward the vanishing point; while on the other hand there is a marked increase in the death roll from maladies which we may regard as the product of social or personal imprudence or actual misconduct, especially disorders of the heart and other organs, and that worst scourge of all, protean-formed cancer. The genius of Pasteur blazed the way to victory over the majority of destructive epidemics, including consumption, cholera, the plague, typhoid, diphtheria, malarial fevers and what not else. There is needed another genius, perhaps of moral suasion rather than of scientific lore, to inspire men to a like campaign against the other ills which have taken the places of these in the tables of high mortality.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MIND IN THE MAKING. By James Harvey Robinson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"We do not think enough about thinking," exclaims Mr. Robinson, and more thought about thinking—a truer appreciation of what the mind really is—affords the only means of escape, he believes, from "the gross stupidity and blindness which characterize our present thought and conduct in public affairs."

The idea is not, of course, altogether new. Psychology, since Locke, has been busy in showing that the mind is not by any means *tabula rasa* at birth, and that thinking is not really the formal, logical process that the schoolmen imagined it to be. The mere mechanical "association of ideas"—once thought to be a solution of all psychological difficulties—has also proved inadequate to explain all the ways of the mind. James and Dewey, with their pragmatic account of things, and with their emphasis upon use and purpose as the touchstone of truth, made possible such a critique as Mr. Robinson has written of our general ways of thinking and of our attitude towards public questions.

But it required no little courage and insight to apply these ideas widely and unsparingly to our civilized life to-day. We may all cheerfully plead guilty to private *reverie*, to *rationalizing* our own religious beliefs. But reverie in politics—rationalizing in political economy! It is hard to believe.

Yet there is really no escape from Mr. Robinson's conclusion. Ordinarily we all take the easiest way—we dream, we let the stream of thought flow on. Our case is naïvely illustrated by the story, told in the Mabinogion, of a knight who was furious because he was interrupted by some civil inquiry while leaning on his spear and reflecting on the resemblance between the ravens relieved against the snow around him and his sweetheart's hair against her white brow. Persons of quality, arriving at the scene of the quarrel, agreed that the knight had good cause for wrath. His resentment was, in fact, perfectly natural—and the primitive instinct to resentment under such conditions survives in us all.

Frequently, however, we suffer necessary interruptions; we have to decide something. Then we make the decision as quickly as possible and put it away—we *dispose* of the matter. Thus we tend to reduce our purposeful thinking to a minimum.

But suppose our opinions, our cherished beliefs, our habitual attitudes, are attacked; then, indeed there is a great mustering and rallying of ideas—but not,

alas! for the purpose of determining the truth! However we may strain after the virtue of controversial *fairness*, we are really only defending ourselves. And how quick we are to fly to the rescue of our attitudes! How much time is wasted in every public meeting in explaining "Where I stand"!

From this rationalizing tendency only physical science escapes—if, indeed, it does escape, which Veblen doubts. In all other branches of knowledge "rationalizing" is more or less rampant, and it makes the formation of a true public opinion almost infinitely slow.

In expressing and applying these fundamental ideas, Mr. Robinson has achieved a breadth and clearness not common. One has to turn to some such writer as Wells or Graham Wallas to find the like of it. But Mr. Robinson is simpler than Wells or Graham Wallas, and does not implicate us in social theories. The only serious criticism one can make upon his work is that the latter part of the book is rather too simply a sort of tirade against the conservative, against the one Wells has called "the unteachable, the 'old fool'." True, Mr. Robinson is not guilty of being dogmatic himself. Very frankly he says: "The so-called 'radical' is almost always wrong, for no one can foresee the future." Yet the conservative is "fatally wrong"; it is against him that the attack has to be chiefly directed, and there is little recognition of the possibility that his instincts may have their uses. There is no misrepresentation here—though perhaps there is an omission, or at least a certain failure of catholicity. It is all a question of stress and proportion.

THE TOWER OF OBLIVION. By Oliver Onions. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Onions's real difficulty, one would say, is in his subject: granting his theme, one has to admit his rather extraordinary art. He has told his story in the only way in which it could be told; he has invested it with all the reality and all the feeling it perhaps admits of. He has deftly chosen his point of view; he has skillfully varied his method of narration; he unobtrusively and just in the nick of time exposes the thoughts of minds other than that of the supposed narrator, so that we see *their* minds at work. He, moreover, invokes youth, beauty, and humor to aid him. But all will not do! The *idea* of the story is alluring, but it refuses to become interesting. And this is a pity, for one can see that the tale had to be written. There is, after all, a haunting suggestion of possible human experience in its very idea.

Who has not had in some degree the experience of going mentally backward? One is suddenly disillusioned with the present, let us say, and, aided by some recurrence of old circumstances—finding oneself, perhaps, doing the very same thing as on a previous occasion—one is possessed by an old mood. To all intents and purposes, one *is*, for the time being, the man or woman of

ten or twenty years before! This is all a matter of mood, of course; but moods may be dismissed too lightly.

Now suppose that, instead of merely experiencing this more or less common retrogression of mood, a man actually began to *live* backward—to "grow" from forty-five toward sixteen! The *prompting* might be much the same as in the simpler case—extreme disillusionment, a too near approach to Heaven or Hell, and then the recurrence of old memories and an old situation. Would not such a man be well within the pale of our sympathy and understanding? Ought not his case to be supremely interesting?

It ought to be, but it isn't.

The trouble is that the idea of the story cannot, with utmost skill, be made to reveal itself, little by little, through an orderly and natural process, in terms of human experience. Obstinately and uncompromisingly, it calls for *explanation.* It has to be allowed to stand out, and when it is once detached from obscurity, nothing else has a chance. As a result, the story takes as much exposition as a discourse on the Black Art, or an essay on the Rosicrucians, or the literature of our friends the Theosophists. One does not mean to imply that Mr. Onions has had recourse to these or any other myths: simply, his theme is similarly refractory to the touch of literary art.

Derwent Rose, the novelist, who undergoes the reversal of life, is in many ways rather a human figure. But we forget his humanity in trying to grasp his predicament. His friend, the supposed narrator, tries to give dramatic value to his analysis by shrinking in (more or less factitious) horror from the sheer crudity of the explanations themselves. It is a good trick, but it does not altogether work. It is of no avail that Mr. Onions writes poetically of Dinan and the French countryside and of young love. It is to comparatively little purpose that he most artfully invests the newly youthful Derwent Rose with an angelic grace compounded of youth and age. It is with only moderate success that he reveals to us the strange emotional state of Julia Oliphant, who has loved "Derry" since both were children and now hopes by all manner of wiles to capture him on his way back to infancy—a strong theme this; but the idea, with its insistent demand for definition, will not let it grow. The idea eats up the story.

One has only to compare this novel with a masterpiece like Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* to perceive the difference in the workability of the two themes. James's story tells itself without strain from the best available point of view, that of the governess of the two possessed children. Mr. Onions continually feels the inadequacy of the point of view he has adopted and makes his supposed narrator more and more futile as a human being in an endeavor to compensate for the other lack. James's figures are shadowy, yet they lay hold on our sympathies. Mr. Onions's characters are presented with almost burdensome fulness, yet they never become quite real to us. It could hardly be otherwise. Thus, one's dominant emotion in reading the story is sympathy for Mr. Onions in his forlorn attempt.

IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Novel-writing, despite some signs to the contrary, makes real progress as an art; but it is not often that the new art is combined with the old magic so effectively as in A. S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*. There is nothing experimental in this novel; it is written with a sure hand. Any dissatisfaction we may be inclined to feel with the modern "novel of ideas", or with the too artful drama of other modern novels, is prevented from the outset in Mr. Hutchinson's book. Nor, if we fear to encounter the engaging, rambling method of a De Morgan, or the daintily discursive manner of a Locke, do we find even these slight apprehensions justified. Yet Mr. Hutchinson's novel *is* a subtly contrived, artfully dramatic novel of the modern school; it *is* entertainingly casual and discursive in manner; it *is* a novel with an idea—and in addition it has practically all the "sure-fire" effects of a story by Dickens!

Now what is the secret of this extraordinary success? How does Mr. Hutchinson manage to write a novel every line of which is good, and not one word of which is "precious" or unnecessary?

So far as a limited critic's analysis may discover, this unusual result depends mainly on two factors.

Consider, first, the author's approach to his subject. Mr. Hutchinson is profoundly interested in the mystery of life itself—and what else should a novelist write about? In the present story, he seems to have got hold of this mystery by one of the right handles. He does far better with it than he did in *The Happy Warrior*. In the earlier story he appeared to be dealing with mere *fortuity*, or even with a whimsical fate. One had times of feeling that the author was dramatically amusing himself, or else that he was saying, like Thomas Hardy, "This *kind* of thing does happen: make the best or the worst of it." And these two misinterpretations got in the light of the true idea of the story—Wordsworth's idea about the Happy Warrior, or Solon's idea that you can never judge a man happy until you know how he *died*. This consideration, together with something derivative from George Borrow and a little unreal in the Gipsy passages, made *The Happy Warrior* something less than an entire success. One could not help feeling that the author had not wholly succeeded in saying in that book what he really wanted to say about the wonder of life.

But in *If Winter Comes* Mr. Hutchinson approaches the mystery not through the single avenue of a tricksy fate or that of an average probability, but through various paths. Everywhere we are subtly impressed with the immense and secret significance of our lives. Old Mr. Fargus expresses it in his life, in his ideas about chess, in his death; young Perch expresses it; old Mrs. Perch expresses it; they both express it in that strange Dickens-like and yet *un*-Dickens-like scene at old Mrs. Perch's deathbed. Lady Tybar feels it in her most irresponsible moments. In fact, we all feel it, though we do not express it. The people of this story do express it continually, scarcely

knowing that they do, and without straining for it in the least. This is art.

Moreover, the hero of this story is ideal for constructive purposes. We have only to look into his mind to understand the story and to see that, granting his temperament, the course of its events is inevitable. Only once or twice does the author feel obliged, in the interests of clarity, to view Mark Sabre objectively through the eyes of a somewhat improbably hilarious solicitor. Thus Sabre, created natural and lovable, is also a perfect medium for the story-teller.

But there is, in the second place, another felicity of method which deserves stress.

The curse of the modern novel is fanciful psychology, complexity of motive, aimless subjectivity, mood-mongering. Now the fact is that while the content of the staidest mind may be endlessly variable and even wildly varied, our motives are for the most part as simple as those of children—except, of course, when we play the tedious game of refining on our motives, as the people of Howells's novels are wont to do. That is a real human habit, but it is secondary. Primarily we are simple—not in thought, but in essential feeling. Mr. Hutchinson knows this, as Dickens knew it, and he gives us richness of mental content with simplicity of motive. This is a factor that makes for power in his stories. To be sure some of the people he creates seem, on reflection, even too simple; they blunder so much, scheme so little—some are merely foils, though good ones. But how much better than the contrary error!

THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though the considerations which Mr. Lubbock brings forward at the beginning of his discourse seem rather fine-spun and though they are of a sort rather likely to discourage the plain truth-seeker or the single-minded literary aspirant, the author's success in getting to the root of difficult practical matters with a minimum of delay and a maximum of clearness is little short of a triumph.

A novel, Mr. Lubbock says in effect, is different from other forms of art, such as painting or sculpture (he does not mention *music*), in that you cannot keep the work of art as a whole before your eyes. All that you have to criticize is an imperfect memory of the book; consequently you can never perfectly appreciate its form. All this is talk of the sort which has become fashionable since psychology applied its principles to art; it seems remotely to echo the old despair over the impossibility of reconciling religion with science, or the terror that people felt when they first recognized that knowledge is relative and not absolute. One does not like sickly things in connection with literature, and a dread of the scientific point of view, a feeling that psychology makes monkeys of us when we try to create or to criticize literature, is an ailment of the literary mind to-day.

But Mr. Lubbock gets bravely over it. After all, he finds perfectly definite problems to solve and he succeeds in solving them quite definitely. If he is metaphysically apologetic in his first chapter, he is metaphysically precise and clear in dealing with his actual subject matter later, and the difficulty of remembering the form of a story does not figure much, except in the introduction.

A philosophic gift is needed, for few things are more baffling to the average intellect than is the relation between the novelist's mind and his subject. But Mr. Lubbock is able to secure the great advantage of starting at the right point. "What is the subject?" he says. "What is the story *about*? . . . this is the question to press." And again: "The best form is that which makes the most of its subject—there is no other definition of form in fiction."

In other words, *purpose* is the key to right art and right criticism, as it is to most other things as well. We are not able to judge of any form of human endeavor, or even to define it, until we have discovered its purpose. It is well that this point is not lost sight of, as it so often is, in a sophisticated discussion of technique.

After applying this criterion of subject, or purpose, to one or two well-chosen masterpieces, the author goes on to the consideration of the various methods by which the novelist makes his form fit the theme he has undertaken. He draws, in the first place, a valid and illuminating distinction between the panoramic method (the picture-making or objectifying faculty of the novelist) and the dramatic method. For the sake of its greater intensity the dramatic method tends always to be preferred. The first step in this direction is the telling of the story in the first person—the substitution of a "characterized 'I'" for the meaningless "I" of the narrator in the background. But there are later refinements, culminating in the device of allowing the reader to watch, not the mere acts, but the thoughts, of the protagonist in the story—the author still *telling* nothing—and of then, by a sleight of art hardly perceptible to the reader, regarding this same protagonist once more objectively, to be *seen*, like any other person in the narrative. Mr. Lubbock ingeniously simplifies these subtleties, showing at the same time their practical importance.

This book about the novelist's craft is neither purely professional nor purely academic in attitude. It is as far from being over-literary as it is from being "popular" in style. If one is a bit surprised to find a discussion of the art of novel-writing confined so closely to the question of the point of view in narration, still one can hardly question the supreme importance of this phase of the subject as the author develops it.

More that Must be Told. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

What gives interest to Sir Philip Gibbs's new book is really his downright and slashing attack upon the political leaders of Europe—the "Old Gang" as

he calls them. His other points are neither novel nor phenomenally effective in the mode of their setting forth. A certain faith in humanity, a certain none too well substantiated faith in the reformation of Germany, the thesis that Germany was not *exclusively* to blame for conditions leading up to the war—these attitudes are familiar. They are set forth by Sir Philip with great eloquence, but they seem to be impressions rather than fully developed convictions, and there is generally a noticeable tendency to assert somewhat more than the facts produced seem to warrant.

Of the German people he says: "Their revolution had been real to a degree which we do not even yet admit. It had replaced the Emperor by Ebert the tailor, and all the other kings of Germany had fled. More than that, it did represent a great change in the moral and spiritual outlook of the German people. Gone were the arrogant officers swaggering along the sidewalks and thrusting civilians to the gutter. Gone was all the military pomp and pride which had assumed so great a place in their national life. The immensity of their losses in men and wealth, the staggering figures of their national debts, the inevitability and enormity of the price they would have to pay, shocked the soul of Germany to its innermost recesses, uprooted the very foundations of their old faith and gave them an entirely new vision regarding their past history and their future place."

Perhaps.

But if Sir Philip does not always convince one when he writes of what might have been, one does feel that it is good for us to have someone acute enough and courageous enough to attack the leadership of the old school in Sir Philip's slashing, large-minded, unpartizan way. It is good reading, too. An acute critic, not merely a writer of political broadsides, the author demonstrates his skill not merely by his attempt to discover the weakness of the Prime Minister but also by his subtle and not too laudatory sketch of Mr. H. G. Wells. If Sir Philip had not an emotional conscience, he could be a wonderful satirist.

One likes the spirit of this later book, on the whole, better than that of *Now It Can be Told*. There is less of the rawness of outraged feeling in it. Its point of view is clear from the start, and Sir Philip quite successfully carries his reader along with him through most of his discourse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INTERPRETATION NOT ATHEISM

SIR:

I cannot restrain an impulse to applaud the suggestions made in the article of Herbert D. Miles in a recent number of the REVIEW.

We certainly need a new Bible, one that will outline the essential principles of Christianity. I, and most of my acquaintances, believe in the moral and ethical principles which Christ taught and to that extent can be considered Christian. I have never joined a church because I could not do so without misrepresenting myself by the act itself.

When I first discovered that I could not accept a literal interpretation of the Bible I supposed, of course, I was therefore an atheist. I supposed this until I read some atheistic works. I then discovered I was no atheist. I have long since given up the idea that it is necessary to belong to any particular "school" of thought or hold any creed that agrees in every particular with that of any group. I have found comfort and satisfaction in a creed of my own.

A new Bible would save many a man years of groping in spiritual darkness.

W. W. GOULD.

San José, Costa Rica.

THE MOVIES AND ART

SIR:

I feel that attention should be drawn to a recent article, entitled *Movies as Dope*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Certainly thinking people do wish that the moving pictures were improved, but those reading Mrs. Pennell's article must find it difficult to understand, much less to agree with, the exaggerated statements used as hypotheses for the conclusions she has reached.

To quote: "It has not been art, but the love of make-believe that has driven people to the play, the desire to throw off the boredom of the real for the enchantment of the unreal. . . . The dramatic artist fills the stage not with life, but the semblance of life."

Mrs. Pennell's objection here is evidently not against "movies" themselves, but against this love of make-believe. She condemns it, as well as amusement, without telling us why, yet admitting this desire has its roots deep down in human nature. Surely such an observation should lead one to examine the truth of a conclusion so at variance with nature. And, in so doing, would one not be confronted with the problem of how to distinguish between

the "real" and the "unreal"? In the final analysis this desire we all share is a yearning toward the fulfillment of our ideals, and it is the nature of this ideal and "unreal" world that shapes our destinies.

Mrs. Pennell says, in support of her argument that the camera can never be an instrument of art, that "it cannot create or compose or design". And, further, "the photographer selects his subject, he does not arrange it . . . the machine does the work, and what the machine manufactures is a record of fact". First an understanding of the word "art" is necessary. Might it not be expressed in this way: "Art" is that piece of work which bespeaks the personality and genius of its producer,—which "lives" because of that "something" imparted to it from the very life and soul of its originator, that "something" being imaginary in that it cannot be analyzed, yet is more real than the facts of which it is composed? If it be a landscape, this beauty is not alone due to the actual trees in the scene, nor to the exact truthfulness of the presentation, but to the imagery, the vital touch imparted to that piece by the artist.

If Mrs. Pennell agrees with this definition of art and the further interpretation of the artist's relation to life, she must understand my objection to her condemnation of the love of make-believe. Though the facts of a story may be untrue as actual history, it still can be real, full of imagery, true values—though new combinations of life—even to the point of "art". It can be of no matter how that story is told,—whether by the vehicle of spoken or written words, or by painting or sculpture, or by stage or film,—for, in this world, matter is the medium for all expression. When the spirit of the artist is stamped indelibly and unmistakably upon his work, then is that piece of work "art".

Mrs. Pennell also says "the films give something to look at, nothing to think about". Even in the worst of them there is something to think about. The presentation of "nothing" before the eyes of the public could scarcely be as detrimental as most of the pictures are, or as beneficial as are the few. Even though Mrs. Pennell may not recognize that there is thought in the poorer films (of a low order to be sure, but, still, thought), she must agree that where there is art there is truth.

There is still a large field of discussion open as regards the "laziness" of people consenting to give their attention to moving pictures. I may ask whether, in this world where there is so much to be studied, where there are so many spheres of knowledge unexplored, it is a part of "laziness" to seek that method by which the most can be accomplished in the shortest, most impressive and efficient way? Is this instinctive choice to be condemned or commended? To force any growth is to forfeit the gain one would reap, but, as nature is, after all, the final answer to our perplexities, it is well to notice that, though she works, she never "labors"; though she accomplishes what to us seems the impossible, she never chooses the longest route, but practices economy throughout.

All who think at all are certainly with Mrs. Pennell in an effort to improve the films, making them a channel for the expression of art; but constructive thinking is needed. It avails us little to condemn or tear down the structure that is, by reason of its forcefulness, a vital part of our people's life, if we do not build anything to take its place. Let us acknowledge its possibilities, and then, in such ways as are judged wise by our majority, direct the abilities of the generation toward raising these productions to a higher level until an increasing majority approaches the standard of "art".

MARGARET SCHUYLER STERNBIRGH.

Seattle, Washington.

NIRVANA VINDICATED

SIR:

Does the author of *The Movies as Dope* which appeared in the November REVIEW realize the slur twice cast on Nirvana, which it is suggested can be easily achieved by the movie addict whose thinking powers are being "doped"?

The religious devotee whether Hindu or Christian is *never* "seduced" into the state of Nirvana. He strives with all his spiritual might to return consciously back to the source from which he came forth—undifferentiated—a glorious goal, a tremendous expansion of consciousness, the exact opposite to annihilation.

While appreciating all that is said about the machine made art, the usurper, I deeply regret the fact that many readers may swallow this fallacious presentation of Nirvana.

MONA DE 'FILIPPI.

Berkeley, Cal.

UNAMERICAN "AMERICANISMS"

SIR:

In his review of my book on *American English*, in your November issue (which book, by the way, is merely a development of an article under the same title in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1883), Mr. Archibald Marshall remarks that my taking for granted that it is ungrammatical to say "I have been to London" seems to "need elucidation". Considering the uniform purity of diction in Mr. Marshall's writings, so far as I have read the books of that distinguished novelist, it is surprising that he can require "elucidation" of the simple fact that you cannot be "to" a place—in good English. If the phrase quoted were correct, it would be correct for the speaker to amplify it by adding: "I was to London last week, but now I am to home." Of course the proper preposition is "in" or "at".

GILBERT M. TUCKER.

Albany, N. Y.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE GENOA CONFERENCE

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE invitation to the International Economic Conference at Genoa placed the United States in an awkward dilemma. It also puzzled Americans who had consistently hoped, from the point of view both of self-interest and of duty, that America would play her proper part in world affairs and aid in the economic restoration of Europe. On the other hand, many of us who held to this hope were also strongly sympathetic with the Russian people; we had heartily approved the official stand taken by the United States last March in refusing to enter into formal relations with the Soviet Government until certain fundamental conditions regarding life and property had been met. Last September Secretary Hughes again strengthened this feeling by his reference to the idea of a "moral trusteeship" for Russia. We were, therefore, opposed to any plan which would despoil the Russian people of their rights or deny them the chance to return to an untrammeled prosperity.

Then came the invitation to Genoa from behind a fog of stories and rumors that linked this proposed conference with sinister plans for the exploitation of Russia in an infamous fashion. Under these circumstances there was confusion in our minds and protest against this unfortunate combination of elements. Such doubts continued to perplex the Government. The official agenda for the Conference has just been received as this article is written, but the decision as to American participation is not as yet clear. Nevertheless, the very problem of the decision gives reason for

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consideration of permanent and underlying factors and scrutiny of the circumstances of the proposal, in order that the picture of European conditions may stand out clearly. Certainly the last three months have been crowded, and February may alter the situation in some respects; but if this Conference is to meet on March 8, or if any other international conference is soon to assemble, there are facts and ideas that we cannot ignore. In any case, although the meeting is called to deal with economic problems, political elements do not fade out of sight; and it is very probable that the side issues at Genoa will equal in interest the principal objects of the Conference. Furthermore at every turn we find that the relationship of this Conference in Europe to the work and results of that at Washington will be close. Even though the United States may not be officially represented at Genoa or any similar European meeting, we cannot be indifferent to the problems there to be discussed or to the results of such conferences. Indeed it is highly probable that American business will in some way or other be concerned directly in such results, though the Government may not actually be a party to them.

Briefly, then, what are the chief elements which have led to the hurried calling of the meeting scheduled for Genoa? What complicating factors and objections have already appeared, and what will be the main problems involved, even if some of those problems are not placed on the official programme?

The point of departure is in the end of November; it was then that it became plain that there was no chance for European economic questions to come before the Conference on Limitation of Armament. Even attempts by Americans to rouse interest in a plan for an economic conference at Washington failed to stir the authorities. Furthermore, European representatives are emphatic in saying that until after December 1 there was no intimation that such a plan was seriously under consideration in London or Paris. By mid-December the idea had gone about that the Washington Conference was soon to close; Mr. Balfour engaged passage home on several occasions in the expectation that Far Eastern affairs would not seriously delay or occupy the Conference; and already anxiety as to conditions in Europe served partially to divert attention to the course of economic and po-

litical questions abroad. Anglo-French friction, the situation in the Near East, and rumors of possible outbreak of war on the frontiers of Russia, all combined to give special importance to disputes as to German reparations, to the existence of the great French army, and to the uncertain domestic policies of Russia. Then came a series of events apparently unrelated but each of which contributed its share in shaping the programme. Thus, Herr Stinnes went to London to see Mr. Lloyd George at the end of November; simultaneously private advices from Europe gave a summary of a plan discussed with British financial interests by which the payment of German reparations was to be aided by the organization of a kind of international consortium for Russia, which was to undertake the industrial restoration of Russia largely by German agents and methods, in return for which grants and concessions for the exploitation of the natural resources of Russia would give a market for manufactured goods from England and from Germany and also supply raw materials and profits on investment which could be applied to the settlement of German reparations.

In the form in which this plan appeared in the press in mid-December it looked like a scheme both to transfer to Russia the eventual financial burden of the war and to anchor German economic interests to the rich deposits of Russia. A second German plan which was credited to Herr Deutsch of the great German electrical corporation seems to be sugar-coated but none the less dangerous in its possibilities. The immediate query was, therefore, whether as a preliminary or necessary aid to European restoration Russia was to be turned into a sort of international economic dependency of the Allies and of America, with Germans as the general managers of this capitalistic plantation? Naturally such a proposal seemed almost too crude to be considered seriously in responsible political quarters; its immorality and its political peril went hand in hand with the uncertainty of its success and the lack of sufficient accurate economic data on the matter. Nevertheless it seemed to have played a certain rôle at the outset.

Of different character and more modest style was the fact of the success secured at the Porto Rosse economic conference which met during November. It was confined to the so-called Succession

States which shared the remains of the Hapsburg dominions. Italy, Jugoslavia, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria and Hungary sent representatives to discuss local economic problems which the political divisions and terms set up in 1919 had served only to complicate and to intensify. Political questions, however, were barred and the agenda dealt with commerce, the exchange of essential products, postal facilities, transport, railway stock, and prohibitory export regulations. In general hindrances to trade were lessened and communications and traffic conditions were put on a better basis; provision was also made for other subsidiary conferences to deal with specific questions. The net results were perhaps small but the moral influence was considerable. Again, if this programme could be carried out on a small scale, could it not be attempted on a larger one?

Returning now to further business conferences in Paris and in London during December, we find a general and varied discussion of plans which included Allied participation in German economic development, the extension of Herr Stinnes's syndicating methods at home to the field of international finance and participation, and finally the renewed discussion of super-organizations such as occupied the attention of the Brussels International Financial Conference in 1920. There were of course many variations in the schemes proposed, but there was revival of a plan in some respects similar to that proposed at Brussels in 1920, by Mr. Ter Meulen of a Dutch banking firm of Amsterdam. The purpose of the "Ter Meulen plan", as of others, was to provide security to assist "the difficulties of traders in certain countries in obtaining short and long term credits to finance necessary imports". This special form of security to reinforce the credit of importers was to consist of "government bonds to be loaned by each Government to its own nationals"; but the bonds could be issued only if justified by the gold value of the underlying security as checked by an international commission chosen by and acting for the League of Nations. No such bonds have ever been issued, but the general conception was not a bad one. The details of the new super-organization with a capital of £20,000,000 sterling which was proposed last December are not yet available; the general idea, however, seems to be that natural resources, concessions, and public utilities are to

provide a field for the holding company which is to provide capital under government approval and to allocate to various applicants their proper share in the supply of goods or the raw materials desired. To this end an international organization is being formed. Naturally the ultimate question arises as to whether, out of such a corporation, international finance may not as a force in politics exert a more powerful and integrated influence than ever before. One reply to such criticism is of course that financial interests could scarcely do worse than Governments have done in the new Europe after the War, and that the time is ripe for such an experiment.

In connection with all these matters there exists still another factor which was making itself felt in various ways even in 1920. This is the new economic policy of the Soviet Government in Russia. The subject is open to debate; but from Russian and other sources, and in particular by study of the Soviet press of the past three months, a few facts now seem quite certain. The present Soviet view is that the economic situation of Europe now forces the capitalists to trade with Russia. The fear of war in Europe outside of Russia is so great that, in view of the military strength of Russia, the Soviet can afford to make terms, for now it has a significant position and potential economic power beyond all other elements. In its struggle for the world revolution the Soviet Government has met with a check; in the growth of the Communist International it found that the bourgeoisie used the present condition of Russia as an argument to check strikes and revolutionary movements throughout the world. The capitalists said: "If you wish Communism, the choice is famine, cold, and chaos—therefore, reflect!" Thus the workmen outside of Russia considered the situation and the Soviet's temporary disintegration was then used as an argument against Communism. It is necessary, therefore, the Soviet concludes, that it should restore Russia by concessions and sacrifices, but it will not let this go too far or allow capitalism to rob it. If the attempt is made, Soviet Russia can defend itself, and Europe now shrinks from the idea of war. Nevertheless, say the Soviet leaders, "we want trade relations with the outside world; we must maintain ourselves; and we can now change our administrative methods from 'direct arbitrary punishment to regulated revolutionary jurisprudence'. Let us

work in order to improve conditions in Russia, so that they can no longer be cited against the development of the world revolution, and let us be ready either to employ capitalism as an economic force to compel the trade we also desire and thus strengthen the Soviet, or to defend ourselves against capitalistic adventurers, as the case may be."

This is a simple résumé and paraphrase of recent speeches and editorials as given in the Soviet press. Yet it is significant that there is almost a conspiracy of silence in the press regarding plans suggested by the German financial magnates. Once, early in December, Comrade Radek, who acts as publicity agent, referred to Herr Stinnes with the query, "Why sail to London when you can deal with us directly?" Later there was a veiled but rather petulant attack on foreign financiers. It seems, therefore, that in the Russian press there was no general discussion of the new elements, a fact which is significant. On the other hand in the second week of December the Russian Minister at Berlin was enthusiastically praising the idea of fresh and larger development of trade relations between Germany and Russia. There is no question that in Russia internal production is here and there slowly improving; transportation continues extremely bad; and it will be some time before the famine is really less. The army, however, is not so badly off; it is in fair condition, numbering over a million and a half, and the lack of medical supplies has been partially remedied by imports during the latter part of 1921. The shortage in artillery is marked; and for this reason it is possible that hot heads in Finland, Poland, and Roumania may be tempted to begin raids which will provoke a conflagration all along the frontier. In the Caucasus and Asia Minor the situation is also uncertain, though there the relations between the Soviet and Kemal have decidedly cooled; and Enver, a keen rival of Kemal, was recently reported as organizing forces near Batum without Soviet hindrance. Here, then, is the state of affairs as Lenin's Government is invited to Genoa under conditions outlined at Cannes by the Supreme Allied Council.

In Western Europe the fall of M. Briand in connection with Anglo-French friction and the establishment of M. Poincaré's Ministry do not necessarily alter things for the worse. At Wash-

ington the situation in the Near East was an uninvited and importunate guest at the Conference. Within a short time a satisfactory Anglo-French treaty of guarantee and a settlement in Asia Minor may be arranged; for M. Poincaré, before he came to office, remarked as to Anglo-French relations: "If we part on the Euphrates we part also on the Rhine." The great obstacle to accord, however, is of course reparations. That also is an obstacle to the Genoa Conference; for the French insist that it must not be submitted again to an international congress, and in America there is a natural desire to avoid involving ourselves in that matter any more than is necessary. France proposes to insist on the fulfillment of the Treaty of Versailles as far as her share in the German payments is concerned. To this end, with the Reparations Commission as authority in charge, she now suggests extended financial control of Germany by the Allies, even in respect to the budget and the further issue of paper money. With the Wirth Government uneasy at Berlin before opposition to increased taxation, and the failure of even moderate payment of reparations, the alternatives are dark.

Indeed, the question rises as to whether a complete German financial collapse would not be felt worse outside of Germany than inside, for when we consider the enormous sums of German marks purchased by speculators and by German sympathizers in America it seems plain that such ventures are probably doomed. The result is perhaps to create more anxiety in behalf of Germany than is fair; certainly it cannot make the neutrals or Americans who have been so unwise as to engage in such speculation think kindly of a drastic French policy toward Germany or toward the French attitude in general. The purchase money for those marks is, however, probably not available for the German Government, as private recipients have undoubtedly been careful to invest it in good bonds abroad; so that the very issue of German paper money has become a form of repudiation. If this is the situation as regards Germany, what can be said both of the paper and the debts of other States, some of which have contracted loans several times beyond the value of their total national wealth?

There is also the fundamental question of budgets. So far all elements in the situation have been either substitutes or palliatives;

there has been no real remedy for European economics suggested. The balancing of the budgets is not in itself an entire cure, but it would go further than anything else. Yet this factor is scarcely one for decision by an international conference. Such a body may not even directly discuss the subject, but it is a preliminary to anything like real improvement. Here of course we strike again the vicious subject of military expenditure; the reduction of armaments is essential to the budgets, particularly of the small States; and the existing military establishments are political elements as well as economic. For such reasons it is absurd to draw a hard and fast line between economics and politics in Europe, or to portray the policy of France as exclusively political and of England as exclusively economic. Such comparisons, even if they were entirely correct, do harm rather than good; and in the case of American opinion it is extremely important that we should recognize and appreciate, even though we do not always sympathize with, political ideas and fears that seem strange to us. Thus with varying emphasis both economics and politics enter into any true international picture. Nevertheless, it is our natural and national dread of foreign political elements that is doing much to keep us away from Genoa.

Still another detaining force is our unwillingness to discuss debts. We are unwilling to have the question raised at Genoa in our presence. We may be right or we may be wrong in our objection to any present proposals as to cancellation, but the feeling that exists is itself a factor in the situation which does not now admit of debate. For the time being at least the occasion has gone by when it would be profitable to do more than to engage in refunding measures; though eventually the matter may assume another aspect. Meanwhile the average American points to extravagant budgets and heavy military expenditures. Of another type of fruitless discussion is the subject of exchange. The stabilization process may be assisted indirectly, but as a matter for formal international decision it is at present beyond any immediate remedy. There are other negative factors, but these at least lead many to doubt the wisdom of accepting the invitation to Genoa.

So we return to the starting point of the Washington Confer-

ence. Here at least it is plain that a considerable part of our reluctance as to another conference is the apprehension lest something connected with the second conference might endanger the results of the first. These are far from secure and from the point of view of the Conference on Limitation of Armament the calling of the economic conference is ill-judged and hurried. Indeed, it is all a part of the hasty and unfortunate notion, which affected the British delegation almost at the first, that the work at Washington could be forced along. As a matter of fact, when we understand what the delegates had to debate, decide, and then draft, the work has gone fast; though of course, in view of the variety and amount accomplished at Paris, the Versailles treaty itself ranks as a more rapid achievement.

This whole matter of terms and circumstances also deserves notice, for we sometimes have the notion that the character and test of a conference can be accurately measured in direct and visible fashion. Often some of the most useful and enduring results of an international gathering are not to be closely defined. Indeed, there are in any case different sorts of conferences; some deal with regional matters, others with special subjects. The Washington Conference has dealt with both, and it will be especially affected by the general atmosphere rather than the precise terms of the Genoa Conference. Many of the matters up for discussion there will not permit of exact and definitive results; some will be subject to reference or to future development. There may be, however, a larger and more valuable process of education and of intention started at the Economic Conference which will make for peace more strongly than the limited nature of the Washington Conference permitted. For now is the opportunity to reassert the economic unity of the world, to whose prosperity there is no single or royal road. The menace of war is the greatest obstacle to economic readjustment and restoration. To promote business is just now to help peace, and certainly that is a vital American interest; and if we do not go to Genoa we may lose a chance to help along these lines. Certainly it is high time we got rid of the notion that our own foreign and domestic affairs are in separate compartments. That is a view which is contrary to our vital experiences amid the fluctuations of the last few years.

So we come to the exact proposals of the Cannes protocol, on which the invitation to the Genoa Conference is based. This resolution of the Supreme Council on January 6 marked a notable advance to a new era, for with the exception of Turkey all the former Enemy States were to be invited to Genoa. Furthermore, under certain conditions Soviet Russia is included. These conditions resemble in some ways those laid down by the United States last March; and to our statement at that time the Soviet Government has never replied. We have noted the apparent contradictions in the views so recently expressed in the Russian press; and we must also remember the strong objection on moral as well as on political and economic grounds which many of us feel to the alleged plans for dangerous and outrageous exploitation of the interests of the Russian people as distinguished from the claims of their present autocratic political leaders. At all events the decision to recognize any Russian government whether *de facto* or *de jure* is not an affair for international action; we must settle such a matter in our own way and at our own time. Such reservations seem to be inherent in any wise procedure as to our acceptance of the invitation to Genoa.

It is, therefore, at the present writing, plain that the American decision as to Genoa is a difficult one to make. There seem, however, to be certain indirect factors which deserve attention. Thus if we consider the history of our foreign policy during the last three years we find extraordinary variations and convulsions. In January, 1919, the United States was in a position of power and of leadership never before equalled in our national history. We were also, perhaps for the first time, genuinely popular as a people; and we seemed the hope of world Liberalism. But that position we soon lost. A sense of great confusion overwhelmed us. We felt that we were misunderstood, and certainly the world at large was convinced that it could not understand American foreign policy. It was only natural that other nations should look upon us with hesitation and uncertainty. Some blamed us for matters totally beyond our power and knowledge; and we became a sort of international whipping-boy. Only those of us who were abroad during any part of those long months from the end of 1919 to the latter part of 1921 can have an adequate notion

of the unpleasant ideas which were current in Europe and in the Far East regarding the United States. There was of course in every country a small minority of intelligent and sympathetic people who saw what had happened and counselled patience and understanding; but the general impression was far different.

Indeed as we look back over the last six months and review public opinion abroad we find that it was not until last October, or even November, that there was any genuine interest or belief in the development of a sound or clear American foreign policy. Certainly till toward the end of last September there was comparatively little attention paid in Europe to the prospects of the Conference on Limitation of Armament. To-day Europe in general is still puzzled as to our attitude, for to the greater part of the continent the results achieved at Washington have no direct bearing. The Conference has, however, served to renew the hopes of many sincere friends of America that we are about to develop a constructive policy and to assume a reasonable share in the responsibilities of modern international civilization.

If the Genoa Conference is by any chance postponed, all of these factors will deserve renewed attention. If ultimately we should decline to participate, our reasons should be clear and adequate. This we owe to ourselves as well as to others. Even if we are not officially present at that Conference, its work may be of extraordinary interest and importance to America; its success along lines of justice and peace may mark a turning point in our prosperity and in the quickening of civilization by the breath of progress. But the process is bound to be slow, and impatience will be as unfortunate as indifference.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE LEGISLATION

BY LINDSAY ROGERS

It is axiomatic that constitutional forms are less important than the forces behind them and that, in actual practice, the forms are profoundly modified by conventions and extra-constitutional arrangements. Burke was right in more ways than one when he said that the laws reach but a very little way. England is, of course, the classic example of the truth of this statement, for her Parliamentary Government is controlled very largely by unwritten conventions, and its success has depended on a high degree of political morality. For, as Mr. Strachey has felicitously said, the English Constitution is "a living thing, growing with the growth of men and assuming ever varying forms in accordance with the subtle and complex laws of human character. It is the child of wisdom and chance;" and, he might have added, of thoughtlessness and selfishness as well.

But even in the United States, with a written Constitution, conventions have been developed which have an importance in some respects equal to that of the provisions of the instrument itself.

Political parties (which the "founding fathers" sought to prevent); the perfunctory task of the Electoral College; the Cabinet; the attitude of the Executive toward the Legislature; senatorial courtesy; congressional procedure, and the relations between the two branches of Congress (hegemony in practice rather than in legal theory), are all matters determined by custom and the "complex laws of human character", and they have a profound influence on the Government. The exact nature of this influence cannot be determined from formal rules, but only from what is the actual practice. Government in action is more important than government in books, and it may, therefore, be worth while to direct attention to one development of congressional procedure which is not the least important of these extra-

constitutional minutiæ, and which has recently been used in such a way as to challenge its propriety.

I refer to the fact that many important laws passed by Congress are really written in secret by a small group of conferees whose decision is final on what should go into the bills. The Tax Revision law is a case in point. If the debates and record votes had any value, it was simply to admonish the conferees not to be too high handed, not to flaunt too much the opinion of the House they represented. Even this restraining influence was doubtful, for the conference report was denounced by both Senators and Representatives as being contrary to the dominant opinions in each branch of Congress. At best the institution of the conference committee, necessary though it may be, has not much to commend it; regret that some better machinery of adjusting disputes did not seem possible has frequently been voiced by the most conservative as well as by more radical members of Congress. But when, as sometimes has happened, the conferees use their powers to thwart the will of Congress, to put into effect their own views which have been defeated by the opposition, and to force through in the closing days of a Congress measures which need not be printed, and which, if fully understood and discussed, would be objected to, legislation by conference committees is the negation of popular government.

With the possible exception of Australia, only in the United States does the upper chamber possess powers equal to, or even greater than, those of the more popular body. From this extreme bicameral theory arises the necessity for some machinery that will adjust differences between the two Houses and prepare a measure to be passed in identical form. The institution of a conference committee comes into American parliamentary practice from England, but there it had fallen into desuetude even before the Parliament Act of 1911 so attenuated the powers of the House of Lords. Controversies between the two chambers are not serious, or, except in rare instances, prolonged. If public opinion or technical perfection seems to support amendments made by the Lords, the Commons acquiesce. This was the case, for example, with the modifications of the Defence of the Realm Act, and, more recently, the Emergency Powers Act. Since the

Government stands sponsor for practically all legislation, a conference between the Ministers and leading Peers in Opposition is able to compose the differences, and, indeed, ministerial responsibility is ordinarily sufficient to prevent conflicts between the chambers or the necessity for a conference. In the United States, however, legislative leadership is vested in the elder members of Congress (the seniority rule prevailing for the chairmanships of the committees that frame legislation); both branches of Congress have opinions that they insist upon, and even when there is agreement, the legislative product of one chamber is usually so imperfect that it must be improved by the other. Hence differences are reconciled and compromises are effected by a conference committee.

The former practice, in the appointment of conferees, was for the Speaker to ignore party lines and to select managers who would be specially fitted to uphold the position of the House. It was the practice also, in the event of failure to agree, to name a new set of conferring attorneys. But the present system is automatic. The chairman, next ranking majority member, and ranking minority member of the committee having the bill in charge, are invariably selected in each branch, although, in the case of important bills, the number of conferees may be increased to ten, or even more. This practice is so uniform that there was much comment when Speaker Cannon, in appointing the conferees for the Tariff bill of 1909, selected a member of the Ways and Means Committee in preference to one of his colleagues who was his senior.

In the appointments to legislative committees, the rule of seniority is rarely departed from, and this results—particularly in the Senate—in a disproportionate number of choice committee assignments for members with long congressional service. It follows, therefore, that legislation is framed by a comparatively small number of Representatives and Senators, and when this legislation goes to conference, these senior committeemen have the final authority. The situation is more extreme in the Senate than in the House, and the figures for the Sixty-fifth Congress were very striking. One hundred and five conference committees were appointed, but five Senators served on 82 of them: Smoot,

33; Warren, 23; Nelson, 11; Lodge, 9; and Penrose, 6. To prevent this concentration of power in the Senate, it was proposed several years ago that no Senator who was chairman of one of the ten most important committees of the Senate should be a member of any other of these ten committees, and this, in a modified form, was approved in 1919 by the Republican conference. Now a Senator may be chairman of only one important committee, and may be a member of no more than two. This will avoid the extreme oligarchic control of legislation in conference which was possible before the rule was adopted, but there are other grave dangers of abuse.

Successive changes in the rules of both branches of Congress have sought to reduce the powers of conference committees. In the House the report must be printed in the *Record* before it is acted upon, unless it is presented during the last six days of a Congress. In the Senate there is not even this empty safeguard. The conference report is subject to a point of order if the conferees have eliminated anything agreed upon by both Houses, or have inserted new legislation (this was not the rule in the Senate before 1918), but these general formulas are subject to abuse. Senators sponsoring particular measures sometimes do not object to amendments, knowing that they can be eliminated in conference. Thus, in 1916, during the discussion of the Water Power bill, Senator Nelson said that (from his point of view) a proposed amendment was "bad and vicious"; but he added: "We might let it go in and eliminate it in conference." An apparently immaterial amendment may be added by the chairman of the committee with the legislation in charge, for the express purpose of differing with the other House and thus securing the opportunity in conference to add matter, germane to the amendment and consequently proper under the rule, which he did not desire to present in open session. The rules now in force would probably prevent a writing of a new bill such as was done by the conference committee on the tariff of 1883, but sometimes curious things happen. For example, the conference report on the War Revenue bill of 1918 exempted congressional salaries from the eight per cent tax on incomes in excess of $6,000. This was new legislation, but it went through both branches almost

unnoticed—at least so far as appeared in the debate. On this particular measure the conferees worked eight hours a day for two weeks before they reported. The Senate added 320 amendments to the House bill and receded on only 55; the House gave way on 210 amendments, and the other differences were compromised.

Frequently measures remain in conference for long periods. The Oil Land Leasing Act passed the Senate in January and the House in May, 1918, and went to conference. The report was not made until February 18, 1919 and was then refused by the Senate because it contained new legislation. The measure was re-reported, but Senator La Follette filibustered against it and it went over to the next session. It passed the Senate again on September 3, 1919, and the House on October 30, but was not reported from the conference committee until February 10, 1920. The legislative history of the Water Power Act is equally significant. Conferees on this bill were deadlocked from September, 1918, to February 26, 1919, when the report was killed by Senator La Follette's filibuster. His speech, by the way, contained a very remarkable analysis of the powers of conference committees. The Water Power bill again passed the House on July 1, 1919, and the Senate on January 15, 1920, but the conference report was not adopted until May 31, 1920. These measures over which a battle has been fought to prevent an unchecked exploitation of the natural resources of the country warrant close study, for nowhere can the economic interests which are concerned by such legislation work more effectively and more securely than in the secret conference committees. The Esch-Cummins law, to give another example, was in conference for two months; and the conferees had enormous powers with reference to the labor provisions on which the House and Senate were in complete disagreement.

The House of Representatives has complained bitterly of the fact that almost without exception the conferences are held in the room of the Senate committee having jurisdiction of the bill. "Why should we go over there to listen to their reasons for amending our bill," asked Samuel J. Randall, "when the House asks the conference and holds possession of the papers?" In

one respect, however, a recent change in the rules of the House of Representatives has been designed to increase the power of this body and make it more of a match for the Senate. During the Fifty-fourth Congress, Mr. Cannon declared the rule to be "unvarying that the body proposing legislation as a rider upon a money bill must recede if the other body will not assent;" but the rule is broken. In that Congress the Senate added two million dollars of French Spoliation Claims to the General Deficiency bill and the House was forced to give way. The victory of the Senate was not lessened by the fact that President Cleveland vetoed the measure. The House has chafed for a long time at the fact that amendments, subject to points of order if originally offered in the House, are added to bills in the Senate and then retained by the conference committees, the House being forced to accept them or reject the whole conference report. The rule now provides that such amendments must be brought back to the House by the conferees for a vote. This takes from the conference committee the power which it has hitherto had of committing the House to Senate amendments. At the last session of the Sixty-sixth Congress, for example, the Senate added the Muscle Shoals amendment (involving $10,000,000) to the Sundry Civil bill. The House rejected it twice, and the Senate was forced to yield, although before the amendment of the rule, the conference report would probably have been forced through the House with the Muscle Shoals provision included. Nevertheless, with regard to appropriations, and particularly with regard to revenue, the House is subordinate to the Senate.

The Constitution, to be sure, gives the House the right to originate all bills for raising revenue, but that frequently means—the Tax Revision law is ample evidence—that the House has the right to originate the enacting clause. This measure, as it left the House after a perfunctory discussion of four days, was a series of amendments to existing statutes. The Senate wrote an entirely new law, in the form of 833 amendments to the House bill. The conference committee recommended that the Senate recede in the case of seven amendments; that the House recede on 760 of the Senate's proposals, and that the House recede with amendments in 66 cases. On the important question of the rate

on high incomes, the authority of the conferees was limited. In the House bill the maximum rate was 32 per cent.; the Senate amendment, forced through by the agricultural bloc, was 50 per cent., but the conferees (it was several times stated in the debate) would have been glad to agree on 40 per cent., for a majority of them, under the system of appointing conferees, were opposed to the 50 per cent. rate which, it was clear, was approved by the dominant opinions in both branches of Congress. But when the House sent the bill to conference, the attempt was made to instruct the House conferees to agree to the Senate amendment. Fearing defeat at that time, the House leaders refused the vote, but promised that, in passing on the conference report, there would be an opportunity of voting separately on this surtax question. The vote as taken was on an instruction to the conferees, not on the report itself, and even the letter from President Harding did not check a sufficient Republican deflection to result, in this case, in agreement between the two houses on the schedule. With this exception, however, it cannot be said that, on the controverted points of the bill, the conference committee reconciled differences between the House and the Senate. Rather did the Senate conferees seize the opportunity to make the bill more in accordance with their own views and to retrieve the defeats they had suffered at the hands of the agricultural bloc. Senator La Follette's amendment, providing that the taxpayer should include in his return a statement of his tax exempt securities, was eliminated, and the conferees thus postponed, for a time, a determination of the soundness of one argument of the opponents of high surtaxes. So also the conference report failed to include an amendment allowing inspection by appropriate congressional committees of the tax returns, to determine, for example, the need that a particular corporation might have for tariff protection.

So long as the American Government adheres to a more extreme bicameral theory than has been adopted by any other country in the world, the institution of conference committees will probably be necessary, but their perniciousness can at least be mitigated. It is the habit of all legislative bodies to rush bills through, with scant consideration, on the closing days of a session. Thus, when the second session of the Sixty-sixth Con-

gress came to an end on June 5, 1920, Mr. Wilson had not signed eleven measures. Nine of these had been sent to him the same day. Three appropriation bills were presented to him on June 4, and two on June 3, and forty-six other laws were signed on the last day of the Congress. The matter is particularly serious during the short sessions when Congress usually finds it impossible to finish all the Appropriation bills which are the reason for its meeting, and attempts to rush through other important legislation before the time the Constitution fixes for adjournment. There should be rules to prevent this legislative congestion. It might be provided, for example, that neither house could receive a bill from the other after January 15 of the short session, and that all conference reports must be made a certain time before adjournment, or at least be printed before being acted upon. Sessions of conference committees should be public, with record votes, and there should be, both in the Senate and in the House, a greater willingness to send measures back to conference. These would seem to be elementary safeguards and would certainly lessen the danger that conferees would do in conference what they were forbidden, or did not have the courage, to do in open session.

Senator Walsh was probably a little rhetorical when, in the debate on the Tax Revision conference report, he suggested that there is nothing "left for a free people except a political revolution" if a conference committee "completely nullifies the power and voice of the majority." Government by conference committees is never so unpopular that the people get at all excited over it, and, indeed, practically the only criticism of this secret method of agreeing on, and, many times, preparing new legislation, comes from Congress itself. It is there that the revolution should take place.

For a number of reasons the country now holds Congress in low esteem, and while it may be true that the complacence with which the Senate and the House view nullifying action by conference committees is a symptom rather than the disease itself, reform would, I think, be a material factor in arresting the decline of congressional influence.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

A YEAR OF THE GOVERNMENT

BY MARK SULLIVAN

When Mr. Harding was a candidate for the Presidency, his opponent made one of his leading campaign slogans out of the phrase "a Senatorial Oligarchy". If Mr. Harding should be elected, it was said, he would be "the creature of a Senatorial Oligarchy", and an attempt was made to create the impression that this oligarchy of Republican Senators would be of the same character and partake of the same public odium that attached to the Senate in the days when its power was the object of attack from President Roosevelt and that Insurgent or Progressive movement which more or less formed the leading issue of American politics from about 1907 until we entered the War.

In seeking to reduce one of the issues of the Presidential election of 1920 to this formula, Mr. Cox was in complete good faith. Not only did he and the other Democratic spellbinders really believe it; the idea was shared, though from a different point of view, of course, by several of Mr. Harding's Republican fellow-Senators. He was, they considered, one of them. (In fact, Mr. Harding is the first man who has ever been elevated to the Presidency directly from the Senate.) Not only was he one of them; he was of their fellowship in a sense of unusual intimacy. All his experience in national politics had been in association with them. He had been a particularly faithful party man, who accepted the leadership of his more experienced party Senators. Further than that, his personal relations with his Republican fellow-Senators had been exceptionally close and harmonious. Still further, in a public sense, and in a well-meant and patriotic sense, it was part of the programme of the Republican party that much of the power which had drifted from, or been wrested from, the Senate by the White House during fifteen years, should be restored to the Capitol. Two Presidents who had happened to have forceful personalities, Roosevelt and Wilson, had taken more and more of

prestige and public attention away from the Senate. The climax had come during the War, when a voluntary assent to the necessity of solidarity and the quick direction of the nation's power caused Mr. Wilson to have and to exercise more autocratic power than probably any former President. During the War, there was general public approval of this as a measure of war-time efficiency, which was shared even by most of the Senators themselves. With the end of the War, however, it became an essential part of the Republican purpose to get much of this power back from the White House to the Capitol.

In this spirit, and with an entirely laudable intention, some of the Republican Senators themselves shared most of the idea expressed in the term "Senatorial Oligarchy", except the unpleasant implications inherent in these particular words. Particularly was this true as regards foreign affairs. The Republican Senators felt that in all the phases of the Paris Peace Conference and the League of Nations, President Wilson had failed to take the Senate sufficiently into account. In the ensuing contest they had beaten Mr. Wilson, and they felt that in the election of 1920 they had been abundantly justified. They felt that their League of Nations fight had been a turning point in the country's constitutional history, and an assertion of the Senate's prerogative in the field of foreign relations such as would never be reversed. In this mood, and under all the circumstances, it is little wonder if the Republican Senate looked forward to an Administration in which not only our foreign affairs, but domestic matters as well, would be managed by the Executive with a greater degree of deference to "the advice and consent of the Senate" than had been the case for some fifteen years past.

As it has turned out, one of the most conspicuous aspects of the present Administration has been the complete negation of what was implied by the term "Senatorial Oligarchy". Mr. Harding himself, on the first occasion when he addressed the Senate after his election, alluded to it and said:

> Something has been said about the "Senatorial oligarchy". Of course, everyone here knows that to be a bit of highly imaginative and harmless fiction. When my responsibilities begin in the Executive capacity I shall be as mindful of the Senate's responsibilities as I have been jealous for them as a

member, but I mean at the same time to be just as insistent about the responsibilities of the Executive. Our governmental good fortune does not lie in any surrender at either end of the Avenue, but does lie in the coördination and coöperation which become the two in a great and truly representative government.

Within a very short time after Mr. Harding took office, it was apparent that the center, both of power and of public attention, was in the White House and not in the Senate. This was due partly to President Harding's own sense of the dignity and responsibility of his office, together with a firmness of character which expressed itself not at all in bullying the Senate, nor in driving it, nor even in leading it, but rather in a quiet and steady devotion to the responsibilities laid upon his own office by the Constitution. Further than that, it developed not only that the occupant of the White House was a man of strength and firmness, but also that those Republican Senate leaders who might have been expected to compose the "oligarchy", if there was to be one, turned out, under the conditions existing, to have less rather than more of the strength and prestige ordinarily associated with Senate leadership.

The actual situation, in its contrast to the anticipated situation, became vivid at the time the first Soldiers' Bonus bill was attempted. This bill originated in elements of the Senate not associated with its formal leadership. The leaders did not want the Bonus bill, but through lack of party discipline the bill was initiated and quickly acquired such a momentum as made it apparent that it would pass. In former Senates, when the leaders had real strength and when the party management had discipline, such a bill as the bonus proposal originating outside the leadership would have been sidetracked or put to sleep before it acquired any headway. But when the Bonus bill came to a point where it was apparent that it would be passed within a few days, the Senate leaders, in their own lack of strength, fell back on President Harding and the Administration.

They first got a public communication from Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury, in which he stated that the national finances were in no condition to stand the strain of the added billions involved in the Bonus bill at that time. Secretary Mellon's pro-

nouncement turned out to be not enough to stop the bill, and thereupon the Senate leaders asked President Harding personally to come to their aid. In an act requiring much courage and frankness, he came to the Senate personally and asked, with all the power of his position, that the bill be deferred until a time when the Treasury should be in a more adequate condition to meet it. This stopped the bill until such time as President Harding himself was willing that it should again come up for consideration.

Later, in January, Mr. Harding and the Republican leaders changed front on the Bonus bill. No material change had taken place in the situation of the Treasury, and Secretary Mellon again opposed it. But there had been manifestations of strong public opinion in favor of it; especially in an Ohio election on the issue of a State bonus, which was carried by the bonus advocates by a vote of about three to one.

This earlier episode, which occurred in July, presented a picture not of a Senatorial "oligarchy" dictating to the White House, but rather of the Senate leadership going to the White House and asking the President to come to their aid. This action on the part of President Harding came nearer than any other he has taken to asserting leadership of Congress. It was apparent that while his temperament and conviction went clearly to the point of keeping for the Presidency all the prerogatives which the Constitution gives him, it did not go to the point of taking on himself, as a personal perquisite, that leadership of the Senate which was thus strikingly laid at his feet. In his later course, President Harding has conspicuously refrained from attempting to impose his will on the Legislative end of the Government. It was a conviction with him that too much power had already passed from Congress to the President, and he has conducted himself carefully according to that conviction. Indeed, he has refrained from asserting as much power in legislation as was expected and desired by considerable sections of the public, and as has been and still is urged upon him by many of the party leaders, including some of the Republican Senators themselves.

Within the Senate the Republican party leadership has been conspicuously lacking in force. This weakness has been due to

several factors. It was partially, but not wholly or inevitably, due to the personalities of the leaders themselves. They had shown strength in opposition, but the same qualities did not necessarily equip them for strong affirmative action. When the Republicans in the Senate were in a minority, and during the two years when they had a precarious majority of two and were substantially a minority, the Republican Senators showed strong powers of cohesion and leadership in opposition to President Wilson's measures. But when they came into the present term with a majority of twenty-four, their cohesion disappeared and their leadership weakened.

A portion of this was due to the physical weakness, subsequently resulting in death, of a man who, while not officially leader of the Senate, was, under the circumstances of the present Congress, in a position of great power and responsibility. Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania was the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate. This committee is at all times a center of power; it was especially so in a session in which the two chief subjects of legislation were to be the tariff and taxation, both of which come within the scope of the Finance Committee. Under ordinary circumstances, the chairman of that committee not only would dominate the making of these measures, but would direct to a large degree the work of the Senate as a whole. For such a dominance, for the holding of prolonged and tedious hearings, for the incessant and inevitably contentious give-and-take of a tariff or a taxation debate, and for the long night sessions frequently involved, sheer physical strength is an indispensable requisite. That physical strength Mr. Penrose did not have. In his prime he would have been the equal of Aldrich or any of the other Finance Committee chairmen who have made history. But he had been out of the Senate during a full year of illness, and when he came back he was able to hold the seat of power only by yielding its essence. At the same time, the affection in which he was held by his associates, the sympathy for his condition, and the sacredness in which the rule of seniority is held, were such as to preclude any suggestion of displacing him with a more vigorous man.

Mr. Penrose did not believe in the emergency tariff bill. Pri-

vately he described it as "pure bunk". In his better days he would have fought it with scorn. But in his weakened condition he permitted the group of Western agricultural Senators to push it through. Similarly, he did not believe in retaining the high surtaxes on large incomes; but they were kept against the wishes of himself and the other party leaders. It was this looseness of leadership that led to the inception and rise of the most remarkable phenomenon of the present Congress.

It is true that manifestations like the farm bloc are always apt to arise in times of economic distress in the agricultural districts. Anyone familiar with business conditions in the great farming regions of the Middle West and West might have predicted the coming of some such political phenomenon as the bloc. The same thing happened long ago when the Farmers' Alliance had some forty seats in Congress. But the present farm bloc has a more compact and probably more durable basis than the Farmers' Alliance, or the Populists, or the Order of Gleaners, or the Agricultural Wheel, or the Patrons of Husbandry, or any of the other organizations that grew out of hard times on the farms. None of these organizations—even the Farmers' Alliance, which was in a political sense the most effective of them all—ever amounted to much more than an expression of angry impatience with the older parties. As to the present bloc, however, it is not too much to say that it has given color to practically all the more important legislation passed by the present Congress, that it has been successful in putting through nearly all the measures it has advocated, and that it has had more power than any other single group in Congress.

For an understanding of the bloc, it is necessary first to bear in mind that economic conditions on the farms, and business conditions in those towns and other communities which rest upon the farms in an economic sense, have been worse during the last year than at any time in our recent history. Secretary Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture, has said that during the last eighteen months the farmer has received less for his products, measured in terms of the present purchasing power of money, than ever before. Farmers who had borrowed money to buy young stock, or to plant crops, or otherwise for the production

of their commodities, found themselves at the end of the season unable to sell their products for enough to pay their loans. The result was a condition called "frozen credits" prevailing in many of the banks and business houses throughout the farming districts. Farmers who had bought additional land at the war-time prices of three or four years ago found themselves unable to pay installments due on the purchase price. Farmers who had mortgages on their property were unable to pay the interest. Renters of farm land who had made their contracts on the basis of 1919 prices were unable to pay the rent. Farmers who lost their property through foreclosure became renters, and renters who lost everything they had became farm hands.

These were the economic conditions out of which the farm bloc arose. If the bloc had nothing more substantial than this to rest upon it might be expected to be as ephemeral as similar movements have been in the past, and to disappear as soon as better conditions shall have come in the farming territory. But it happens that there was another element in the arising of the bloc which gives it promise of greater power and permanence.

Some years ago the Federal Government, through the Department of Agriculture, instituted a system known as "county agents". The institution arose about the time the boll weevil began to make serious inroads on the prosperity of the cotton-raising districts of the Southwest. A county agent was a salaried representative of the Department of Agriculture who was sent into the affected districts with directions to take up his residence in a given county and to organize the farmers within it for the purpose of coöperation not only in resisting the boll weevil but also in making their way toward better farming conditions generally. The system was so successful in the cotton-raising districts in the Southwest that it was adopted elsewhere, and in the course of time came to extend over the larger part of the farming territory of the United States. In many cases compensation for the county agent at his work from the Federal Government was supplemented with money raised by the States, counties, chambers of commerce and the like. Within a few years the county agent became a fixed and most important institution in most of the farming districts in the country.

These county agents, in the furtherance of their work, organized the farmers of their various districts into coöperative units known as farm bureaus. Ultimately these farm bureaus began to engage in coöperative movements for the selling of their products and for the buying of their supplies. In this way, while the farm bureaus rested and continued to rest, in a historic sense at least, on the Federal Government's county agents, they became an organization devoted to the welfare of the farmer in every sense. They became more and more compact and powerful, and ultimately adopted a system of annual dues from the members as their basis of financial support.

The local farm bureaus soon organized State units, and finally, about two years ago, took the form of a national unit known as the American Farm Bureau Federation. It is this nation-wide institution of farmers which is really the parent of the farm bloc in Congress. The bloc is the political expression of the American Farm Bureau Federation. The total number of Senators identified with it is commonly said to be from twenty to thirty.

This bloc, with its compactly organized support, and with its specific and vivid economic interest, has been the most vital single group in the Senate. In a time when the Republican majority was conspicuously lacking in leadership and discipline, the bloc has had a willing and enthusiastic *esprit de corps*. Acting outside of party lines as a combination of Democrats and Republicans, its members have been able to offer successful resistance to what they did not want, and to impress their wish for affirmative action on their less unified associates. Part of their strength has lain in the fact that the measures they sought have been, for the most part, so intelligently devised as to appeal to interests other than agricultural. They have not made the mistakes committed by farmer movements in the past under the leadership of visionaries. They have not made picturesque "last stands" on ill-devised panaceas for economic woes.

It is true that one of the most important of their measures, in its original form, went so far as to propose practically that the United States Government should devote a billion dollars to the buying and selling of farm products. But it has been part of the strength of the bloc that they have been reasonable in compro-

mise, and this measure was whittled down to one through which the Government merely devotes half a billion dollars to advancing loans on farm products, under such conditions as to save the farmers and others carrying these products from being compelled to sacrifice them on a panicky market.

The other principal measures passed through the initiative of the bloc have been bills regulating the packing business and the grain exchanges. More recently the programme of the bloc has included a bill to legalize and otherwise to facilitate the coöperative marketing of farm products; a bill to provide credit, under government auspices and through governmental machinery, to farmers on the security of their crops; and a bill providing that the membership of the Federal Reserve Board shall give adequate representation to agriculture.

The attitude of the President toward the farm bloc has conspicuously been one of sympathizing with their purposes but disapproving their methods. He has not vetoed nor even given a hint of silent disapproval to any of the measures they have passed. In his address at the opening of the present Congress he recited a list of recommendations, which more or less duplicated the things which the farm bloc is trying to put through; but, in the same address, without mentioning the farm bloc by name, he expressed his regret at any tendency of Congress to fall into groups based on economic interest, and made an earnest plea for party government. In the same way, in his address at the opening of the Farm Conference at Washington, in January, he expressed hearty sympathy with a comprehensive programme of progressive measures in the interest of the farmer, but at the same time went out of his way to show disapproval of the farm bloc. His speech had been written out in advance, and he read it from manuscript. After reading that "this is truly a national interest and not to be regarded as primarily the concern of either a class or a section," Mr. Harding departed from his manuscript to utter, with a manner of emphatic disapproval, the words, "or a bloc." It is obvious that Mr. Harding's mind holds a clear distinction between two things: On the one hand the recognition of agriculture as the country's primary fundamental industry; and on the other hand the preservation of our country-old system of party government.

It remains now to be seen what the farm bloc will do about the tariff, and, in a broader sense, what will be the outcome of the whole tariff situation. It was the intention of the present Administration and of the present Congress, when the Republican party came into power on the Fourth of March last, to revise the tariff with much more promptness than has turned out to be the case. Congress started in with an attempt in good faith to carry out the party pledge. But as the Ways and Means Committee pushed its investigations, and, as the debates developed, it became apparent that many of the essential factors upon which a tariff must be based were and still are in a most embarrassing state of instability. Foreign exchange was chaotic, costs of manufacture abroad fluctuated wildly, and costs of production at home were in such condition that the future could not be foreseen with any clearness.

In this state of affairs the party leaders passed an emergency tariff act for a few months, and at the end of the period renewed it. They kept hoping that the fluctuations which baffled them would cease. At one point they thought they had discovered a device known as the "American Valuation Plan", which they hoped might be effective to overcome the embarrassments of fluctuating exchange and uncertain costs of manufacture abroad. But it was discovered that to this there were grave objections. Moreover, the party leaders, to some extent consciously and to some extent unconsciously, were baffled by a condition still more fundamental. It came to be realized that the War had wrought a change in the economic situation of the United States and its relation to the rest of the world that made it doubtful whether tariff-making on our part must not now be looked upon from a different point of view. Before the War we were the greatest debtor nation in the world. Through the operations of the economic aspects of the War our situation is now exactly reversed, and we are the greatest creditor nation in the world.

We have due to us, on public and private loans abroad, an annual interest of from one-half to three-quarters of a billion dollars. Under normal circumstances, a nation so situated is disposed to encourage the import of goods rather than to discourage it. These interest payments cannot be made in gold; and if they

could be, it would be to our economic disadvantage to receive them in that form. Under these circumstances, a large section of the business community, which formerly subscribed to the doctrine of a protective tariff, has come to question whether our future tariff policy had not better take into account the desirability of making it simple for our debtors to pay us in goods. So far this situation has been little more than merely stated. Some of our public debtors abroad have not been able to pay the interest in any event, and for other reasons our future relation to this condition is not yet as clear as it will become in time. It is reasonably probable, however, that this situation may lead to a realignment of forces with regard to the policy of a protective tariff. Certain business interests in the East, which have previously formed the backbone of the support of a protective tariff policy, are likely to look upon this question from a changed point of view.

As to the farm bloc, in this as in other matters, it probably has the power, if it remains compact, to enforce its will. The Senator who has succeeded Mr. Penrose as Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. McCumber, of North Dakota, comes from a purely agricultural community, although he is not formally identified with the farm bloc. The disposition to defer to the agricultural interests is as apparent in the matter of tariff making as it has been with respect to other measures. The present disposition of the bloc seems to be to favor the protective tariff policy. Its position seems to be that farmers want an adequate protective tariff for their own products, and are willing to concede the same protection to the manufacturing interests.

Probably the field in which Mr. Harding's Administration has most commended itself to the country is that of what may be called the housekeeping or the business management of the Government. The new Administration found the Government, viewed as a business institution, in a state of serious disorganization. The enormous expansion of activities, the taking on of new functions, and the greatly increased personnel which had come about as an incident of the war, had not been wholly cleaned up. The Government's mercantile shipping enterprise was in a state described by the man whom Mr. Harding selected to put it into

order as the most gigantic failure in history. The reduction of the army to a peace-time basis was far from complete. The measures and institutions which the Government had initiated for taking care of disabled soldiers were not yet effectively under way, but were in a state of chaos second only to that of the Shipping Board. In many other administrative departments of the Government the story was the same.

Mr. Harding first of all made selections of men to take charge of these departments who were generally approved as well adapted to the purpose, and it is the common opinion that the progress in the cure of these conditions has been greater than could have been expected in view of the shortness of the time. In addition to this, Mr. Harding initiated measures to bring the Government as a whole to a more compact and efficient basis as an administrative institution. The most important of these changes in the direction of better business management is the adoption of the Budget system. This was adopted by Congress while Mr. Wilson was in the White House, but he vetoed it because of what he conceived to be a constitutional defect, though he expressed hearty approval of its merit. The measure came back into Congress at the beginning of Mr. Harding's Administration, and with the constitutional defect eliminated was repassed and signed, and is now in operation. For the direction of it the President chose one of the leading bankers of the Middle West, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago. The head of the Budget is, in a sense, the President's right arm. He occupies a position which, in some respects, is superior to that of any Cabinet officer. The Budget system has been described as the most important innovation in the financial work of the Government since the Civil War, with the exception of the Federal Reserve Act.

Of all the new President's responsibilities probably the most difficult was in the field of our foreign relations. It would be difficult to overstate the chaos in which these relations were when Mr. Harding fell heir to them. His predecessor had been a participant in the Paris Peace Conference, and had signed the Treaty of Versailles, together with the other resulting treaties and the League of Nations. Not only had he signed them, but, as to some of them, he had had a predominant part in their making.

The degree of commitment of the United States to these treaties was such as to cause the world, in a sense, to look to America as having almost a preponderant responsibility for carrying them out.

The shock that came to the other nations of the world with the refusal of our Senate to ratify President Wilson's action was such as to add an unfavorable psychological factor to conditions which, at the best, were full of difficulty. The first few months of Mr. Harding's Administration were largely devoted to disentanglement from a half-formed relation. Thereafter separate treaties were negotiated with Germany and other nations, a work which involved minute consideration of the status which had already been brought into existence between these late enemy nations and the other Allies who had been associated with us as signatories to the Versailles treaties and the League of Nations. The new treaties were ratified with a gratifying freedom from tension between the President and the Senate which was auspicious of a more smooth and normal conduct of our foreign affairs.

All these incidents of the Administration's management of our foreign relations were eclipsed, however, by the calling of the Conference on Limitation of Armament. During his campaign for the Presidency, Mr. Harding gave repeated utterance to his intention of doing something of this kind. Soon after his election this purpose was accelerated by a definite movement within the Senate, in the form of an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill to the effect that the three great nations then engaged in making large increases to their naval establishments should come together in a conference with a view to diminished building. This was finally adopted by the Senate and by the House with a vote only a little distant from unanimous.

By this time Mr. Harding's own plans had ripened to a point where he was ready to issue the formal invitations to the other nations. The Conference met on November 12. That was the day following the notable ceremony attending the burial of an unknown soldier; and in the public eye the two events were merged into one, the first being a symbol of our sorrow for the sacrifices made in the late war, and the second a symbol of our hope to minimize the necessity of similar sacrifices in the future.

At the opening session of the Conference the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, was chosen to preside over its deliberations, and he made on that occasion a speech which first astonished the world and then enlisted a support so solemnly prayerful as to take on some of the color of a spiritual phenomenon. The net results of the Conference are embodied in eight treaties, in seven of which the United States is a participant, the eighth being between China and Japan; and the seven are now to be acted upon by the Senate. It would not be opportune here to attempt an analysis of these treaties, or a forecast of the Senate's action upon them, or of their effect upon the affairs of the world; but there can be no question of the fitness of the estimate of the Conference itself which was made at the beginning of it by Mr. Balfour:

I think November 12 will prove to be an anniversary welcomed and thought of in a grateful spirit by those who, in the future, shall look back upon the arduous struggle now being made by the civilized nations of the world not merely to restore pre-war conditions, but to see that war conditions shall never again exist. . . . We look to it as being the basis of one of the greatest reforms in the matter of armaments and preparations for war that has ever been conceived or carried out by the courage and patriotism of statesmen. . . . There is something in this scheme which is above and beyond mere numerical calculation. There is something which goes to the root, which is concerned with the highest international morality. This scheme after all—what does it do? It makes idealism a practical proposition. It takes hold of the dreams which reformers, poets, publicists, even potentates, have from time to time put before mankind as the goal to which human endeavor should aspire. [It is] one of the landmarks in human civilization.

MARK SULLIVAN.

President Harding a great man

THE IRISH FREE STATE

BY P. W. WILSON

In any attempt to analyze the future of Ireland under her own elected institutions, one has to begin with the discouraging fact that at the Birth of the Nation, as David Wark Griffith would call it, the Mother of Parliaments, so proud of her numerous progeny, has in this instance presented a grateful mankind with twins, both of which restive offspring, the legislatures at Dublin and Belfast, insist at the moment on surviving. The hope that there might have been from the outset of her career as a Dominion an Ireland united in her elected institutions, has not been realized. The Free State has started, but Ulster has not applied for admission, and this action she must take, if at all, within one month. Indeed, in the lively annals of Belfast, no more embittered scenes have been recorded than during the last few weeks. The city is still predominantly Unionist. By this, I mean that it still wants all Ireland to be governed from London in the name of the King. It was only when a Parliament in Dublin became inevitable that Ulster, as a guarantee of exclusion, accepted a Parliament of her own. For her to see Sinn Fein in acknowledged power is a most unwelcome medicine, and in Belfast the rioting has been deplorable and continuous. The Irish Free State or its territory has for years boycotted Ulster. This boycott has accentuated a depression, already sufficiently serious in the shipyards and other industries of Belfast. To the wage-earner of an Orange persuasion, it was intolerable (some would add, intolerant) that, as a result of the boycott, he should be out of a job while Catholics continued at work. Industrial jealousy has thus inflamed the perennial religious animus, and in the street-fighting many lives have been lost. Appeals from the Protestant leaders of Belfast fall too often on deaf ears.

The responsible statesmen of Ireland, whether North or South, realize that two factions cannot, like Jacob and Esau, like Cain

and Abel, pursue an internecine quarrel over the birthright which is the common heritage of both. For North and South Ireland, it is equally ruin. Hence, there has been an immediate meeting between Sir James Craig, the Prime Minister of Ulster, and Mr. Arthur Griffith, the head of the Free State. On Mr. Griffith's side, this conference presented no difficulties. Republicans, far more extreme than he is, have wanted and still want to win Ulster. It is Sir James Craig who has, as it were, unbent; and many influences doubtless have moved him. If he proclaims his loyalty to King George, he must recognize the more fully that of all men King George is the most zealous for appeasement in Ireland. If he invokes British Toryism, he finds that all save a few Die Hards are following the King. If he turns to the Unionists in the Free State, he discovers that no men are more convinced than they that their natural allies in Ulster should be included in the country where perforce they themselves, though in so small a minority, must still live their lives. An Ulster absolutely recalcitrant would be, therefore, an Ulster absolutely isolated. In the United States, in Canada, in Australia, Protestants and Catholics manage somehow to live together as citizens. Why should Belfast be the one exception?

To those who wish to unite Ireland, it is an actual advantage that there should be at this early stage a split in Sinn Fein. The fear of the Protestants has always been that they would be outvoted on every occasion by a solid majority of Catholics. The history of the Nationalist Party, including as it does the controversies over Parnell and the feuds among Messrs. Redmond, Dillon, Healy and William O'Brien did not suggest at any time that the majority was solid except for Home Rule and against the Union with Britain, but to the Orangeman, green has no shades. It is green and there was no green, no yellow, in the Union Jack. But even Ulster must now see that the Irish, whether in the Free State or in English-speaking countries across the ocean, are divided into groups, like every other nation. The devoted followers of Mr. De Valera will either abstain from attending the Parliament in Dublin or, if they attend, will sit, speak and vote in opposition. It is a situation which might give to an Ulster Party a determining voice.

The prospect is the more inviting because the issue on which Sinn Fein is sundered is nothing less than the question whether British sovereignty shall or shall not be retained. On this issue, but one answer can come from Belfast, and that answer must be in favor of Arthur Griffith. The harder he is pressed by Mr. De Valera, the more assured is he of a friendlier hearing in Armagh and County Down. In fact, we are confronted by the curious spectacle of Michael Collins, "the murderer," insisting upon fidelity to King George, and the experience of Ireland repeats that of South Africa, where Smuts and Botha, after fighting the British, have had to contend with the sheer separatism of General Herzog. The same man may resist British rule and accept British citizenship. As the empire is decentralized, so does its sovereignty approximate to self-determination.

Hence it is no wonder that, with Mr. De Valera hasting to an All Irish Convention in Paris, Mr. Griffith should prefer to talk business in Ireland with Sir James Craig. The Sinn Fein leaders have moved apart and their movement is symbolic. They have never meant the same thing. To Mr. Griffith, the Republic was a means to any kind of real autonomy. He knew that of late years Ireland had suffered no oppression worth the name. But he also knew that Great Britain was slow in granting autonomy and was preoccupied. Sinn Fein was thus a gesture. As a gesture of impatience, it became too formidable to be ignored. In shaking a fist at England, Sinn Fein, as led by Mr. Griffith, was in reality driving England out of her dependence on Toryism and Belfast. When that end was secured, Mr. Griffith was shrewd enough at once to conclude the bargain. Having concluded it, his quarrel with England ceased.

Mr. De Valera's idea was never this, at any rate since his visit to the United States. Everywhere he saw a world changing from monarchy to republic. To him, the ideal for Ireland was not Canada and Australia where he would have been arrested promptly as a traitor, but Poland or Czechoslovakia. He saw himself as a miniature Washington, a first President, comrade of Masaryk and Paderewski, the Gandhi or the Sun Yat-Sen of the British Isles. Many States, cities and universities in America had so "recognized" him. For months, he lived in the limelight and, in the end,

he was hypnotized by the camera. He came actually to believe that there was in Ireland a Republic. When he returned, he was asked two questions, what money he had collected and whether there was any hope of intervention by the United States. To these questions, the answer was self-evident. The exchequer was depleted, there was no longer an election in America to be influenced, and all chance of intervention, if there ever were a chance, had vanished. He also found that while Ulster was beleaguered, she was in no mood to haul down her flag, while England, however embarrassed, was not less firm on ultimate sovereignty. Mr. De Valera's intellect had been enslaved by formulas. He could yield everything except a comma. Let there be treaties between England and Ireland, let there be free trade, let there be mutual defense, let there be "Cuba", but do not transform President De Valera, chosen by the will of the people, into the Right Hon. Eamonn De Valera, M. P., Prime Minister. Rather than that, let there be war for thirty years and a war involving the world! It has been urged that Mr. De Valera was the stiff and stern Parnell of the twentieth century. Parnell was assuredly stern and stiff but he dealt with facts, not phrases.

All sovereigns are open to flattery and Mr. De Valera, in his turn, was surrounded by a court. A section of the Catholic Clergy, animated with the feelings toward England which arise from Irish birth, saw in an Irish Republic a new Papal State, firmly established within the English-speaking nations, a Holy Land of the ancient faith, rearing and sending forth missionaries everywhere to convince and to subdue an unbelieving world. For a time, it seemed as if the Republic would be a weapon of such clericalism, but the project failed. In the Vatican there are to-day vast stores of ripe experience. The College of Cardinals contains some but not many Irish princes of the Church. Of those high prelates, there were none, wearing the red hat, who endorsed the crusade as above defined. Cardinal Logue, like Cardinal Gibbons, was openly sceptical of the Republic. Quebec quietly resisted the theorem that Ireland alone voices Catholicism in North America, and in London Cardinal Bourne treated the death of Terence MacSwiney as a case of suicide. A religio-political enterprise which was bound to fail in the end, however

enthusiastically pressed, thus broke down by its own inherent hazards. Sinn Fein in New York tried on St. Patrick's Day to remind people, by placard, of Daniel O'Connell's saying that "We take our religion but not our politics from Rome," and a few months later Mr. De Valera was publicly rebuking Pope Benedict XV who had appealed for peace between England and Ireland. It meant that the Republicans could no longer use the Church as their tool and that the Church did not wish thus to make use of the Republic. Both Church and Republic must each stand on its own footing—the first spiritual, and the second political. The Church stood, the Republic fell, and Mr. De Valera learned that there is no gratitude in ecclesiastical vicissitudes.

Among Mr. De Valera's followers have been multitudes of women, recently enfranchised in Ireland as in the United States. In him, they saw a leader, disinterested, educated, and lifted far above the customary and sordid intrigues of Irish agitation, as hitherto conducted. On both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. De Valera appears to have retained in great measure the romantic loyalty of Irish women. In the coming struggle between him and Mr. Griffith, this may prove to be an important fact. As Michael Collins has discovered, the Countess Markievicz has a terrible tongue. Whatever part may be played by Terence MacSwiney's widow, his sister, Miss Mary MacSwiney, is an irreconcilable of the deepest dye. And so is the widow of Mayor Callaghan of Limerick. The women in Sinn Fein have their own clubs and they seem to stand unanimous among the intellectuals against Mr. Griffith. More powerful than any with Mr. De Valera are Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Childers, themselves English and, like so many English, more Irish in the cause of Ireland than the Irish themselves. Mr. Childers, the kinsman of a famous Conservative statesman, brings to bear on the Irish problem all the craft and method of the English bureaucracy. His wife cannot forgive and cannot forget her country. With her husband, she is responsible, not a little, for Mr. De Valera's attitude. Dublin has accepted the Treaty; but has it been accepted in Cork?

Obviously, it is to the interest of all sane persons to help Mr. Griffith and his Cabinet to overcome the dissentient opinion of the Republicans. Great Britain has therefore released some thousands

of political prisoners, guilty of treason under the former conditions. Much to the surprise, it is said, of Michael Collins himself, she has withdrawn her garrisons, including the "Black-and-Tans", who on departure were found to be not such bad fellows in themselves after all. Moreover, the Bank of Ireland, which represents the country's contact with the London money market, has lent Mr. Griffith a million pounds, as it were to go on with. Finally, we have Lord FitzAlan, the Viceroy, coming in a day or two ahead of time to surrender Dublin Castle to the Irish Free State, while the War Office arouses a touch of regret by evacuating the country of those famous Irish Regiments at mention of which even Sinn Fein glows with pride. All the evidences seem to show that the Free State is a little disconcerted by the Britain that so promptly keeps her word.

As a busy man, Mr. Griffith has acted with much ability and discretion. He has got into immediate touch with Sir James Craig, and although Belfast is obdurate, the boycott has been called off on both sides. This means that Catholics are either to be given their jobs or assisted with out-of-work benefit. Also the difficult question what should be done about Fermanagh and Tyrone—those border counties where Catholics and Protestants are distributed by patchwork—has been settled in an hour by a prospective adjustment of boundaries. And more important, perhaps, than all this is the announcement that the two leaders will work out a plan for establishing an authority of some kind for what I may call All-Ireland affairs. This will mean—whatever form the authority takes—the virtual if not actual inclusion of Ulster in the Irish Free State. In the meantime, it is significant that the threatened strike on Irish railways, which would apply impartially to the two areas, has been discussed in the joint conference, where measures have been taken to meet the crisis. In the task of healing old differences, this must be pronounced a good beginning.

Otherwise, it will seem strange to many of us how little difference to the daily life of the average Irish home the creation of the Free State has made or is likely to make. On the letters, as they arrive in the morning, has been affixed as hitherto a stamp with the King's head. So also is it with the change in one's pocket—

the pennies, shillings, half crowns—and with the ten shilling and other notes. On Saturday night, the old age pensioners are drawing their money, as usual, and the farmers know that their redemption under Land Purchase must be paid, precisely as in the past. Trade with Britain goes on, from day to day, like schools, colleges and other vocations. No flag has to be torn down, for England never forces the individual to fly her flag—at any rate, not in Ireland—where the flag need not be seen unless desired. And inside Dublin Castle—what are the alterations? Mr. Griffith's first order has been to tell the judges and the civil servants and everybody so employed to go on in the immediate future exactly as they had been going on in the immediate past; doing what? Well, if one is to judge from certain literature, oppressing, plundering and slaying the Irish people! In a week, one saw the entire structure of the case against so-called British Administration reduced to its more modest proportions. Dublin Castle is commanded to carry on business as usual.

The fact is, of course, that for a generation or more Ireland has been, in all essentials, governing herself. The idea that relays of British bureaucrats proceeded to the country to rob the poor people of their hard won savings, was untrue. The Civil Service in Ireland is in the main Irish. If Mr. Griffith tried to dismiss the civil servants it would be from Ireland, not England, that he would hear. Also, the entire local government of Ireland—the cities, towns, and counties—has long been elected by the Irish themselves, and the establishment of a Free State will here make no difference except a return to what President Harding calls normalcy.

Probably there will be, under the new *régime*, a stricter Parliamentary control of the officials. Before the War, one Chief Secretary had to answer in the House of Commons for forty departments. In the Free State, these departments will be grouped under half a dozen appropriate Ministers and there will be no cabling to London. This is a direct gain in economic administration. On the other hand, Civil Service regulations in the United Kingdom have been wholesome and thoroughly applied and much will depend on maintaining them in Ireland against the alternative practice of political nomination. The financial adjustment must

take time. Probably we shall see curiously little change in the established British plan of collecting and disbursing revenue. The most interesting struggles may well be over the schools. To what extent will there be an outlay on education and what will be the attitude assumed towards education by the Churches?

With the structure of an organized community thus firmly founded, it can scarcely be supposed possible that Mr. De Valera will be able again to plunge Ireland into civil war. After all, it is now evident that Britain has been much misjudged. There is little, save the name Free State, that Ireland has now obtained, which was not put into her hands seven years ago. She is not independent. She has not gained Ulster in advance of Home Rule. She might just as well have accepted at Buckingham Palace in 1914 what she came to accept in 1921 at Downing Street. No power essential to happiness has been given to Mr. Griffith that would not have been also Mr. Redmond's. As in the case of women's suffrage in Britain, the violence has only delayed what, without violence, had been won. In effect, the "Black-and-Tans" were conquering Ireland for her own liberation.

In order to understand Mr. De Valera's opportunity, we must define what is meant at this moment by the Free State. The Dail Eireann consists of members elected not to an Irish Parliament but to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. This body has refused the oath of allegiance as administered in London. It elected Mr. De Valera President. It has now deposed him and elected Mr. Griffith. He has therefore the right to govern Ireland for one year, practically as dictator, and even if he lost his majority in the Dail Eireann, he could still continue in power. But within the year he must institute a new election for the first Irish Parliament. Unless he carried the Free State, he would then have to resign and presumably Mr. De Valera would come into office. If Mr. De Valera were then consistent with his present attitude, he would again refuse the oath, declare the Parliament to be the Dail Eireann of the Republic, resume the Presidency, and demand recognition for Ireland as an independent sovereign Power. On the other hand, if Mr. De Valera is beaten at the polls, he and his party will have to decide whether the oath of allegiance, so accepted by the Irish people, is still unacceptable to them. In

France, for instance, royalists swear fealty to the Republic, and in Germany, for many years, republicans swore fealty to the Kaiser.

Ireland will never be other than a delightful and a dramatic country. She cannot expect, however, that she will be, in the future, as prominent as in the past. Grievances are among nations the most assured of all advertisements. Remove the grievances and you lower the footlights. Arthur Griffith is now the John Redmond of the drama and, like Mr. Redmond, he has been both to Downing Street and to prison. Probably he will surprise people most by his caution. And at the moment it is perhaps significant that among the tasks which he has to face is the application of "law and order" to the districts around Cork and the suppression of dissentient "Republicans" who are terrorizing the majority of the people, because of their loyalty to the Free State. That indeed is a situation which invites the Hibernian pen of George Bernard Shaw!

P. W. Wilson.

OUR MILITARY POLICY IN ECLIPSE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

PUBLIC opinion in America, whether the result of propaganda or deliberate individual judgment, is so decidedly against compulsory military training that it seems a waste of time just now to advocate it. Whatever state of preparedness the nation may fix upon as its goal must be achieved along lines of less resistance or not at all. The nation acquiesced in the selective draft as the only fair and righteous way to raise armies in war, but the thought of preparing a nation in arms in peace is simply intolerable in the minds of the people, heartily sick of war and its train of consequences.

The nation has never been prepared for any of the wars to which it has been committed, and it is quite certain that the legislation placed upon the statute books since the close of the World War gives no assurance of entering the next conflict under conditions materially different from past experiences, so far as the nation at large is concerned. For more than a hundred years Presidents have periodically invited the attention of Congress to the fact that unless a system for organizing and equipping our military forces shall be adopted in time of peace, the legitimate consequences may and probably will be initial defeat, humiliation, and higher cost of preparation, after war has been declared.

After every war, there is a tendency to place reliance upon the trained veterans of the past to safeguard the future. It is not presumed that those who live under the flag and profit by so doing will continue to pin their faith to any such system, for it tends to excuse the large number of young men reaching the military age annually. At the time when practically every member of Congress was a veteran of the Civil War, the subject of a military policy was under consideration by a committee of the House of Representatives and after hearing all the prominent Generals then living, a conclusion was reached, that:

Our army is viewed as a nucleus wherein is to be acquired and preserved military knowledge, and from which should radiate the elements of instruction and discipline, thus to form in time of war a complete force endowed with talent to direct it as a whole, and provided with agencies capable of grasping the responsibility, organization and distribution of numerous supplies necessary to the conduct of successful military operations.

Notwithstanding this policy Congress reduced the military establishment to so low a state as seriously to jeopardize the success of operations against Indians, which continued for a quarter of a century after the close of the Civil War, and nothing was ever done to provide the agencies essential to carrying out the policy recommended by the committee. Under the present somnolent condition of public opinion the nation will soon drift back to that state unless something unforeseen occurs.

Patriotism is a state of mind, whether considered as that aroused spirit which induces men to offer their services in defense of their country, or that other emotion excited by numerous so-called drives to make people buy Liberty Bonds of the Government at par when they are selling for less on the market.

America has never had any policy demanding readiness for war beyond insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine, and a presumed determination to have fair play in her association with other nations. There is no such thing as military policy separate and distinct from the civil policy of a nation. The maintenance of large armies and navies on a war footing demands an expenditure, to be met by taxation, which is appalling and seemingly contradictory to the civilization of the present age. Some recent utterances of the President on this subject suggest the wisdom of facing the facts of history, and meeting the contingencies arising therefrom in a manner befitting our normal good sense:

I believe with all my heart we are coming to a time when we are going to diminish the burdens of armament. I think there will be less of armies and less of navies. I wish it with all my heart, but there never can come a time when there is not a requisite agency for the maintenance of law and authority and for national defense. It is perfectly futile to think there may never be conflict when you stop to consider that in 2,000 years of Christian civilization and 4,000 more of pagan civilization concerning which we are informed, we have only lately come to a real civilized state of armed warfare, and that

doesn't apply quite to all of the nations of the world. There should never be a conflict between civilized nations, and there never will be if there are men in authority who will insist upon a full understanding first. The Administration seeks for America fullness of understanding with the peoples of the world, and if we have that, there will never come a time when we will be drawn into a conflict that all Americans cannot answer with a fullness of the heart and the depth of the soul.

This is the doctrine of peace with honor and fair dealing, and may properly be the corner stone of a new and serious military policy, akin to that pronounced by the Military Committee of Congress after the Civil War, but with insistent provisions that the young men of the nation should never be jeopardized again in modern battle without proper training. The lessons of the past are the only safeguards for the future so long as humanity remains the same. It is childish not to recognize that the most pacific policy on the part of the nation will not preserve it from being engaged in war at uncertain intervals.

There should be a common ground of unselfishness which would admit of removing irritating questions from the intercourse of nations by frank and full discussion. When patriotism rises above party politics and personal advantage, earnest men may get together and find a solution which will simplify and perfect a military policy in harmony with the true interests of America. Broadminded and practical men realize, however, that dreams of perfection in government are utopian. The play for partisan advantage is the rule always in evidence, and nearly all progressive laws for the betterment of government are but compromises, in which wise and patriotic legislators are compelled to make terms to the end that great public good may not be wholly sacrificed.

A recent illustration of this tendency to give and take occurs in the National Defense Act of 1916. War had been raging in Europe for two years. Nothing had been done by the Administration to prepare the nation for its own defense in case it should be drawn into the maelstrom. The patriotic chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, foreseeing the probable course of events and rising above party politics, undertook the preparation of a comprehensive law for the betterment of the military establishment, including the National Guard, military schools

and colleges, and training camps for citizens who volunteer to qualify for service. After months of hearings a bill was prepared which undertook to provide for a better and broader system of preparation for National Defense. During nearly all this period the Chairman received little or no encouragement from his political associates. In the meantime a widespread propaganda brought to the attention of the public that preparedness to defend the nation's interests was going by default, unless the Congress could be aroused. When it began to appear that a bill would be seriously considered there descended upon the Chairman a group of party associates of no mean influence, who laid before him a scheme for a nitrate and fertilizer plant, the estimated cost of which was $20,000,000. The section was added to the bill and gained for it the support of all those interested in that particular feature. It seemed then a big price to pay, but those who were urging the enactment of the bill realized that the amount would seem a trifle if war came, and it would be saved many times over in the increased readiness of the first line under other provisions of the bill.

The lack of definite party accountability, in the absence from Congress of a responsible Ministry, leads many legislators and public officials to acquiesce in courses of action from which they would shrink in private affairs. When the political effect of any proposed action is a matter of doubt, the safe way for the holder of an elective office is to do nothing. There is not much responsibility in negative action, for one of the first lessons learned by the professional politician is to fix the blame for things not done on his opponents, and to secure the credit for all popular measures to his own party.

Economizing pretentiously in hopes of offsetting in some degree the riotous waste incident to our methods of making war, we are now quite as far away from an effective military policy, considering our recent experience, as we have always been in the past. At no time in our history has it been so easy to obtain applause in Congress, as in the recent past, by making a speech in criticism of the army in general, and the General Staff in particular. It cannot be expected that Congressmen will ever have the time to inform themselves on all proposed legislation re-

garding the national defense, but there ought to come a time when they may debate such questions without the prejudice arising from failure to secure the discharge of a constituent, or release of a military prisoner.

The late distinguished Speaker of the House, the Honorable Champ Clark, undertook to sound public opinion on the subject of our military establishment, after war broke out in Europe, and to that end interviewed people of every type and description encountered on his Chautauqua tours. He believed it the duty of Congressmen to discover just what the people were thinking about and to transmute their wishes into law. As a result he made the first and most inglorious failure of his long and useful public life, by descending to the floor and urging the passage of a bill prepared by the unfriendly and hostile chairman of the Military Committee, which utterly failed to meet the conditions existing in 1916.

When it is recognized that only a small number of educated men have information enough to discuss great public questions, the necessity for representative leadership becomes apparent. There comes a time when constituencies need informed leadership, because they cannot have the detailed knowledge of public policy essential if they are to dictate the course of their representatives. No questions should be so free from local direction or dictation as those concerning diplomacy and defense. The Constitution places upon Congress the duty of declaring war and raising armies, and they should exercise it as representatives in the interest of the whole nation, and not attempt to trim their sails to meet local conditions.

The past is water gone over the wheel, but in considering our military policy there is a long trail of continued effort to overcome inertia and indifference, which may be studied with profit if we would emerge into real light. The late General Emory Upton, after exceptional investigation and study, reached the wise conclusion that if we are to continue a military system based upon voluntary service, we must place dependence upon a body of National or Federal volunteers, localized in Congressional Districts. Long continued efforts to bring about the organization of such a military force were defeated by the National Guard

Association, because they feared it would interfere with the development of their own organizations. They ignored the prime factor that a body of volunteers organized in each district would result in a uniform distribution of force in proportion to population, and relieve the willing States from carrying the burden of those which do not provide properly for their State forces.

It was argued in Congress that a body of Federal volunteers in each district would constitute a military organization within each State not subject to a call of the Governor in an emergency, and that it would tend to reduce enlistments in the National Guard. It is certain that in any great war in the future we will again institute the draft, and it would greatly simplify matters to apply the draft in such manner as to assign men to their home organizations to start with. There is no reason why such Federal troops, to be called out by the General Government only in war, should not be made subject to the call of the Governors of States, for State purposes, and do away entirely with the National Guard. This would relieve the States of making appropriations for their National Guard organizations, and those who now devote their time and talents to the State forces would eventually accept similar service in the new units. All appropriations for defense would then fall where they belong, on the General Government.

Experience in the World War tends to show the impossibility of maintaining an army of Regular, National Guard, and National Army units, with replacements from a common source of drafted men, without jealousies and heartburnings detrimental in the highest degree to good service. This was all foreseen and commented upon during and after the passage of the National Defense Act of 1916, which, as amended in 1920, establishes the military system of the United States. Insistence in that Act, on separate and special representation of the National Guard in all War Department activities, shows an established and deep-seated distrust of association with Regulars, except on terms to be prescribed by the National Guard.

All the elements of the army in France know from experience that none holds the palm of courage, that all were supreme and

none superior, yet no American army of the past has been so victimized by distrust and grievances. So long as we continue the existing system history will repeat itself, and if we are engaged in a defensive war on American soil, politics will enter and destroy the efficiency of the army. Nothing saved it in France but the ocean and the censorship. The nation does not yet appreciate the tremendous qualities of the victories gained in France, and the failures that would have come had not General Pershing been given a free hand to make and remake his army as the panorama of the whole Western front unfolded to his unprejudiced vision.

The nation to-day has a wonderful reservoir of talented men experienced in modern war. Knowing that, Congress has not hesitated to cut and slash the army without regard to the system recently provided by its own acts, for dividing the country into military areas, wherein are to be developed all the elements of defense, provided volunteers may be secured for the purpose. The new system was a great stride on the road of progress. The rate at which officers are being trained for staff duty, and high command gives much assurance for the future, but all is blurred by the necessity for placing organizations on the inactive list, and undertaking a system of very uncertain tenure and one sure to undergo further modification in the near future. It smacks much of the former efforts to have manœuvers in the small Regular Army by posing decimated companies to represent battalions, and markers as brigades and divisions. With the strength reduced to the present numbers, the inactive organizations will eventually disappear, and the number of officers will be made to harmonize with what Congress may deem the size of possible war clouds. As in all our national life the Regular Army will carry on, making its sacrifices, yet rallying its elements around the only nucleus available to keep alive a knowledge of the art of war and the application of all the sciences to the murderous business of making war dangerous for one's enemies. Pacifist propaganda will again play its discouraging part and our military policy will remain in eclipse.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

THE TER MEULEN CREDIT PLAN

BY W. F. GEPHART

The need for devising a Ter Meulen or other similar extraordinary method of mobilizing credit cannot be understood unless one appreciates in what manner the credit structure of nations and international trading was affected by the World War. This disorganization of national and international credit appears to the ordinary person in its superficial aspects as depreciated exchange rates and inflated price levels in the various countries. The rate of exchange is simply the relationship existing between the basic value of the monetary units of two trading countries and is chiefly an effect and not a cause of the depressed industrial situation in a country.

Depreciated exchanges result primarily from currency and trade conditions. Whenever a nation begins to issue an unduly large amount of paper money for credit purposes, doubt is created in the minds not only of its own people but of international traders as to its ability to redeem this currency in gold, the standard unit of international values. As a result of such a policy, the circulating value of the currency becomes less than its face value in gold, both in the domestic and the foreign market, although there may be considerable discrepancy between its domestic and its foreign value. Likewise, if a nation imports a much greater volume of goods than it exports there is a deficiency of bills of exchange for sale in the country and a surplus of buyers of these bills. This forces up the rates, and thus, as in the case of any similar condition of mal-adjustment between supply and demand, the price of the article advances. In this case it happens to be the price of exchange, but the same condition would prevail in the case of an actual physical commodity or goods.

Under normal conditions, when there is a mal-adjustment between the demands for and the supply of bills, much can be done through an artificial method of creating bills by financial

institutions making arrangements with each other by which bankers' bills or other methods of settling international balances originate. Difficulty in the exchange rate, however, is not a new thing. In earlier times the South American and Central American countries as well as some of the Oriental nations experienced the same kind of difficulty which is now occurring in the European countries. It is only because of the importance of the international trading nations concerned and the extreme depression of the exchange of these nations that the problem seems unusual.

At the present time, the exchanges of Switzerland and Holland are near their old parities, but in practically all the other European nations their exchanges are below normal, and in some cases very much so. However, the difficulty with respect to international trading is not only, or perhaps primarily, in the fact that the exchanges are depreciated, but rather that these exchanges fluctuate so much over brief periods. These fluctuations in the rate of exchanges introduce a disturbing element in international trade: that is, this condition introduces uncertainty and risk because the rate of exchange is a part of the price or cost of the goods. A prospective purchaser, making a contract for the importation of goods, cannot know very definitely what his final cost will be with the rate of exchanges fluctuating violently over short periods.

The rate of exchange is the financial thermometer which registers for a nation the state of its industrial and business health. This general condition of the exchanges is but a part of the injurious effects of the war. The working of the complicated machinery of industry, commerce, and credit was interrupted by the war. Saved funds and current accumulations of free capital were used up in meeting the expenditures of the war. Little was provided for what, in normal industrial times, is called a replacement and repair fund for the industrial machine.

However necessary from a national point of view these expenditures were, the fact remains that they were largely uneconomical expenditures. Just as continued cropping of a field impoverishes the soil and luxuriant vegetation or ample crops will not again be produced until the soil is fertilized, so these European nations were using up in war expenditures the past and

present current savings of their people. Or, just as the owner of a machine, who continually uses it and neither keeps it in repair nor sets aside a fund for the purchase of a new machine, finds himself, at the close of the lifetime of the machine, poorer, so these nations found themselves at the close of the World War.

Europe needs credit and chiefly of a long period character, and because of the unusual condition of these nations, special measures, though always undesirable, are necessary to provide her with this credit.

The Ter Meulen scheme of International Credits was proposed by Mr. Ter Meulen, a prominent international financier of Amsterdam. It was presented at the Brussels Financial Congress in September, 1920, and immediately attracted the attention of international bankers and students of finance. This Financial Congress was held under the general auspices of the League of Nations and this body appointed a provisional committee which was to have charge of organizing the Ter Meulen Plan of International Credits. This committee later selected Sir Drummond Drummond-Fraser as the organizer.

It is expected that the complete organization will consist, first, of a permanent international committee of bankers and business men which will have general charge of the operation of the plan. This general international committee will have under its direct supervision the organizer and his staff, as well as a committee in each of the nations which participate in the plan. The operation of the plan would be thus only indirectly connected with the League of Nations: this body acting, as it were, as a sponsor for the application of the initial idea and providing, perhaps, at least in a suggestive manner, for the appointment of the permanent international committee which it is expected will take the place of the provisional committee.

The essence of the plan is a combination of government and private security. There is to be provided a special form of government credit which will reinforce private credit. The Governments of the countries which desire to aid their importers, or which will in unusual cases desire to purchase directly products for themselves, will issue bonds. These bonds will be loaned to their nationals: that is to those of their industrial citizens who

desire to import necessary products. These bonds are issued only in the amounts justified by the gold value of the underlying securities, which would consist either of pledged government securities, such as custom duties, or, in the case of private citizens, such collateral as they would have to present.

These bonds in order to be made more attractive are to be issued in whatever currency the lender may require: that is in dollars, pounds, francs, etc. The gold value of the underlying securities, whether of the State or of the citizens, is to be determined by this international committee of experts, aided by a local or national committee which is appointed by and operated under this international committee and is made up of bankers and business men. The League of Nations, as an organization, is thus not necessarily involved in the operation of the plan except in so far as this body originated the machinery, and, in a remote case, in the event of defalcation in the redemption of the bonds, and only then in case the guaranteed fund is not adequate to take care of the defaulted sum. These bonds are to be based on revenue-producing assets and it is assumed that the supervision of their issue under this international commission will command universal confidence inasmuch as the international and national commissions will have as their object the protection of the interests of the creditor.

The assumptions underlying the plan are: first, that both long and short term credits are necessary for the impoverished nations to which the plan is intended chiefly to apply. Second, that even these impoverished nations have unpledged revenue-producing assets to which a gold value can be assigned and which will thereby reinforce private credit. Third, that this impartial international committee will act as a trustee and thus increase the collateral value of such securities.

An importer in one of these impoverished nations, desiring to purchase necessary and essential goods in a foreign nation, would arrange the details of the terms with the proposed exporter very much as he formerly did: that is, the time, the payment, the price, and conditions of payment would be decided between the two parties to the transaction. The proposed importer would then apply to his Government for a loan of Ter Meulen bonds,

stating the assets, if any, which he had to pledge. If the Government had already pledged some of its assets, as for example, certain custom receipts, and had secured Ter Meulen bonds through the local and international commission, then the Government would simply arrange the loan of the bonds to the importer on such terms as it pleased, satisfying, however, the local and international commission that the transaction was a desirable one.

If, however, the importer, as would be more usually the case, should wish to pledge certain assets, the local and international commission would assign a gold value to them and the bonds would then be issued. It should be understood that not only the importer and the exporter arrange specific terms in much the same manner that they formerly did, but that the importer and his own Government must arrange the details connected with the transaction. The international and national commission is interested primarily in two things. First, to see that the import is a desirable one; and second, to evaluate in gold the collateral or assets which are to be offered as security. This is to guarantee the important character of the import as well as to assure the creditor that the value of the bonds is amply protected by direct or indirect assets.

If the importer meets all the terms of the loan, that is, if he makes payments as agreed upon, the exporter at the close of the transaction returns the bonds to the importer, who in turn transmits them to his Government either for cancellation or for reissue to some other importer. If there is a default in payment, the exporter may hold the bonds as an investment, since there is no necessary relation between the amount and terms of the bonds and the amount and terms of the sales. The bonds may have a date of maturity and an interest rate quite different from the terms of the sale. If the exporter or creditor does not hold the bonds, he may sell them and pay himself out of the proceeds. If he holds the bonds, he cashes the coupons as they become due.

There are many other details of an administrative character which have not been completely decided.

Except in the case of Austria, no nation has yet applied for the right to issue Ter Meulen bonds. There are many difficulties connected with the organization of the plan. In our own country,

for example, it would be difficult to understand how this Ter Meulen plan could function unless we had the banking corporations proposed by Senator Edge, to which the ordinary commercial bank could take these securities and realize upon them.

Up to the present time the various other unusual methods for financing foreign trade have not accomplished much. One of the most far-reaching and best-organized plans is that of the British Export Credit Board, which was initiated in September, 1919. Under this plan the Board of Trade of England was authorized to grant credit to British exporters in connection with the export of goods wholly or partly produced in the United Kingdom, to certain specified impoverished nations. The total sum first authorized was twenty-six million pounds, which was to be available up to September, 1925.

Results, however, were disappointing. It was claimed that the security required by the Board of Trade was too stringent and the British exporters wanted guarantees against losses rather than credit. In view of these experiences a revision in the plan was made whereby the British Government was authorized to guarantee exporters up to a maximum of eighty-five per cent of the invoice value of the goods, but to have recourse against the exporter for one-half of any loss finally incurred by the Government after taking into account the sum actually repaid by the importer plus the value of the security, if any, which he had put up.

In addition to the guarantee to exporters, the modified plan also permitted the Government to guarantee banks up to seventy per cent of the loss incurred. Yet in spite of the increased elasticity and the extension of the plan to the British Empire, this plan of granting credit and guaranteeing against loss has not achieved very large results. The statistics show that only £3,300,000 of advances and guarantees have been sanctioned under the above plans, and that two-thirds of this amount has been made for two nations, Roumania and Czechoslovakia.

The present stagnation in international trade is due primarily to a lack of purchasing power on the part of many people more than a lack of credit facilities. Many a manufacturer could secure raw materials if there was any assurance that the finished

product could be sold. The consumption demand of many thousands of people in Europe has been reduced even for those commodities usually classed as necessities. They will actually buy less clothing and food than in the pre-war period. The lowering of the standard of living of many Europeans will thus affect international trade with them for some years.

The chief distinction between such plans as those of the British Export Credit scheme and the Ter Meulen plan is that the latter is designed to create purchasing power in the importing countries, while the British plan was primarily intended to aid their own exporters in selling their goods. A serious question may arise as to whether in many of these impoverished and disturbed countries government credit can add anything to private credit, and indeed whether in many cases private credit is not better than government credit.

It also may be a problem so to devise administrative machinery for the Ter Meulen Plan of International Credits that it may operate with sufficient expedition to meet the commercial demands of such transactions. Some private traders and manufacturers are getting limited credits which are handled by the ordinary private business and financial organizations. This, however, is credit of a short term character, and the most necessary need for the permanent rehabilitation of these nations is long term credit which Governments ordinarily can supply in a way that private individuals cannot.

The organization of world or international banks will not greatly aid Europe except in so far as such banks become agencies for securing funds for long time investment. Europe, like many newly organized corporations, needs someone to buy her stocks, not her bonds; that is, investors who have such faith in her economic, political, and social future that like all good stockholders they will not be as much interested in the immediate as in the final returns. The problem of Europe is not fundamentally one of securing from outside sources commercial banking credit, but primarily one of first adjusting her basic political, social, and economic relationships within her own borders before any kind of purely external aid can be of real value to her.

W. F. Gephart.

LOST STARS

BY STARK YOUNG

In Michelangelo's chapel one March day I was looking at the Pensieroso and thinking what a terrible intensity of living and of spiritual passion was there expressed beneath the poise and sophistication of that figure, what a brooding mystery of shadow was on those eyelids against the delicate finish and distinction of that face. I noted the suave elegance of the surface, and how the slight affectation was here spiritualized by the inner violence and force of the artist.

In the midst of these thoughts I turned suddenly and became aware of a lady sitting in the middle of the room. She was dressed in gray with a cherry color here and there on it; her eyes and her hair gave the impression of a dark violet; and there was a beautiful clear melancholy about her face. I knew at once that she was English—by the expression; by the figure, which was slimmer than that of the Continental women; and by the bit of ruching which she wore at her throat and which was just enough to rout the French perfection of her gown and leave it persistently her own rather than the dressmaker's. She sat there in one of those low Savonarola chairs, looking up quietly at the statue of the Medici with his elegant, intense body and the shadow over his eyes. Behind her chair a man stood, a ruddy, athletic Englishman in tweeds, very smart and very carelessly correct all over, a retired army man I should have said from a first glance at him. His manner, when there was any, toward the lady had the air of protecting her—that was about all. He looked less at the Medici than she did and more around and up and down the chapel. Presently I left the two of them there like that and forgot them.

The first week of April I went down to Assisi for the coming of spring.

Assisi is one of those hill towns in Italy built all of stone. It sits there on the top of the hill, brown and pale rose and ivory-

color. The stone houses come down sharp against the stone of the street; and the whole of the town is dry and ancient and quiet; though so small and wayward as it climbs about, and so gentle with the memories of St. Francis, that no one could be afraid of it. But down below these high walls and thick gates the soft, green country runs away to the valley below; olive-trees, vineyards; green and gray lands pointed with black cypresses; serene as an idyll, and through that Umbrian air as mild as images in water.

On my very first day I recognized at luncheon, sitting there at a corner table half way on to the balcony, the man and woman I had seen in Florence together. And at a table not far away was another English woman, smaller and more animated, but unmistakably English. A stocky, dark man was with her.

Afterwards I used to see the beautiful English woman and her companion in the garden together or with the two others standing on the terrace, or met them walking along the roads; but we never spoke. The other pair I did come to know before long, and we used to sit from time to time on the terrace and talk, over coffee or peaches and wine. What the relation of these two was, whether they were married or not, I could never make out. But what I did notice was that after a while the man got to sitting more and more in his room alone; and I came to have longer talks with the lady. And she, I noticed, had got into the way of drinking a little too much, and so, when she talked, to opening her heart more freely than she might have done.

One lazy afternoon she came out on the terrace where I was lounging with a new edition of Morselli's *Glauco* on my knees; and popping herself down opposite me she ordered Vermouth and began to chatter.

Did I know Mrs. Abercrombie? Nor Major Neville? Not yet. Fancy that! Didn't I think her very handsome? I did, very handsome, especially her fine carriage, a movement more like an Italian woman than any lady from the British Isles, if she would pardon my saying so; for English women as a rule do not walk well.

"*Mais non alors par exemple*," she replied to that, "but not at all, I haven't been knocking over the world for nothing. Say what you like." She leaned over, "But do you really know who

she is? My dear friend, that's the Mrs. Abercrombie that the English newspapers have been talking about, whose suit for divorce has just been granted; she got it. She's one of the most famous people in England, I rather fancy. Have you read it all, columns and columns?"

"I'm afraid I have not. There are so many divorces," I answered.

"But hers is a different story. Poor dear, I think she is very plucky, I do. Shall I tell you? It's one of those cases where you'd swear fate had a grudge against a mortal. Only, look at her, when you are that beautiful—well—capacity attracts, as the Indians say."

"But I should not say she looked happy, do you think?"

"No, perhaps not. Something about the eyes. About that restless moving around—no, perhaps not. But I must tell you. My dear, what a story! When she was eighteen she fell violently in love with an Oxford man, I don't remember his name, but it was a good one, not of the nobility exactly but connected on all sides with the nobility. Her parents objected but she would marry him; and why not? She loved him: ah, *cette extase ancienne! Mon cher*, do you like French poetry? But soon after the marriage she found that he drank; drank very hard, and harder and harder after a while. She found herself left at home night after night: he meant well enough but he was weak. His parents, to make matters worse for her, were very strict; they had brought him up in a house where wine was not allowed anywhere, not even in the servants' hall. All his father could do was to storm and threaten to cut him off, and his mother prayed and told May, that's Mrs. Abercrombie, to use her influence more strongly to reclaim her husband. A case of, '*Parle-lui tous les jours des vertus de son père, et quelquefois aussi parle-lui de sa mère*,' if you like that stuffy Racine and his *Andromaque*. Perhaps May liked to enjoy herself a little, who knows, and why shouldn't she? She was so young and had married before she had had any social experience at all. *Combien je regrette*—Béranger? Am I drawing it out? Well at any rate it got so bad that she saw that the only thing to do was to separate him from his London associations. She went to Australia with him, where the family had investments. At first it

was better, perhaps the new life helped. At any rate she roughed it and in spite of her homesickness stuck it out for two years. But by that time he was drinking again, and she simply got up and brought him back to England—for you can see yourself, my dear, what was the use? In London they went to live with his parents, thinking that might be better. His mother told May that she ought to stay in in the evenings and amuse her husband and keep him out of harm's way. Night after night May stayed there. But her husband fell in with his old friends and started drinking again. And since his family thought it improper for her to go out alone or with other men, May just sat there with these two dreadful old people. Finally one night the idea came into her head to run away. She walked out of the house and went to the Cecil near by. There she ordered a fire in her room, cigarettes and a bottle of champagne; and proposed to spend a happy evening once again, free. About ten o'clock the door opened and her husband's mother and father came in; and she sitting there with the champagne and cigarettes before the fire. Imagine! *Madrigal triste!* She had registered under her own name and they had had no trouble in finding her. They persuaded her to go home with them, said that she might get a divorce or anything, but let's not have a scandal. But she could not bear that life again and after a month went away quietly to an apartment of her own and started proceedings for a separation. Perhaps she had a rather gay life then, I don't know. At any rate, my dear, just then Henry Abercrombie came back from Canada and looked her up; he had heard she was in trouble. Doesn't it sound like a novelette? Wait till you hear this. At the same time her husband had a fall from his horse, fox-hunting, and was killed. So she and Henry after less than a year were married. They took an apartment together with an old friend of Henry's who had just married also. Life seemed happier than it had ever been and two or three years passed like that, Henry a devoted husband. But his health was not good and they decided to come to the Riviera for the winter, that was last year, you know. And then when they were stopping at Arles on the way down, what should the poor thing do but break her leg. That laid her up. So they wrote to the friend in London with whom they had been living to come and

join them at Arles; it was very dreary you see waiting there. And just before the friend came, as luck would have it, May found a note from Henry, a violent love letter. She taxed her friend with it, who confessed, and the truth came out that Henry and this woman had been in love with each other for months. They had struggled against it but found themselves swept along. All that time he was deceiving her, May had thought Henry the most faithful lover imaginable. Well, she left him there and came on down to Florence. And there she found Ted Neville, who had written her already that he had retired from the army and come home from India, and would like to see her and her husband, for he had no family of his own and all that money. So there you are, and what do you think of that?"

"She has got her divorce, you said?" I asked. "Then will they marry?"

"I don't think she will. She's had enough of it. Would you blame her? And nobody knows what relation they have between them, whether they are like sister and brother or what. I'm sure I don't. Perhaps Ted's loved her from childhood. An Englishman can be like that, you know, faithful as long as life lasts. But that ought to seem easy. A race that can be faithful to boiled potatoes and boiled green-stuff every day for half a century ought to be able to remain faithful to a human being, don't you think?" She laughed gaily and took another glass of Vermouth. "I don't believe May loves him. I'm sure she doesn't, poor thing; she's got nothing to do all day but read novels, and she's taking too much wine, I think. Do you notice it?"

I said I noticed Mrs. Abercrombie had more of a kind of flush around the eyes than she had had when I saw her in Florence, if that meant anything. That was it, my friend said, and what else was there to do out here in the hills? She went on:

"But May's good enough, she's just full of life and the devil, that's all. What do you think?"

I said there must be something in Mrs. Abercrombie that gave an opening for some of the bad fortune.

"Oh, I daresay," Mrs. Vivian replied to that, and waved her fingers as if to ask what that had to do with it.

"But what will become of her? Will she do anything for herself?"

"Now who knows that, my dear?" Mrs. Vivian answered. "My dear! Ted would marry her whether he loved her or not, he's such a good fellow, poor dear. But he loves her: she's so pathetic even if she doesn't whine and howl, and the pathetic is irresistible, you know that. *Que m'importe que tu sois sage? Sois belle! et sois triste!* But Italy is full of people like this. And what would you have? It's something to have the courage to carry things through and not stop *jusqu'au dernier point exclusivement*, as I read once in Rabelais —" she rattled on, and I could see that she was seeing herself now in the light of smart French comedy—life following art again rather than art, life—and she seemed very weak and scatter-brained and hopeless, and yet tenacious, with her little brown face and busy eyes. Beyond a certain point life could not hit her.

I sat there long after twilight had closed, thinking how many people there were indeed like this in Italy. They float about unquestioned and have no part in the life around them. They are fleeing from something, most of them; from scandal at home, from family ties, or money troubles; but mostly from themselves. Many of them had possibilities in them once, these people like Mrs. Abercrombie and this Ted Neville of hers and Mrs. Vivian; and they have made a mess of it. They just missed being something; but how much they are failures I would not say until I knew how far most of us can be called a success. They have wanted overmuch of life, perhaps, more than their fortunes or their natures granted them. The ordinary human creature is willing to take the humdrum of the ordinary life; and neither asks nor cares very long for much besides. These people are at least better than that; they refuse to accept the humdrum and the drab; they have something in them that will not have it, and that drives through to some reality, however fateful or disastrous it may be. But where they come short is that they will not or cannot take the humdrum and give it reality, fill it out, endure the surface for a warmer content that they can put into it. They have not the patience, perhaps, for living.

People like these have enthusiasm, feeling, courage, brilliance sometimes, and charm and kindliness; qualities that would seem to go to making up life and art as tube-colors to making up a

picture. But their lives are never able to find a center; their courage and enthusiasm and kindliness and so on remain only colors degenerating into poorer values, the reckless or maudlin or sentimental; their passionate endowment turns into mere exhaustion or luxury or animality; and their charm fades for lack of that spiritual translucence which alone can make it outlast youth. Only those who have the character to keep their own reality regardless of events and places, can endure such violent wrenching from the common soil and from some kind of social system that might serve to prop them up.

Nearly all of them love beauty of some sort; and because they love beauty they are pitiful, even though they have not the strength to desire it or pursue it as far as greater souls can do. And who minds them after all; and why need we resent their vagaries and their moods, their little self-defense of arrogances, their loose and uncertain ways of life? They are only like gifted children that do not grow up; they have souls that are a little more than the common but will never mature. They carry their idleness about Italy, living sometimes in luxury and sometimes very hard; and they take their fill of beauty feverishly out of personal relationships when they have any, and lazily out of Italy herself, her light, her gardens and seas, and those towns of hers, Ravenna, Perugia, Cortona and the rest, that are like as many poems in their quality and difference. "The orphans of the heart must turn to thee," Byron, the greatest of them all, wrote in Italy once; Italy feeds them and gives their loose and pitiful natures something that holds them to her, roaming here and there as they do, never really at home, like poor, vague stars wandering toward the rim of heaven.

On the first of May I was leaving for Florence again. Night had fallen when I sent my luggage ahead and set off down the winding hillside road to the station below. Along the way the olive orchards covered the slopes; a blue air was under the misty trees and on the ground there was a faint, hovering light. I remember thinking as I walked along that there was a kind of mystical necessity, like the urgency of dreams, for a figure moving among these shadowy trees, in this misty light and quiet land. And then suddenly at a turn of the road I saw someone coming down the slope: a white shape whose progress seemed to be

ineffably recorded by the dark trunks that it passed, and whose dim whiteness seemed to gather round it the whiteness of the air. It came closer and was the figure of a woman, walking alone; she was moving quietly, with one hand held slightly out.

Presently I saw sitting on the low wall that marked the farm off from the road, a man, and recognized the Englishman. I stopped short, for I hated to intrude. And then while I stood there wondering if there might be some path that I might take, one of the little short-cuts through the fields, I heard him call to her; and then her low, warm voice:

"What is it, Ted?"

"Nothing. I thought you might like it here, you know." He made a short gesture with his stick in the direction of the hills.

"Yes," I heard her say then, "look at the light there. And the valley. How quiet it is! Give me a cigarette, old dear."

He lighted her cigarette for her and they sat there a moment before he spoke:

"I must say it's rather jolly here, you know."

STARK YOUNG.

"EATS"

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

It is astonishing how lightly we take the serious things of life. We eat our three meals a day regularly, and any number of nondescript meals between, and it never occurs to us to stop to consider their influence not only upon our daily life but upon the fate of humanity. And yet, what we are is the result of the way we have eaten, just as surely as what we shall be depends on the way we eat now.

The art of cooking humanized the brute. Civilization began in the kitchen. Nothing less than the desire for food in new varieties would have lured arboreal man from his tree. He may have been a primitive saurian, or a primitive ape, when he first climbed up it, but climbing down again made a primitive man of him. If he showed his first glimmer of intelligence by hunting below the tree for variety, he was prompt beyond belief in learning to vary still further what he found. You can take Brillat-Savarin's word for it, though he was not an ethnologist,—only a genius,—that man kindled his first fire to dry and to roast and that, without fire, he would never have got anywhere at all. To possess himself of a permanent oven he built a house to live in, and next, to protect house and oven, he gathered together with his fellow men in villages. The necessity eating was to him, he fancied it must be to the spirits and ghosts who protected or persecuted him and, to propitiate them, he offered them choice samples from his larder and his cellar, the offering inspiring him to ceremonial, to poetry and song, to all the arts. As his methods and taste improved, he discovered a fresh inconvenience in chance catering and marketing and, close to his village, he sowed corn or its equivalent; he planted vineyards and orchards; he raised poultry; he domesticated sheep and cattle and swine. His search now was not so much for new varieties of food as for new methods of preparing it, new sensations in devouring it. From a flinger of raw

meat on the embers, or the burier of it in a hole with hot stones, he developed into an artist, a master of technique. The chance he had given up in his cooking and catering, disappeared from his serving. Dinner became a ceremonial. No public or private joy or sorrow was without its feast and the feasting, abroad and at home, was a new inspiration to art and literature. Dionysus and Demeter disputed with Apollo and Aphrodite for the sculptor's favor and the poet's. The philosophy of Socrates soared to its loftiest heights when he dined with his friends. The shepherds of Theocritus sang their sweetest when their great goddess stood by the wine-press, smiling, with sheaves and poppies in her hand. The odes of Horace would lose their charm had Rome gone dry and Federal Agents emptied his Falernian in the gutter.

When the blight of asceticism fell upon Europe, and dried dates were exalted above the art of the cook, man was plunged into a darkness out of which he might never have emerged if little cloistered communities had not served God by saving what they could from the general wreck. With the dawning of the new light the art of cookery was reborn gloriously and, one after the other, all the arts came into their own again. We turn up our superior noses at the recipes of Cælius Apicius, of such nastiness that learned commentators dismiss them as "garbage," but, nevertheless, he did for the art of cookery what Cimabue and Giotto did for the art of painting. He was the link between the old that had all but perished and the new that was to be, though the new did not come to perfection until, in the seventeenth century, Varenne published his *Cuisinier François*, a less delectable prize for the collector than his *Patissier François*, but "the starting point of modern cookery." It taught the virtue of order, of simplicity and harmony, in the composition and serving of every dish. Though there were lapses, as there must always be if an art is to evade the failure of perfection, the tendency after Varenne was to improve quality and decrease quantity, not to see how much could be devoured at a sitting and what good time could be made, or how the diner could stuff himself into immobility, but rather how much pleasure could be got from the savor of a sauce or the perfection of a roast; how an art could be made of dining as well as of cooking.

So far America shares the history of cooking with the rest of the world. We did not shake the traditions of Europe from off our feet when we sailed away in the Mayflower, and no Promised Land was ever readier than our New World to overflow with corn and oil and wine, nor had prohibition in those old happy days as yet laid its ban upon one item of our Biblical plenty. But at once we set about squandering our blessings wholesale and, not content with this, we are now getting rid of the quality of what remains with the same cheerful indifference. We prostitute our meat, our poultry, our game, our fish, our eggs, our vegetables, our anything and everything that is fresh and fair and flawless, to the monster of cold storage. We have looked upon the fruits of our land, tasted them, known them to be good, and then stored them away until their flavor is frozen out of them, and the cook must exercise his ingenuity to disguise their tastelessness. If the earlier cooks we scorn were lavish with asafœtida, reckless in joining savories to sweets, sugar to spice, it was to disguise not the too little but the too much flavor in meat or game, fish or fowl. Our refrigerator, which saves us from this danger, used in moderation, could have led us to heights unscaled by Varenne. But commerce swooped down upon it, seeing an opening for still another middleman, a chance for keeping back cheap meat until a season of soaring prices, for putting away plentiful crops until a year of lean harvests; and everybody is happy, even the people who now eat without either profit or pleasure. Nourishment has gone; what is worse, taste has gone; and eating has become a mere mechanical stowing away of fuel to keep the machine working. We eat, we know not what. Beef, mutton, pork, veal are as one; vegetables vary only in name. So accustomed have we become to the universal tastelessness that we disdain the fruit that grows at our door to clutch at the fruit from far States: fruit as delicate as strawberries and peaches, whose savor and delicacy are chilled out of them on the journey. We pay big prices in fashionable restaurants, more moderate prices at popular lunch counters, but wherever we go, whatever we pay, it is always cold storage we eat.

Escape is possible for people who live at home, and a few take advantage of the possibility. The outlook would indeed be hopeless were there no exceptions. The American dinner in its per-

fection is not to be excelled. But too often the perfection is not allowed to speak for itself, and a dinner, like a painting, is not perfect until the endeavor to make it so disappears. The American overemphasizes everything, from the sitting down at table to the getting up. The old groaning board, under which diners paid their tribute, has ceased to be correct; but under his lavish display of china and glass and silver and flowers and lights his new board groans as obviously. He observes order in the succession of the courses, as fashion decrees; but that harmony and simplicity in each may not be mistaken for parsimony or poverty, he provides a second plate upon which an accumulation of bread, rolls, toast, butter, nuts, celery, proves what he could do if convention allowed. When it comes to the roast, he can restrain himself no longer but deposits a "generous portion" on the same plate with an unbelievable collection of sauces, gravies, stuffings, jellies, vegetables. He will even in season set asparagus swimming in the appalling mess—asparagus that is dishonored by the addition of anything more substantial than Hollandaise. For salad, he pours vinegar and oil over a medley of fruits that are ruined in the process; or if lettuce or romaine be preferred, he puts everything he ought not into the dressing, dumps cheese and marmalade into the unholy mixture, and then eats with it hot savory biscuits as further witnesses to the inexhaustible resources of his larder. As if this were not enough, the ice cream is drowned in sauce, each irreproachable in itself, both coarsened in combination, and further overpowered by cake as rich as money can buy. Everything is overdone, until the beauty of what should be a beautiful dinner is destroyed by the excess of superfluous and flamboyant ornament.

In less pleasant places the display is made in less pleasant ways. Plenty that shrieks at you is the restaurant's lure—who does not know those amazing windows filled up with enough cakes oozing cream to make you hope you may never see a cake again, or enough fruit to kill an army; or a heterogeneous assortment of delicacies to stagger the stoutest appetite? Some restaurants still barricade your dinner plate with a disconcerting array of little bird's bathtubs full of vegetables; others have exchanged them for that more modern horror, the Platter Dinner. The crowded Main and Side Dishes of earlier *menus* were bad enough in all

conscience; but at least their deplorable variety was distributed: only by the diner's choice was it all deposited upon his plate. The Platter Dinner leaves him no choice. On one vast surface the jumble is made ready for him, an offense to the eye and, more serious, to the palate. To eat so many things together is to taste nothing. Most serious of all, the jumble must be eaten at top speed or else it grows stone cold, reduced to a loathsome swamp of grease before the platter can be cleared.

Hurry to us as a nation is, of course, no grievance, for our pride is in what we think our hustling. The American business man would neglect a duty if he did not bolt a Quick Lunch, and, having accepted this Quick Lunch as our ideal, everything is arranged to quicken our already quick pace. Some *cafés* dispense with tables and set plates and cups and tumblers on the widened arm of a chair, an irresistible invitation to those who sit down to get promptly up again. Others retain the tables but crowd them too close to induce people, who do not enjoy being jostled like pigs at a trough, to stay longer than they can help. The Automat does better still, since, after you put your money in the slot, the sandwich or salad, the coffee or chocolate, that comes out may be swallowed as you stand—not one fraction of a second lost in a hunt for a seat. But it is the Cafeteria that does best. There, when at last you begin your lunch or dinner, you must be double quick in order to catch up the time you spent waiting in a long line as if you were at a railway ticket office; calculating how many knives, forks and spoons will see you through, not forgetting the paper napkin; pouncing upon odd morsels from huge tubs of food; balancing a heavy tray as your accumulations increase, as you recklessly dive into your pocket for money at the desk, as you scuffle for a table or a chair. And if you venture to slacken your pace while you gobble down soup, meat, salad, with the ice cream melting before your eyes, more weary tray-balancers at your back, scowling reproach, would cure you of your slowness. And yet, in one I tried for economy's sake—and paid for by my extravagance in the reaction—I have seen parsons, professors, army and navy officers, civil servants, museum directors, at the dinner hour, feeding, not dining, by this degrading method. I have seen children emerge triumphantly from the line with two portions of

ice cream and two of pie, exulting in their emancipation from the solids. I have heard of another where fashion gathers for lunch. Now, what can children brought up in this way, what can people willing to put up with the degradation, know of the art of dining or even of ordinary decency at table? As a result of our indifference, our own manners are going and our aliens are shedding the little courtesies they practised in their native lands. Our health is going. We have become as a nation puffy-faced, sallow, fat, through our eating the wrong thing, in the wrong way, at the wrong hour. The man who first wrote "Eats" above his restaurant door, spoke the truth better than he knew, in one word pointing out to us the depths to which we have sunk.

The idea of dinner as something to be rushed through and escaped from, has become national. In the most perfectly equipped restaurant you must hold on tight to your plate or the waiter will be off with it before you have eaten a mouthful. In the most perfectly appointed private house you might fancy a reward promised to the swiftest maid or butler. Dinner, rightly understood, is a ceremony, the great event of the day, a work of art to linger over, to delight in. Man has evolved no higher form of pleasure, none that is such an eloquent incentive to the art of conversation. When people do not devour their food as if a taxi was ticking away a fortune at their door, but talk as they dine, they talk their best. Could Socrates, in a cafeteria or over a platter, have spoken those words of wisdom that the modern uplifter, who never dines, so sadly misinterprets? Or could either platter or cafeteria have opened the willing mouth of our own Autocrat, even at the Breakfast Table? For dinner, wits once prepared their most brilliant flashes, gossips reserved their most joyous scandals, statesmen unbent to their most discreet indiscretions. In England, the Prime Minister still makes the Lord Mayor's banquet in November, the Royal Academy dinner in May, occasions for his most important statements to the public. In England the youth of the country still ask: "Is there anything better in the world than sitting at a table and eating good food and drinking great drink and discussing everything under the sun with wise and brilliant people?" We do not take time to know that food is good and drink is great—to talk ourselves or to listen to

others talk. We waste our golden chance with the same unconcern with which we have squandered the richness of our fields, our woods, and our waters. Talk, however brilliant, bores us to extinction. In restaurants we dance between the courses to make the dinner hour seem shorter; we cannot swallow our afternoon tea without two-stepping or toddling. At the public banquet, we must have movies to stare at or jazz—not music—to deafen us; anything to save us from talk. In private houses we gallop through the *chef's* masterpieces to get the sooner to the concert, the opera, the bridge table—always, everywhere, some reason for hurry, some excuse not to say anything ourselves or to let anybody else say it for us. We tear at express speed through our "Eats" and exalt ourselves as a model for all the world.

A few years ago the hope was that wine would show us the evil of our ways and reform them. For long we understood the art of drinking still less than the art of eating. No doubt the reason was the difficulty and expense of providing ourselves with wine before we had vineyards of our own. Certainly, we had no objection to wine. Philadelphia cellars, and perhaps cellars in other towns, are not yet emptied of the Madeira with which our forefathers filled them. Nor had we any objection to stronger waters. But when I was young the house was the exception where the Madeira was brought up every day from the cellar, while the stronger waters were gulped down at the club or the saloon by the men of the family on their way home to virtuous ice water. To drink at dinner was not usual, and this was why men drank harder in their clubs. In the saloon a man was not allowed, as in the civilized *café*, to stay as long as he chose for one little glass; he had to go unless he paid for a second. Custom made of Americans gluttons, not artists, in their drinking.

Wine is as essential as bread to a good dinner. The wise man would no more drink too much wine than eat too much bread, no more take odd drinks throughout the day than stuff himself between meals. But without wine dinner is not dinner for those who know what dining is. It is hard to say what it degenerates into when the substitute is coffee with milk, or milk by itself. Without wine, the public banquet becomes a funeral feast. How colorless the dreary lines of White Rock, and how the ice in the

glasses chills all thought of cheer! Is there a man—or woman—with any sense of things who would not find it as hard as Mr. Balfour to drink a health in water or lemon pop? Who will say that the old-fashioned bar was less good for us than the ice-cream-soda and French-pastry counter which fashionable hotels now advertise? It took centuries to perfect the wines of Europe, to study the special quality of each so as to know which should go with this course or that—centuries to produce even a *vin ordinaire* which the fastidious would not feel himself disgraced by drinking. We always could have the wines of Europe, that is, when we could pay for them; Europe's knowledge we inherited without charge; and gradually our own vineyards were supplying us with as good and sound wines at reasonable prices as the Frenchman or the Italian reserves for everyday use. Moreover, drunkenness was no longer considered good form. Fashion had begun to expect "gentlemen", whatever their nationality, to finish their dinner at, not under, the table. Everything promised for the best in the best of all lands. And then came—Prohibition.

Prohibition and Cold Storage between them have dulled and dimmed the color of life for the American. If the art of cookery and the art of dining made us what we are, what are we going to be when success crowns our present efforts to rid ourselves of both? Henry Adams may have been right, we may already have gone over the top of civilization, may now be starting on the downward slope. But where is the hand outstretched to warn us, to bid us halt in our mad career, in our hustling back, step by step, to climb again our primitive tree, to gorge again on the raw nuts of our primitive "Eats"?

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

eat drink and be merry tomorrow we may not have it. dog eat dog the top dog wins. eat or be eaten is the first law of life.

CHARLES DUFRESNY

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

Charles Dufresny is worth reading because his *Amusements Sérieux et Comiques* are at once a kind of afterglow of the *Caractères* of La Bruyère and also a precursor of the no less famous *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu. That is not to claim that Dufresny is to be considered as an equal with these two masters of French prose, but it is to claim for him a more generous praise than is usually allowed an author who, without any exaggeration, may be described as "practically forgotten". But a book which suggested to contemporaries, and still suggests, more than one comparison with the *Caractères*, which later critics (among them Voltaire) have pointed out as a source of the *Lettres Persanes*, is not wholly negligible. If there are moments when the *Amusements* too obviously betray the indolence of their author, there are other moments when they are brisk, genial and acute; and always this prose has the ease, the perspicuity, the "elegance" of the late seventeenth century—qualities which were a kind of common heritage to most of the French authors of the time, but are now recaptured by only an Anatole France.

Charles Dufresny was born in 1648 and lived until 1724, his long life covering nearly all the reign of Louis XIV., and extending into the Regency. His origin, says M. Vic, "*remonte à un amusement du bon roi Henri,*" who discovered a certain "*belle jardinière*" very much to his taste. Some time later she presented his Most Christian Majesty with a son. This son when he grew up was made "*garçon de la chambre du Roi*"—a rather appropriate title—and was the grandfather of our author. Charles Dufresny was born then to all kinds of privileges, among them being a striking resemblance to his royal ancestor, and a happy, facile temperament, which, above all things, disposed its owner to the love of "amusement".

"*Tout est amusement dans la vie,*" he says, "*la vertu seule*

mérite d'être appelée occupation"; and Dufresny amused himself all through his long life with infinite precautions against the "occupation" of virtue. Even in his childhood he was fortunate enough to "amuse" his cousin, Louis XIV., for whom he had a real affection and who always helped Dufresny until the end of his reign. According to M. Jean Vic, this jester of the *Grand Monarque* could write extremely witty songs for which he wrote the music; he "*savait découper des personages*" (which may mean either silhouettes or cardboard marionettes), and "*les disposer en tableautins comiques*"; and, finally, he designed English gardens "before the English themselves had thought of it"—which was, indeed, clever of him. Moreover, M. Vic continues, Dufresny held it necessary to amuse himself as well as the King. He spent so much money on "costly and original fantasies" that even Louis declared himself powerless to enrich Dufresny; he kept open table and patronized the fine arts, and "he inherited from his great-grandfather a taste for numerous experiments in love". When the King sobered down Dufresny felt impelled to imitate him. He married and was unhappy; the death of his wife in 1688 was, it appears, a happy release for both; these events left their mark in his writings. When the court became more gloomy and severe under Mme. de Maintenon, the "King's Amuser" sold his office of "*huissier de la chambre du Roi*", and went to live in Paris, where to be free from constraint he rented two or three sets of chambers. He gambled furiously and in one of the *tripots* he came across Regnard, with whom he began to write comedies. In five years he had produced or had "a main finger in" no fewer than twelve plays. Unfortunately for Dufresny, the Italian comedians about this time were prohibited from acting, so that the poor man lost both his amusement and his living. By this time his expensive tastes, his amusements, and, above all, his gambling had made him well "acquainted with strange bed-fellows", but as long as the old King lived Dufresny obtained from him both money and protection from creditors. He had a pension of 1,200 *livres* from 1700 onwards, and some years later he was made editor of the *Mercure Galant*. His famous book *Amusements* was first printed as early as 1699, inspired, we are told, by the brilliant conversation he carried on in the coffee-

houses. The end of his life was saddened by the death of his friend and protector Louis XIV., by increasing material difficulties, and probably by that extreme *ennui* and emptiness which old age presents to those who have lived purely for themselves. He died in 1724, having tasted the luxuries of repentance, and, unfortunately, having burned his manuscripts, among them a second part of the *Amusements*.

The first edition (1699) of the *Amusements* is now rare. Pirated editions were issued almost immediately at Amsterdam and Lyons. Dufresny reprinted the book in 1706 and again in 1707 with additions. His plays have several times been reprinted, two as recently as 1920. The only modern book on Dufresny is a thesis by a German named Jomann, which M. Vic says is "*court et sans valeur*"; and an article in *The Review of Modern Languages* appeared in 1911, but "*la documentation est défectueuse*". The information we have derived from M. Vic's preface is therefore more authentic, since he has given great pains and time to collecting accurate biographical material.

The likeness of Dufresny's *Amusements* (and their inferiority) to the *Caractères* will strike the most superficial reader. Under a general heading a number of "thoughts" or observations are gathered together which a less scrupulous author could easily pad into long-winded discourses. Writers like La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, La Bruyère will always attract readers who are weary of mere words, because they have thrown off all the mere ornaments of writing and present only thoughts, stripped and muscular. These collections of maxims, of general ideas derived from long experience and observation of men, justify their popularity, but they must be truly excellent to obtain our admiration. There is no room for mediocrity in this *genre*—which perhaps gives a clue to the neglect of Dufresny. His one improvement on La Bruyère is the invention of a "*Siamois*", who is supposed to visit Paris and to draw curious deductions from the life he observes. This device permitted Dufresny considerable play of thought and satire, gave him opportunities for sly allusions and pretty enigmas, and generally allowed him to introduce at least an appearance of novelty into a kind of book which could hardly please without it, and in which it was extremely difficult to attain.

Even La Bruyère feels he has to apologize for repeating his predecessors. But in La Bruyère and Montesquieu, still more in Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, so many *pensées* are personal and original that the echoes are of small moment—and after all, good sense is always good sense. We can hardly say this for Dufresny; the air of elegant frivolity which he gives his book is small atonement for the essential mediocrity of his mind; if he produces thoughts which strike the reader as just and sensible or just and amusing, there are none which have that quality of universal wisdom and profundity to be found in Pascal and La Rochefoucauld. Dufresny may boast that these two writers were his masters; his better claim to our interest is the device of the Siamese, which may have suggested to Montesquieu the machinery of his *Lettres*, for which the *Amusements* certainly provided more than one hint.

In company with his Siamese (whom Dufresny picks up or drops without a moment's notice as the humor takes him), we are taken on a "tour of the world", to the Court, to the City, to the Palais, among the lawyers and the stalls, to the Opera, to the promenades, among the doctors and the professors; we hear of marriage and gambling, of the *bourgeois* and the public—neither of which are terms of reproach as they are to-day. Sketches of real characters are interspersed with general reflections, and the descriptions of these different scenes of Old Paris are very seldom particular; the idea of "local color" had not yet been born, and the old vigorous picturesque style was, of course, "Gothic" and "barbarous". It would be absurd to look in these *Amusements* for a French equivalent to a racy satire like the *Gull's Horn Book* or a set of sharply particularized portraits of eminent men such as we find in Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia.* The tone of Dufresny is more like the tone of Steele—witty, but always within the rules, always moral and sensible.

Dufresny's virtues are the virtues of his periods, his faults are his own. Still, he was not without some sharpness. Here is an agreeable variation on his favorite theme: —"*Les uns s'amusent par l'ambition, les autres par l'intérêt, les autres par l'amour; les hommes du commun par les plaisirs, les grands hommes par la gloire, et moi je m'amuse à considérer que tout cela n'est qu'amusement.*

"*Encore une fois tout est amusement dans la vie; la vie même n'est qu'un amusement, en attendant la mort.*" In spite of his eternal "amusement" Dufresny had stripped himself of numerous illusions. The Court, he tells us, is a most amusing place. It has good air; its avenues are smiling and agreeable to walk in, and they all tend to the same point: "*Et ce point, c'est la fortune.*" Follow several pungent little passages exposing the covetousness of the "*noblesse de cour*", where "the great" sacrifice their life and their peace of mind either from duty or ambition, while for the "*subalternes, ramper et demander, c'est tout leur menège*". The Parisians are equally incapable of attention and of patience, they have no time either to see or to hear, they will work twenty-four hours to *assaisonner* the pleasure of a moment, their passions are keen but they enjoy the comforts of indolence—*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Dufresny has few illusions about the law, and none about lawyers and litigants; the inhabitants of the Opéra are "*des peuples un peu bizarres; ils ne parlent qu'en chantant, ne marchent qu'en dansant, et font souvent l'un et l'autre lorsqu'ils en ont le moins d'envie.*" He lets off a prodigious amount of steam on the topic of women, "*des oiseaux amusants . . . volages d'inclination, faibles de tempérament, et fortes en ramage,*" but after a few pages he pulls himself up with this reflection:— " . . . *c'est une chose étrange, qu'on ne puisse parler des femmes avec une juste modération; on en dit toujours trop ou trop peu: on ne parle pas assez des femmes vertueuses, et l'on parle trop de celles qui ne le sont pas.*" In this airy fashion, we are piloted about rather like country cousins in charge of an amiable cynic, who can do nothing but chatter and whose chatter includes for our benefit all the jokes he has evolved in the last year. It is brilliant, facile, good-mannered, and above all amusing, and fitted with quick strokes of character—from the "sot" who is so vain that the wits break their shafts uselessly on this "wall of brass" to the truly modest women who "*ne lève les yeux que pour voir si les autres femmes sont aussi modestes qu'elle.*"

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

CONSCRIPT MORALITY

BY GEORGE THOMAS SMART

I

This morning's post brings me an avalanche of letters, and very few of them seem aware that there is such a thing as happiness anywhere in the world. Here and there a missive comes from the warm centre of things, but most of them are mandatory, laying upon me "a great moral responsibility", as they call it, if I fail to respond in money or loyalty to the causes they represent. Apparently my unknown friends suspect my moral leanness, and they fall upon me with a remorseless insistence that sometimes wearies me into an unmoral acquiescence. They assume that I cannot safely be left to myself, and that an obstinate individuality prevents me from getting at my own moral good; and so I am classified with those whose native tendency towards the Fall needs the fortifying prevention of sheets of inked paper.

It is amusing to watch the astonished look on the faces of these hot moralists, who would make over the universe of duty while we wait, when, following up the attack in person, they discover the indifference, or perhaps the repugnance, of the man they approach. For the moment, they flutter in the void, having no language for the situation,—since they are debarred by hypothesis from profanity,—and at last they sheer off, finding comfort, no doubt, in thinking of ancient parallels when other prophets and leaders were rejected in an untoward time.

II

I have received lately a good deal of what is called "literature" from the "efficiency experts". I do not know who told them of my failures, and sought in this furtive way to help me escape from

muddle-headedness; but someone must have done so, for they press upon me the conviction that I am not at all a standardized man. The rigorous teachers who seized my youth did the best they could with it. They brought to bear upon it the classic examples and traditions, and also the classical punishments, watering it with tears,—mine, not theirs,—and life has been continuing the process since.

And yet I do not fit into the efficient scheme. I find no inspiration in card-catalogues. Time reactions I have, of course, and I am never more responsive to its flight than when listening to expositions of effectiveness; but when I become unduly aware of them they are fetters and not pinions. And as for averages, I heartily detest them.

My work would look rather badly if set down on a work-sheet, for instead of figures representing concrete realities in the world of tangible goods, it would run something like this: To one hour verifying a forgotten—*forgotten*, mind you, shades of efficiency!—quotation. To half an hour talking with a neighbor from whom I did not learn a single fact. To another half hour watching a child trundle a little car and marking the expression of wonder upon his face. To two hours writing these inconsequential sheets. And five minutes writing a business letter.

This would be my morning's work. And in the afternoon the report would be still worse, for two hours would go into hearing certain philosophers talking "about it and about", another in wandering through a picture-gallery, and one more drifting along the streets looking at the shops and the fair faces, and if the latter proved to be numerous, I, with Leigh Hunt, should have had a good day.

You see how inconclusive all this is! It does not bake bread. The strident efficient world comes with its formulas of energy and accomplishment, and I have been standing in the market-place idle all the day. The efficiency expert looks coldly upon me and asks, as a policeman asks a vagrant: "Have you any visible means of subsistence?" and I feebly reply that I have not, for my main dealing is with the invisible. And he curtly orders me to "move on".

A few of my friends are in the same case. They work for un-

born cities, or else their goods are a little out of date. They whisper—for they hardly dare to speak openly—such names as Plato and Lucretius, and now and again they mumble something about "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome". But they cannot mend the electric bell when that efficient instrument refuses to work. They cannot repair a shoe which might bring them appreciably nearer to the efficient goals. They have no complete "views" on the reorganization of society. They cannot even keep their own books; for somehow there are always bills to be paid, and no money to pay them with. And they keenly feel their position, which is set forth by their effective mentors with the clearness of Judgment Day, so that a few of them are willing to say their *Nunc Dimittis*—though not for the orthodox reasons.

But I am more hardened than my friends and rather glory in my shame. For I believe that life is more than a living: it is its own sweet and wonderful self, always full of mystery, of truths that text-books hide away, of powers that go beyond man's strength, of beautiful things that he cannot master but is driven ever and again to attempt. And an entrance into these things can only be attained by open minds, and the fitting that the study of man's past dreams will give—dreams spiced with heroism, reflection, and the outbreaks of desire that we call art. For these dreams have laid hold on reality—refined it, made us love instead of fear it, and so made us masters of its tragic substance.

This is why the pushing forward of a mechanical efficiency by the doctors of reality is oppressive to me, for it makes too important the less noble aspects of the natural order. The natural order exists, as I well know, and we must wrestle with it; but we need interludes of the diviner sort of play, and more than ever do we need the uncategorized souls that antedated the more compact moralities of to-day.

III

There is another kind of letter I receive, which has to do with the world of opinion.

In the first place this world is multifarious, and so varied that I am continually kept aware of contemporary life by the method

of shock, as I am assailed first by one side and then another, in the controversies of the day. Everything seems to be in the melting-pot which I am asked to stir, and intoxicating fumes arise from it that either make me think myself an "authority", or else cause me to fall in! I am supposed to have opinions on the government of the nation by politicians, on society by the uplifters, on domestic science by the food experts, on woman's place in the national life by the feminists, on drama, on hygiene, on child-education, in short, on the rights of all minorities except my own.

I am supposed as a free individual, with a modicum of education, or at least the power of reading, to deliver myself on these grave matters and to put into the common fund of intellectual and moral life my own formulas about them. This, however, is only a supposition, for the letters usually contain a reply-postcard which is so framed, or so informed with a particular party spirit, that I can reply only in a prearranged way. My opinion is assumed to coincide with that of the benevolent secretary who sent me the missive; if it does not, it is rather difficult to reply at all, for a diffident man does not wish to embroil himself in controversy more than he can help with formidable personages bristling with statistics.

These friends of mine have a perfectly articulated set of convictions about the subject in hand. They do not really mean that I should utter my own: they mean that I shall accept theirs while I seem to proffer my own. They offer a correspondence course in morality made easy, or in opinions to order while you wait. All you have to do is to affix a one-cent stamp and sign your name, and the Society for Regulating City Traffic, or the other Society for Procuring the Matriculation of Needy Persons into places which they cannot keep, will do the rest.

These opinionated friends doubtless think that I have no backbone, and that my virtue is but fugitive and cloistered. I do not know many things, I admit; I am on the fence a good part of my time, and I expect that I shall have to stay there, because I have little time to dig deep enough to get at the truth of many matters, and less than good honest search would invalidate my conclusions. And so I am blowing neither hot nor cold—simply not

blowing at all; I leave this to my zealous friends to do, and one must admit they do it well—on many questions of the day.

The truth is, I do not wish my mind to become a forum where the public can become too familiarly at home. Instead, I am a decidedly private person who sits uneasily when some "loud, strong, tedious talker" asks me to lend him my ears. I may have to awake from my undogmatic slumber sometime; but I put off the evil day as long as I can, for when it comes I shall have to learn "the art of going deep" to get my foundations. And my present tasks are no midsummer holiday.

After all, convictions are so important, and so wearing to the holder, or to others who come within his circuit, that they should only be accepted when inescapable. Many things are offered to me as convictions that are not worth the agony of soul demanded by a conviction, and the later battles which must be waged to get it realized. And then, often enough, if numerous, convictions get in each other's way, and the owner has a moral riot on his hands. I am trying, therefore, to have as few convictions as I can, but those I have I take rather hard, and they are possibly honest, certainly my own.

IV

Besides schemes of efficiency, and sets of dogmatic convictions, I find some of my zealous friends are trying to get me to enroll myself in a specially prepared kind of society in whose bosom I may realize myself to the full. They kindly plan a systematic order where I shall have a chance to blossom inwardly, because all the outer manifestations of my desires have been arranged for me weeks, months, and even years ahead.

I have a few rare holidays, but these friends have preëmpted them, and when I would go into the desert to rest awhile, they have planned for my presence in the midst of a social mêlée that they call a "Community Day", or a celebration which aims at some fixed result, and so has to be treated as business. If I would meet my fellow man on grounds of humanity, and probe a little deeper into his infinite secrecy, I am pulled out of my individual corner to be the fifth member of a committee, to get ac-

quainted with some other man who is perfectly indifferent to me, as I to him, when I meet him panoplied in such mechanical armor. And if I try to get away from the perfect community these friends would furnish me, they call me selfish, individual, a highbrow, a Brahmin, and a dozen other pleasant and gentlemanly things.

I do not want this perfect society! It would confuse me, since on the showing of my correspondents I am so imperfect myself. I do not care for these lugubrious gaieties: I have been to many of them, and I know what it is to eat baked meats while I sit by the side of prospective speakers, who, as Don Quixote remarks of mediæval knights, "indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts." Too often have I tried to talk with some solemn bacchanal at a feast, who was as human as a directory; or I have been approached in conversation by a fierce zealot who roasted one side of my moral nature while the other side was frozen. Remembering these festivals of the spirit, I have, with Matthew Arnold, more than a faint dislike of the dominant note.

This community of limited interests leaves me unmoved, because there is no call upon me for the powers that I have, and no proffer of the things I enjoy. I love adventures with individual men, and would go alone, afoot, ready for chance travelers on the way. Instead of the one man, or two at the most, that I need, I am offered a whole population and my social digestion balks at the provender. For there is something in me of the fastidiousness of the Elizabethan traveler who liked only three kinds of meat: Jews, Turks, and Infidels.

My social saviors carefully point out to me that it is wrong to realize my social self in my own way: it is the others I should consider; but if I cannot get my social self realized in the way that somehow makes it richer, mellower and more human, how am I to bring those "others" anything but a pale replica of social programmes and statistical goods? And then, what are those "others" doing for a still third term of society, or for me? I need saving too, as my benevolent friends will swiftly admit; but I need saving by a different system, preferably by pure and native humanity. And I set it down as one of my few convictions, that pure

and native humanity is one of the hardest things to come at in the world inhabited by my sociological friends, or to attain after such courses of social education as we are offered to-day.

The ideal community I am looking for is vastly different from the one proposed by my benevolent correspondents. I sometimes wonder if they have ever been in the ideal society, or really know it when they see it. Their manner certainly is not "a reconciler of the first accostings of society and familiarity", which Montaigne thought indispensable.

To me it means a free play of persons one upon the other, and above all it means a discovery of delight. My benevolent friends always leave delight out. Their society is too dreadfully earnest, too portentously solemn, a sort of moral prison with all the latest improvements to which they have sentenced themselves from a sense of duty—or is it a doctrinaire intention of being consistently logical that is the motive of it? The society I look for is jeweled, free, open to the unexpected, and to make sure of the perfect condiment, Eve is there with a splendid and insatiable curiosity, so that there can be no limit to the subjects considered or the arts displayed.

But my correspondents are all masculine, as is the society they offer, and sombrely clothed. And they all make speeches. To call women "talkers" is a base slander: see how man has devastated silence! I am surprised that my benevolent friends, the builders of the new society, never invite Helen when they hold their celebrations to measure the height of the walls, for she is a good listener, and she has her place with other lovely contemporaries in the society I look for, since she can dismiss by personal magic the confused reticence that often possesses masculine bosoms, which prevents the recital of heroic deeds, or the lyric flights of imagination.

This, however, may be a mark of supererogation; though it adds to the delight of my imagined community by ministering to the forgetfulness of the framework of things for a moment, as the lark's song makes us forget the foot-pounds of energy that he uses to rise so high. The society I long for really steals the formalist's weapons and realizes more than his goods, but never, never, in the relations set down per programme. And when the

noble community asks me to come into its delectable quarters, I go humbly and gladly, and I come away with the determination to make it prevail.

V

Something of the same rebellion stirs within me when I am invaded by the philanthropic moralists who are quite sure of my duty, and their own, which is to awaken the sense of mine. I often wonder whether their moral tasks ever get done, for they are so frequently away from their own ethical home, knocking at my doors and probing my moral unworthiness with dull and painful instruments.

It would be easy to follow the path they mark out for me, if I could honestly think it would lead to the millennium as quickly as they think it would; for most minds welcome a sedative methodology which automatically resolves all the hard cases for it. If I could only give a certain per cent of my income to some charitable administrator, and thenceforth be absolved from the daily demands that move my heart and disturb me so that I cannot eat or work or sleep! If I could make one prime renunciation and then live in the Endless Quiet!

But somehow I feel that my proper task is more vague, more disturbing; for I am never to be let off sentinel duty in this world; and nothing that is human is to be foreign to me. So I cannot accept the arranged philanthropy offered to me, or abolish my peccant humors by submerging them in one particular activity. I may take a part of what is offered, but to give my heart entirely to the amelioration of street-cleaners, or the elevation of black people in the Mountains of the Moon, I cannot indeed!

The truth is that the moral equipment does not fit; it is cut to the average measure, and like suits given out by the Quartermaster's Department, it needs much alteration to avoid making the wearer look like a moral scarecrow. And it hinders by its unfitness the very action I could otherwise properly take to do something in philanthropy for myself.

For the essence of morality is that it shall be voluntary and choose its own allegiances, and not accept those already espoused by a man's ancestry, or his contemporaries, unless there is a clear

sight of the moral imperative which grows out of real relations felt by the giver and the recipient. To give to a society is perhaps a necessary part of the machinery of life to-day, but unless one can discern hearts as the beneficiaries and get into some relations with them, the gift is shorn of the perfect grace. And to receive gifts from a society and never come into worshipful relations with the giver is equally hazardous for needy humanity. A new philanthropy, even when rational and human, needs to prove its case against those known to every honest man's heart. Benevolence exacted at the point of the pistol, or that overpowers by the organization of its machinery, is not the highest; but that which falls upon a man's conscience with the force of a personal revelation.

Every man has private areas of benevolence where he can sow his seed and watch it grow. Sometimes it does not do very well; sometimes it exceeds his expectations; but at least he has the chance of rectifying his judgment, or his error in kindness; for benevolence does make errors in rationality, and none more than the organized benevolence of the day; and it needs the sight of proximate results as a guard and inspiration. One of my heavy burdens is the sense of inability to choose my nearer and vital philanthropies as much as tenderness would urge, because there is an organized benevolence already arranged before I came into the philanthropic world, in whose face, by reason of custom and tradition, it is hard to attain a personal freedom, which is the beginning of morality.

This is why I sometimes refuse to be held up by the philanthropic highwaymen who ask me to stand and deliver. I too am on the way to moral ends, carrying something of good will to men, and I prefer to see it get to the goal myself, and to enjoy the kindling warmth of personal relations and the sympathy that ensues.

I suppose my philanthropic friends will say that my way is not efficient; but then, I have already pleaded guilty to that charge. To me it seems living, and this is the important thing, for it has the zest of the unexplored and unexpected about it. My pauper may turn out to be a prince in disguise; my poor relation a genius. But the moral programmes I receive are too ironclad; they do not allow irrelevant things to come in; they confine themselves

to "cases"; whereas I need the surreptitious human joys that make life exquisite—those first essays in personal benevolence that are as delightful as the first tune one plays, or the first picture one paints. From the point taken by the philanthropic moralists who see life steadily and see it whole, my contribution may not be very good, but again, it is mine, and consciously mine.

I feebly give way on certain Sundays in the year, when a bishop or a secretary tells me of the awful state of the aborigines, or when I am urged to elevate the Yellow Race to the cultural level of Occidentals; but I am growing stronger in resistance as time goes on. Perhaps these resolutions are but "confused troops of wandering cogitations", yet I find certain great doctors of humanity whose words strengthen my obstinacy, and leave me with the impression that some day my views may prevail.

George Thomas Smart.

RUE DES VENTS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

It was an old house, and there seemed to live
Along its mousey corridors still a gloom
Of lives long-cancelled. In my quiet room
Among my books, I could hear fugitive
Hesitant faint intrusions that withdrew
Before they had entered to my presence there.
The very light was thick, and on the stair
The darkness glowed and flickered. So I knew
I was at home there; for on every side
Beyond these walls life to me thus had seemed
Always a hush where ancient voices hide—
A dusk where candles had so lately gleamed—
A masque of those who went and us who bide—
A dream that many another ghost has dreamed.

II

Here in the quiet chambers that I love
Evening comes gently; from the garden, cries
Of laughing children float; and there above
The old roofs, toward the western glow, there flies
A swallow from the south thus early come
To seek a summer that is still a dream.
The chestnut buds to wooly pods have grown
Green-lit beyond the window where I lean.
Summer is singing and the night is still,
Now listening to that song; I too, oppressed
By some old faith in beauty, yield my will
To that which lights the gold lights of the west,—
And long for summer though it come again
With dreams of beauty and with proof of pain.

III

This is the dusk-hour when for old love's sake
Ghosts in this garden might arise and move
Down vanished paths, and memories might awake
Out of the death that is so chill to love.
You whose old sins have in the later time
Become a legend perilous and sweet
With tragic whisperings of courtly rhyme,—
Lovely dead chatelaine!—are these your feet
That now across my silence slowly pace
Thrilling the darkness of this garden-close?
Turn! . . . No, this is no golden harlot's face,—
This is the bud that is not yet the rose,
This is a ghost of things that never were,
This is a child. The dusk grows sweet with her.

IV

Be wise, be wise, O heart forever seeking
A wine whose fervor must the goblet break!
Let now the Sleeping Beauty lie a-sleeping;
Her lips could not speak sweeter did she wake.
Her dreams may last some happy moments still
Before the dawn's first resonance of grey
Shall stir the east and, growing swiftly, fill
Her soul with joy and terror of the day.
Yet as the Sleeper lifts her quiet eyes
And to my troubled gaze their laughing glow
With loveliness and love of love replies,
I know that she has dreamed more than I know—
And lights outshining wisdom flush and start,
And summer sweeps wild wings across my heart.

V

Psyche! whose fairness of the rain-swept brow
And delicate breast and smooth unquiet hair
So long have filled my dreams,—what wonder now
That I again come and again find fair
The curve and color of these vestments worn
In mortal semblance for a little while?

Out of the far isles of the past reborn
You still keep, as in marble, this dim smile—
And I, the recurrent mortal lover, follow
Your pale recurrent dream of youthful love,
And seek as seeks in April's track the swallow
To trail your secret footsteps as you move;
Even like the swallow little knowing why
Your look should light the earth and flush the sky.

VI

This day is all a greyness of dim rain.
Earth and the sky alike are wrapped in fold
Of the dim memory of some ancient pain,
Some wrong of bitter gods endured of old;
All grey and spent, save where I see you move
With lifted golden head and laughing eyes
And breast so delicate that no power but love
Could dwell there with his singing sorceries.
Proud little head, lifted amid the gloom!
Gay serious little heart, swift-running feet!
Into the shadowed broodings of this room
You bring the light of regions far and sweet—
So sweet, that if you left me here alone
It would be life and sunlight that were gone.

VII

Your body's beauty is an air that blows
Out of some garden where the spring has come—
Where never yet has faded any rose
And never any singing bird is dumb.
You are white waterfalls in piney woods
Touched by the freshness of October wind.
You are the slim young silver moon that broods
Over a dusk where lovers wander blind.
And how shall these eyes ever have their fill
Of you, alight with loveliness and love—
My starlit water, tremulous or still,
Across which music wakens, as you move!
Over the floor laughing and white you pass. . . .
I see all April light that ever was.

VIII

When the mad tempest of the blood has died
And sleep comes on, still I am half aware
Of the long sloping music of your side,
And windy light is round me with your hair.
I move through dusks between the day and night
Where night and day and vision interwine;
The breast of Her who was the gods' delight
Touches a cheek I vaguely know is mine.
Doubt and believing mingle while there stirs
Your hand that wakens mine out of its dream;
Hope knows not what is hers, nor Memory hers,
Amid the marble curves that change and stream;
And only Beauty, through dim lights, can claim
These hours that have no time or place or name.

IX

O happy heart, O heart of loveliness!
Against the morning you lift up your face,
And smile against the morning's smile, no less
Beautiful than her beauty; and the grace
Of her long-limbed and sweet processional hours
Is but attendant on your morning laughter.
Trailing her wreaths and scattering her flowers,
Where your light footsteps go, she follows after—
Follows your feet with sunlight. . . . Till we are
Silent again and lonely, where there rise
Dark evening trees, over them one great star,
While other stars come slowly to the skies—
And hand in hand, where the world goes to rest
I am lost in wonder, and silent is your breast.

X

Your beauty shall not save you from despair
In after-days when life is not so sweet
Along the garden-paths. That you were fair
And well-beloved, can it ease your feet
Down through the dark upon whose edge I stand
And see the shadows deepening on ahead
Even to the borders of the empty land
Where beauty ends and all the dreams are dead?

Child! drink the sunlight of this perfect hour
Which makes a slender blossom of your breast!
Time has gone dreaming, that your heart may flower
And while he sleeps, be happy. That is best;
And laugh in triumphing beauty, even at one
Who in each flower sees flowers that now are gone.

XI

Here at my window, in the waning light
Of afternoon, with serious bended head
You labor at a letter; as you write
I wonder, can words say what should be said?
I wonder if the misspelled lines can hold
Anything of this rapt and dreaming face,
The delicate brow, the carven wavy gold,
The white neck bent in dim abstracted grace?
That lad in battle to whom your message flies—
I in my madness wish that he could share
This hour. No inky page of your replies
Could speak to him as speaks this gold-shot hair
To me who linger, near yet more afar
Than you, boy, can be, wheresoever you are.

XII

Since beauty holds no lease of settled date,
And youth has tenure but while roses blow,
And mortal hope must yield to mortal fate,
And every dream that comes must surely go—
Since these most lovely phantoms cannot be
Companion of the grey years that confess
Wild love to hold life's chiefest sovereignty,
Yet must without it seek for happiness—
Then let the autumn of the soul become
Transfigured with its own appropriate hues;
As in high pageant, when the flowers are dumb,
Old forests lift the splendor earth must lose,
And hills with solemn foliage of the fall
Outvaunt the spring, in phantom festival.

XIII

Go by! but go not lightly; as you pass
Send back such gleam as the departing sun
Pours down the hillslope where the fading grass
Turns to a path of gold. The day is done
And evening stars come on. Yet you shall rise
To-morrow to a world once more complete,
And green shall be the valleys to your eyes
And wild shall be the paths before your feet.
But as you tread your way across the earth,
Look back sometimes, belovèd, and recall
I taught you love and laughter at their worth;
And of the bitterness, I knew it all
And would have spared you, had the power been mine.
Dreams, dreams again! There is no anodyne.

XIV

Birds that are beautiful and sing in the sun
Fly southward when the summer day is done.
Oh may the fountains of the golden south
Be worthy of your delicate thirsting mouth!
Oh may the magic of the tropic isles
Where the great palm-trees lift their tufted crests
Answer the light and music of your smiles,
And may the waves curl gently round your breasts.
Southward as goes the swallow to the sun
May you go ever till the race be run—
And at the end, may Time, whose terrible feet
With the swift splendor of your limbs compete,
May he be merciful, and just at the goal
Smite suddenly the beautiful body and soul.

THE SHAKESPEARE SKEPTICS

BY KARL YOUNG

DURING the last generation or two, and especially during our own, the art of Shakespeare has been undergoing an energetic re-examination. One may fairly say, indeed, that we live in a new period of Shakespeare criticism, a period characterized by skepticism. One evidence of this new critical temper is the apprehensiveness of those who have no share in it. On the occasion of the recent tercentenary observances, for example, Mr. John Palmer could write such disheartened words as these: "At no time in our literary history was the English public, as represented by its critics and leaders of taste, less qualified to admire and celebrate William Shakespeare. Never was his fame so low or so confused." Although I must squarely combat Mr. Palmer's opinion, and can have no part in his despair, I recognize the source of his critical disaffection; for, I repeat, a skeptical attitude toward Shakespeare's art is characteristic of our time, and may be discerned in contemporary critics of every degree of professional responsibility. I may add also that the expressions of this temper show almost every degree of discretion, from judicial candor to impish abandon. The British poet laureate writes:

> Shakespeare should not be put into the hands of the young without the warning that the foolish things in his plays were written to please the foolish, the filthy for the filthy, and the brutal for the brutal; and that, if out of veneration for his genius we are led to admire or even tolerate such things, we may be thereby not conforming ourselves to him, but only degrading ourselves to the level of his audience, and learning contamination from those wretched beings who can never be forgiven their share in preventing the greatest poet and dramatist of the world from being the best artist.

The most provocative theatrical critic in contemporary England—no other than Mr. Shaw—presses the matter further:

> It is possible, perhaps, to cure people of admiring, as distinctly characteristic of Shakespeare, the false, forced rhetoric, the callous sensation-mongering in

murder and lust, the ghosts and combats, and the venal expenditure of all the treasures of his genius on the bedizenment of plays which are as wholes, stupid toys. . . . The fact is, we are growing out of Shakespeare . . . he is nothing but a household pet. His characters still live; his word pictures of woodland and wayside still give us a Bank-holiday breath of country air; his verse still charms us; his sublimities still stir us; the common-places and trumperies of the wisdom which age and experience bring to all of us are still expressed by him better than by anybody else; but we have nothing to hope from him and nothing to learn from him—not even how to write plays, though he does that so much better than most modern dramatists.

Those who speak from professorial chairs may be more measured in their utterances, but they are no less incisive. "Again and again," observes Professor Stoll, "it appears that theatrical effect, or the light and shade of the whole, is more precious in the dramatist's eye than a character's integrity. . . . No one has more imaginative sympathy than Shakespeare; but he employs it by fits and starts, often neglects motivation and analysis, takes a leap as he passes from one 'soul-state' to another, and, not content with the inconsistencies of life, falls into the contradictions of convention and artifice."

These *dicta* I summon not as being precise and complete statements of the varying positions held by the several critics, but rather as fair representations of the critical temper of their school. Taken generally the skeptical criticism of our day is not a disparagement of Shakespeare's mastery of language or of human emotion; it is essentially an arraignment of his artistic procedure. These critics readily admit that Shakespeare did many great things better than anyone else has ever done them; but they are insistently maintaining that his plays are defective as harmonious works of art. The charges brought in detail are numerous, and show a wide variety. Some of them echo the fault-finding of Shakespeare's own day, some are obviously personal, and some are insignificant. The most penetrating of the pronouncements seem to deal with a problem that may be described in simple terms as the relation of character to action. And this problem deserves particular attention, for in scrutinizing Shakespeare's habit of developing personages from stories we may, I think, best prepare ourselves for understanding the nature of his art and for identifying the essence of his power.

I

Some of our contemporary Shakespeareans, then, are reporting, from this play or that, a fundamental artistic defect. This lesion in the organism of the drama may be described, simply, as a cleavage between the personality and the action in which he is engaged—an incongruity between the character and the plot. In essential parts of certain of these plays the critic finds the personality of the hero developing into qualities and magnitudes that do not conform to the fabric of the action. The personality seems to outgrow the design. A psychological inconsistency is discerned between men and their deeds. What the hero *does*, we are told, cannot be reconciled with what he *is*.

Let us observe the application of this notion to such a play as *Othello*. For the action of this tragedy Shakespeare availed himself of an Italian novel of Cinthio, and to the events of this tale the dramatist adhered with substantial fidelity. As one reads the Italian story one casually observes that the hero's jealousy is aroused very suddenly, and that the tempter succeeds with rare facility. But this observation gives the reader no pause, for the unnamed Moor has no substance in the way of personality, and one is ready to accept whatever the narrator may offer. The tale is a mere succession of events, and in the absence of human vitality the reader must be receptive to the excitement of the happenings or he will receive nothing at all. The Moor yields easily; but why not? He has no human authenticity with which to resist any action that the story-teller may record or contrive.

Now no one need be told that, having chosen this narrative fabric for his action, Shakespeare erected in the midst of the borrowed events a fresh and potent creation whom we know as Othello. This personage occupies the rôle of Cinthio's Moor; but the man, Othello, never existed in the world until Shakespeare created him. If, then, in the midst of a story by Cinthio we encounter this intense person created by Shakespeare, we may justly enough inquire whether this new dramatic figure will submit to the action provided for him. Will all of the new psychology conform to all of the old intrigue?

The orthodox belief is, of course, that the behavior of Othello is psychologically rational: that he is a pure and trustful spirit who fell through the uncanny guile of Iago. But this doctrine the skeptics of our day do not readily accept, and the chief obstacle to their acceptance is the personality of Othello himself.

Through the first part of the play—before the temptation—this personage moves before us in the full dignity of his passionate love, his eloquence, his poetry, his self-control, his sagacity as a public servant. Othello's assured command over Brabantio's turbulence, his romantic charm and quiet candor in the council-chamber, his military mastery and beatification in love after his arrival in Cyprus—these phenomena reveal the lofty personage who is made to succumb to the manœuvers of Iago within one scene of the third act, and who at the end of the scene is found kneeling beside his tempter, swearing blood and vengeance. One fairly wonders whether the ready vengeance and the kneeling figure are not a bit of sensational story rather than part of the man we have by this time come to know. For after the contrivances of Iago have run their course of agitation, this same man, Othello, emerges again from the frantic intrigue, and once more we feel the presence of the earlier personality, in his pride, now pathetic, in his power, now softened, in his love, now understood. Would this man have succumbed to jealousy through such solicitings as those provided in this intrigue? Would Othello have trusted this calumniator rather than his own wife? Could the person that Othello *is* ever have done all the things that Othello is made to *do?* The skeptics say he could not.

Professor Stoll puts it thus:

> It is only by means of a specious and unreal psychology, . . . that he is made incapable of distrusting the testimony which his whole nature forbids him to accept, to the point of distrusting the testimony and character of those whom both his nature and their own forbid him to discredit. . . .

"That jealousy . . . is purely melodramatic jealousy." Mr. Shaw declares . . . "The actor cannot help himself by studying his part acutely, for there is nothing to study in it. Tested by the brain, it is ridiculous: tested by the ear, it is sublime."

The skeptics hold, then, that the hero and the plot are in part irreconcilable, precisely because the force and richness of Othello have burst the bonds of the inherited intrigue.

Similar considerations confront us in *Macbeth*. The action of the play as it came to Shakespeare from the chroniclers was that of a blunt warrior engaged in barbaric events. Although these events may shock us, they are in no way improbable—they belong readily enough in the narrative of a bloody usurper with whose inner thought and emotion we have no vital contact. His disloyalty and brutality stir in us no qualms of incredulity.

In Shakespeare's hands, however, the brutal Macbeth is so transformed that through utterance after utterance we are admitted into the recesses of a pliable and emotional nature. The action of the old story still runs on through its occurrences of blood and violence; but the agent to whom these old crimes are attached is a new personage who owes his existence to Shakespeare. This personage has the old ambition and, in large measure, the old courage—the story required that. But in addition he possesses a new range of qualities, a new personality. In this new Macbeth of Shakespeare the essential element is a moral imagination declaring itself in images of horror. Conscience is in play before us in forms of frantic human distress. A personality of worth and elevation is speaking to us in the accent of a great nature. Once more, then, the skeptic raises what he calls his "common sense objection": namely, "that such a man would not have committed such deeds." "To propose this dastardly violation of honor to Macbeth," writes Mr. Bridges, "would, most probably, have stimulated his nobility and scared him from his crime, however fully he might have been predetermined on it."

But of all the plays the one that most readily invites the interest of the skeptics is the play which has always most charmed the average person and most fatally stimulated the curious. I refer, of course, to *Hamlet*. Although the old play of Thomas Kyd from which *Hamlet* derives is lost, the means are at hand for reconstructing its essential content. It was a revenge play of stirring and barbaric import. The hero was roughly but intelligibly presented as a man of action, delaying not primarily

because of internal inhibitions but because of baffling or encumbering circumstances. The obstacles to his vengeance were external: the King was surrounded by guards; hence the chief ground for delay was manifest and simple. The external obstacles, for example, clearly motivated the device of Hamlet's pretense of madness: Hamlet intended that this manœuver should assist him in evading the King's guard, and in killing his adversary. The old hero, then, was hard in his temper, vigilant and cautious, and relatively simple in his traits. He was a typical avenger.

In readapting this older play Shakespeare retained its outer fabric of personages and events—he was forced to keep them if he was to present the traditional story at all. In Shakespeare's play, then, we see, now and again, the old revenge hero in all his energy, hardness, and barbarity. There are found also the feigned madness and the succession of stage devices from the old version. But the old avenging Hamlet, belonging to an Elizabethan dramatic fashion, is largely supplanted by a new Hamlet who belongs to Shakespeare alone, a Hamlet who in this play exists for the first time. Of this new personage the essential characteristics are a noble mind and a sensitive moral nature.

For Shakespeare's Hamlet the essential dramatic conflict is no longer with external circumstances but with inner distress. The external obstacles are gone. Hamlet explicitly assures us that he has strength and means, and he repeatedly denounces himself for not using them. The essential consideration for Hamlet, then, is not the physical pursuit of Claudius and the achieving of vengeance upon his murderer. Hamlet's problem is how to readjust oneself to a world in which one's mother can commit adultery. For a son in this predicament what is the remedy? What will repair for him the ruined moral order? Surely not vengeance. The darkness that has settled over the beauty of Hamlet's world cannot be dispersed by the mere destruction of a life or two—or by any other means. For Shakespeare, then, the external matter of revenge has receded into unimportance. Shakespeare's passion is spent not in curious devices showing how an avenger might *act*, but in appalled contemplation of what an injured soul must *endure*.

If, then, in the midst of an old revenge play, with its stealthy hero and its sensational episodes, Shakespeare has reared a new personality gifted with thought and beauty and sorrow, is it to be expected that the play as a whole will betray no evidence of the proceeding? Will the new personality conform to all of the old mechanism of action and stage device? Consider, for example, so conspicuous a contrivance as Hamlet's pretense of madness. In his struggle with external difficulties the Hamlet of the older play had a reason for this expedient. It was, as we have seen, a stratagem that should aid him in outwitting his enemies. But from Shakespeare's play the King's body-guard and all other external obstacles to vengeance have been removed. And yet the old contrivance of pretended madness is retained—it must be retained, I repeat, if the traditional story is to be recognizable. But in the absence of the old motivation, what new reason does Shakespeare give for the device? He gives no reason at all. Thus at the end of the first act Hamlet's abrupt announcement of his intended deception leaves us baffled. Conjectural explanations have accumulated, and additional guesses may yet be added; but those who find this exercise entertaining should not forget that they are engaged in fancy, and that in inventing subtle explanations for Hamlet's stratagem they are applying their acumen precisely where Shakespeare allowed his own energy to relax.

The question asked above, whether Shakespeare has successfully united an inherited plot and a freshly created character into a new organism, is essentially equivalent to asking whether Hamlet's character and action have ever been satisfactorily explained. Many persons, I suppose, will readily reply in the affirmative; but the diversity, or partiality, or eccentricity of the explanations actually offered has aroused only a notorious distrust. Certainly Professor Bradley's able appraisal of the worthiest of the traditional theories has been distinctly unfavorable to them. The fact is that, through one limitation or another, the interpretations of the man Hamlet as merely fine and feeble, or conscience-stricken, or inordinately reflective, have all been found inadequate to the tragic data of the play itself.

For the last twenty years or so the view most favored by

scholars and readers has been that of Professor Bradley himself, which he phrases briefly thus: "The direct cause [of Hamlet's irresolution] was a state of mind quite abnormal and induced by special circumstances—a state of profound melancholy." This "melancholy," which Mr. Bradley undertakes to differentiate from insanity, accounts, he thinks, for all that *mélange* of elements in the play commonly felt as more or less contradictory and confused: Hamlet's inaction, his bursts of energy, his lucidity when alone or with Horatio, his keen satisfaction in trivial actions, his irritability, his hardness, his lethargy, his inability to understand why he delays. Furthermore this melancholy is thought to be "perfectly consistent also with that incessant dissection of the task assigned". Surely this interpretation does not lack inclusiveness.

Although the response of contemporary criticism to this view has not yet crystallized, one can surmise that it probably will, in its turn, be found inadequate. Some, at least, will probably urge that this new description is too pathetic for the character as a whole, believing, with Professor Stoll, "that Hamlet is meant for an heroic, not a pathetic figure." My own qualms concerning Professor Bradley's interpretation arise not from any one-sidedness in it, and not from its leaving this or that unexplained, but rather from its explaining too much. I fear that the sort of disease attributed to Hamlet not only accounts for everything that the hero does in the play, but would account also for virtually any conceivable thing that a man might do. I find it hard to think of an act that for Professor Bradley's Hamlet could be called inconsistent. But a man for whom no act would be inconsistent is, I suppose, commonly considered unintelligible.

I surmise, then, that Professor Wright approaches the truth in this recent conclusion: "No critic has made one perfectly comprehensible man out of Hamlet." So much the candid readers of the play seem more and more ready to concede. This, at any rate, is what the skeptic believes; and he thinks also that he knows the reason for the critics' failure to reconcile the personality of Hamlet with all the things he does. The plot, that is to say, is the work of Thomas Kyd; the person whom we know as Hamlet was created by Shakespeare. In various fundamental

respects the two elements are irreconcilable. "He [Shakespeare] retained all the archaic machinery," writes Mr. Robertson, "while transfiguring all the characters. A marvel this *tour de force* remains; but no jugglery can do away with the fact that the construction is incoherent, and the hero perforce an enigma, the snare of idolatrous criticism. . . . The ultimate fact is that Shakespeare *could not* make a psychologically or otherwise consistent play out of a plot which retained a strictly barbaric action while the hero was transformed into a super-subtle Elizabethan."

II

These few examples—Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet—must suffice to illustrate what the skeptic means by a cleavage between character and plot. Lively illustrations might, of course, be drawn from the comedies; for the same effect of incongruity is likely to arise whenever in the midst of a highly adventurous or fantastic story is created a personage of potent and rich vitality. But from what we have before us we may venture to estimate the justice of this modern skepticism, and its effect upon our appreciation of Shakespeare's power.

Is it, then, true that "at no time in our literary history was the English public, as represented by its critics and leaders of taste, less qualified to admire and celebrate William Shakespeare"? Is it true that never before has his fame been "so low or so confused"? My own answer would be that never before have Shakespeare's critics been so generally enlightened, his essential potencies so clearly felt, his fame so secure, and his contemporaneity so obvious. And this good fortune arises in large measure, I think, from the fact that in these times the readers of his plays are more directly fixing their attention where Shakespeare certainly fixed his. If we are losing interest in those vexed inquiries as to when Macbeth first conceived the murder, why Emilia was silent about the handkerchief, and why Hamlet pretended madness, we are the more direct and ardent in our attention to Macbeth, Desdemona, and Hamlet themselves. I venture to believe that the informed reader is giving himself more artlessly to the thought, the utterance, the poetry, the

crises of emotion and insight—those moments when the play disappears and we dwell for brief instants in the presence of life itself. This reader, I take it, is more willingly, and less fearfully, taking counsel of the school for which Mr. Shaw speaks when he advises us "to dissect out the absurd sensational incidents of the borrowed story from the genuine Shakespearean tissue". I shall not boast that our generation is the first to discern "the genuine Shakespearean tissue". My impression is, however, that the teachers and critics of our time will fall below their privilege if from the labors of the skeptic they do not derive means for delivering the general reader from the delusion that all things in Shakespeare are excellent, and, more particularly, that Shakespeare is a flawless *artist.*

The reader deserves deliverance, for example, from the spell of Coleridge when it emanates from a saying like this: "Shakespeare never followed a novel because he found such and such an incident in it, but because he saw that the story, as he read it, contributed to enforce, or to explain, some great truth inherent in human nature." One is depressed in the thought that under the influence of such an utterance thousands of school folk are expending their daily energies ingeniously straining at Shakespeare's plots in an attempt to find human significancies for every detail of the inherited mechanical fabric, meanwhile diverting their attention from the minds and rhythms of Shakespeare's creatures themselves.

And that one needs deliverance also from many a critic of our own time appears, for example, from the dominant tone of Mr. Palmer's tercentenary utterance, referred to at the outset: "We shall do well to assume, where the genius of Shakespeare seems in his greater works to falter or go astray, that the deficiency lies rather in ourselves than in Shakespeare. . . . Few critics have ever gone wrong in praise of Shakespeare. No critic that I know of has yet succeeded in calling him to judgment." This declaration may seem to have the virtue of making us humble; but does anyone suppose that so unrestrained a judgment can make us wise? Clearly there is still need for repeating Arnold's sober warning, "He [Shakespeare] is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist."

But however salutary we may consider the historical criticism of the skeptic to be, we know well enough that, even at its best, it cannot speak the final interpretative word. It is only the first step toward appreciation and judgment. It restrains the cunning of the merely dexterous, and clears the way for comprehension. It gives salience to Shakespeare's uniqueness; it helps to isolate his essential power. If it happens to dispel a delusion as to Shakespeare's art, it declares the mystery of his creative force. Into that mystery, however, historical criticism does not, in its own right, penetrate. For that final entering into the essence of Shakespeare, historical method must appeal to insight.

And what is it that is left to insight? How is the personage who lives aloof from the action to be known at all? If a man's actions do not reveal him, what does? One may answer briefly: We know the Shakespearean personage not essentially through his physical acts but through his speech: through his emotion, his images, his phrases, his cadences, his poetry, his thought.

Mr. Shaw observes:

> The Shakespearean delineation of character owes all its magic to the turn of the line which lets you into the secret of its utterer's mood and temperament, not by its commonplace meaning, but by some subtle exaltation, or stultification, or shyness, or delicacy, or hesitancy, or what not in the sound of it. In short, it is the score and not the libretto that keeps the work alive and fresh.

III

In taking leave of this matter, however, one is tempted to utter a final reminder. If historical criticism, upon which the skeptic depends, is to be useful, it must be employed with tact. Shakespeare's usual literary procedure undoubtedly exposed him to the danger of incongruity between mediocre stories and weighty personalities; but it does not follow that he was incapable of eluding the danger. A judicial survey of the plays will, I think, disclose almost every degree of fundamental artistic concord. In some the concord is complete. Of these plays I can mention only one, the mightiest of them all: *King Lear*. The hero of the older play on this subject, which Shakespeare had before him, was a mild soul, who, when Goneril spurned him from her door, could respond thus:

This punishment my heavy sins deserve,
And more than this ten thousand thousand times;
Else aged Leir them could never find
Cruel to him, to whom he hath been kind.

It seems all but incredible that this plain personage should be an antecedent of Shakespeare's terrifying pagan:

Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purposes, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase.
. . . If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt.

Anyone who can endure reading this superb and awful curse knows that Shakespeare spent himself relentlessly in the overpowering speech, rich mind, mad energy, and outrageous passion of Lear. Here, if ever, I infer, we might expect the violent new creation to burst through the limitations of the inherited fable, and to stand boldly apart from it. I venture the observation, however, that in none of the other Shakespearean tragedies are character and plot so solidly united. And I suggest a reason. In the story of King Lear Shakespeare, for once at least, laid hands upon a great moral action. The subject is as grave, as deep, as ominous as existence itself. *King Lear* is the tragedy of old age—of the tyranny brought by years, inescapable and unconscious, of the ingratitude of youth, inevitable and unconfessed. This is a mighty theme, presenting a human predicament elemental and perilous beyond love, family, nation, or honor. Into the midst of this story Shakespeare launched an energy of creative passion not matched in all art; and yet even this thrust of imagination left the fabric of the story intact. Thus it was that *King Lear* became the greatest of all dramas.

KARL YOUNG.

GOPHER PRAIRIE

BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

GOPHER PRAIRIE is the little Western town in *Main Street*, the book that has set all America talking. Some people say that *Main Street* is a gross libel on the small American town; others say that it is a true indictment of its smallness. I am inclined to think that the truth lies somewhere between the two opinions, as the truth has a way of doing.

Perhaps if I had read *Main Street* after I had had some opportunity of forming my own judgment, instead of before, the picture it presents would have made a different impression on me. It is a depressing book, and I have no intention of reading it again, but the impression it did leave upon me was one of squalor, and the little towns I have seen in the West are far from being squalid.

The one I know best is situated in country of considerable natural charm, and might be expected to have acquired some charm of its own by this time; for it is not very new, as things go in the West, and though it has prospered it has not greatly increased. It is not entirely without charm. On the outskirts are the residences of its chief inhabitants, none of them large, but most of them attractive in the way of American homes, and surrounded by the open lawns and the beautiful trees which are America's special contribution to the residential idea. In general appearance this gives better results than England's rows of villas, with their little gardens in front, and their bigger gardens behind, of which you see little or nothing from the road. In the residential section of any small town in America, you can pass under the shade of tall trees, with a succession of well-kept lawns on either side of you, and the neat houses, mostly of wood painted white, with their verandas, and flowers about them, standing a little way back. There is more space than in English villa gardens, and nearly all of it is open space, so that when the trees have matured the effect is as if you were passing through a well-kept park. I

don't remember reading of any scene of this sort in the Gopher Prairie of *Main Street*, but it is a distinctive mark of all the little towns I have seen, and to leave it out is not to deal fairly by them.

When you come to the town itself, the effect is far less agreeable, but there is at least one thing that goes to its credit. Main Street is usually very wide. There is a sense of space about it which in some degree takes off from the very poor quality of the buildings which line it on either side. I mean architectural quality. The newer buildings are usually of brick or stone. They are probably adequate in construction, but they are mean in appearance, and the more effort there has been to make them imposing the worse they are. That wonderful spirit in architecture which has put America first among the nations in the practice of this great humanizing art has not yet reached down to the needs of the small town. Here she is still at the bottom of the scale.

The small Western town began years ago with frame buildings of an unusually debased type. There would be a series of one-story wooden buildings with roofs running back from the street, but hidden and disguised by square fronts which made them appear to be of two stories. Everybody knows the pattern of these from pictures, even if they have never seen them. Sometimes an attic window would pierce the middle of this sham front, sometimes it would be used for advertisement purposes, sometimes it would just be left bare. I suppose the idea was to give a more imposing town-like effect, and such early monstrosities might be forgiven if they had been discontinued. But the type is persisted in. I have seen such buildings in course of construction, but instead of the wooden fronts, which may be considered as a kind of hoarding, they were using galvanized iron, shaped and colored to imitate stone. I have seen one that was actually built of stone. It was a bank building, of rough granite blocks, with a pretentious sort of castellated air about it. There was just room for a door and a window, and the upper front was pierced in such a way as to call attention to the fact that there was nothing behind it; so that the sham, which in this instance one might not have suspected, seemed to have been gloried in.

The brick-built stores are usually quite plain, which is something to be thankful for; but they are nothing but great boxes,

with no roof-ridge to be seen, or anything to break their monotony; and sometimes, at a corner, you may see the long upper line sloping a little from the front, so that even the natural squareness of such construction is denied you.

In the town I was in and out of during some days, there was only one commercial building upon which the eye could rest with any pleasure. This belonged to a lumber-yard, and was an honest wooden shed, well-proportioned, with a good roof. I have been told since that this was probably built to the standardized design of one of the big lumber companies, who take a pride in turning out such buildings well. It was probably designed by a good architect, and its lesson, combined with the poor conceptions of building all around it, is that the ordinary sense of right building, which continued well on into the nineteenth century, as can be seen in the small towns of New England, has been lost; and the only way to get it back is through the taste and knowledge of those who have made a study of it. In Gopher Prairie it has never existed, because it died out before that town came into existence, and other ideas took its place. The only thing to hope for is that the taste and knowledge which is so abundantly at work in the centres of American civilization will presently extend over the country. Then the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie, quick to catch new ideas—because they are Americans—will regret the deplorable mistakes they have been making for so long, and will soon arrive at something quite different.

It is a matter of considerable importance. Civic pride is very strong in America. Every little town is in some sort of rivalry with its neighbors. But they leave out almost entirely this question of beauty; or else they do not know in what the beauty of a town consists. I suppose, in the early days, every little town hoped to grow into a big one, which would account for the shams to which they still cling. At the best, you may see a few buildings suitable to a city perking themselves up among the poor little buildings. And it is seldom in a town as much as fifty years old that you will not see some untidy weed-grown "lots" in the very middle of it, that have never been built on. Nothing looks finished. You cannot imagine people who take a pride in their town settling down to it with satisfaction. Yet they do, and point out

to you some very ordinary new garage, or meat-market, as an example of what they can do if they try.

Here and there, in a town rather larger than the ordinary, you may see some attempt at beautifying in the way of a small park, or at least of trees and lawns and flower-beds near the railroad station. And some of the companies that sell gasoline for automobiles have erected attractive-looking kiosks in an outstanding position, to which attention is drawn by a stretch of mown turf with a bed of gay flowers in the middle of it. It is extraordinary how this easy device brightens up a dull-looking town. But trees and lawns and flowers here and there do not suffice. A town is beautiful, or otherwise, because of its buildings, and they continue to erect them in Gopher Prairie with no eye to any sort of beauty, either of the whole or of the part.

I suppose an experienced architect is hardly ever employed, and that the designs, such as they are, are prepared by the builders. In the old days, when good building was a matter of tradition and craftsmanship, this system used to work, and the result was beauty. But it cannot be trusted to work now. Good architects must have their chance if these ugly, stupid little towns are to put off their poverty of outlook and take their place among the good things that America is doing with such vision and energy elsewhere. It must already have dawned upon the inhabitants of most of them that they will never become big towns. But the little towns of the Old World are among the most beautiful of all, and there is no reason why those of the New World should not make themselves so, upon different lines of their own.

There is hardly such a thing as a village in the Middle West. The town, however small, is the unit, and there is nothing to criticize in that, nor in the regularity of the lay-out, which would be something for an architect to work to. A small American town would always be different from a small English town, but it need not be less attractive. There is a charm of newness as well as a charm of age. I wish I could see one of these little Western towns taken in hand by somebody who had the right sort of vision about them. There is no end of opportunity, and if it were done once the example would be followed. It would give the inhabitants something in which they could take a legitimate pride, and

add much to the value of their existence. For it would lead to so many other things for which the ground is already prepared. There is no doubt that good architecture is a high, civilizing influence, and that a community which takes no account of it lags behind in the march of progress.

I have not found the inhabitants of these small towns fairly represented by those of Gopher Prairie in *Main Street*, although some of the more enlightened of them have told me that they themselves do recognize truth in that picture. If they recognize it as true in any respect, its effect upon their future may be beneficial. I think that the chief fault of *Main Street* is that it takes the pettiness of life for granted, and makes you feel that the only possible thing is to escape from it. But that is not how I feel about the reality. Many of the people who live in these towns are of good education, and I have met not a few men of mark in the cities whose early life was spent in one of them. I mean men of culture and character, and not only men who have been successful in business. Those who remain behind are not, as a rule, people of any wide outlook, and perhaps never will be. A small town is a small town, and where it is many hours' journey from the nearest city it is bound to impose a certain narrowness. But the potentialities for a wider outlook than at present obtains are there. People do read—more widely, I think, than the corresponding class in England. They welcome lecturers from the Chautauquas and other organizations which provide them. If these do not carry them very far, the demand for them shows that there is fruitful soil to work upon. The people, generally speaking, are open to ideas: and ideas run fast in America, though there is sometimes an inability to translate them into action which hardly seems to accord with the American character.

The main drawback to the real advance of these comparatively small communities is not their smallness but their belated adhesion to the dollar standard. This has long been given up where civilization has advanced. America is the land of great fortunes, but, as elsewhere, what a man does with his money is more important than the amount of money he has collected or inherited. It does not seem to be so in these small towns. You will often be told what a man is supposed to be "worth", which always

means so many thousand dollars. That this does not represent all, or the best part, of what a man is worth, is one of the ideas that has not penetrated far. One need not quarrel with the phrase, which has its understood meaning, but it is a fact that a man who may have spent his whole life in piling up his dollars, have interested himself in nothing outside the work that has brought them to him, have lived in the same meagre way as if he had been in possession of scarcely any dollars at all, and be looking forward to no change in this respect—that such a man is likely to be respected more than one who has lived the fullest life open to him upon whatever income he may have earned, but without amassing capital.

There is always some genuine interest attached to a man who has been successful in making money, especially if he has done it entirely on his own initiative. He must have seen something of life, and have some power of dealing with it. But it is an interest that soon wears thin, and when everything in the world is brought sooner or later to the standard of dollars and cents it becomes a weight upon the mind. And in a small community there is little to temper the insistence of such talk. The men who practice it have no idea that it is not of supreme interest to everybody with whom they may come in contact, and allow themselves an extreme license in the length of their disquisitions.

There is a great deal of ill-regulated talk in America, even among the highly educated—talk which debars conversation—and there is curiously little effort to cope with it. Among the less sophisticated it often develops into a struggle between several would-be narrators in which the most persistent captures the field for the time being. When he has once captured it—usually with the phrase, "Now, I'll tell you"—the rule seems to be to give him his head until he has worked himself out, when the next most insistent undertakes to tell you, and does so at the same inordinate length. I ventured once to consult upon this phenomenon a friend who does understand the art of conversation. I said that I had often seen clever men and women sitting in enforced silence while some long-winded talker was holding the field which ought to have been open to everybody. He did not deny the fact, and gave rather an interesting explanation of it. He said that Ameri-

cans were kinder than other people, and suffered bores rather than hurt their feelings.

I like this explanation. It throws a mellower light upon the steam-roller type of talker himself, and fits in with my own observations. I had already found that one method of relieving the boredom of having to sit back and listen to a succession of long diatribes about dollars and cents was to watch for the little gleams of "niceness" that showed up in them, like flowers in a dry desert. I have come across very few money-grubbers among these men whose chief preoccupation is the making of money, and they are generous and even lavish with it when a call is made upon them. They have a name in America for the man who is close with his money. They call him a "tight-wad", but I am bound to say that I have never met an example of one, when there has been any question of whether I or somebody else should pay for something that had to be paid for, and I wanted to be the one to do it. They will not let you, if they are in any sort of host-like relation to you, and they take the widest views of that relationship.

No, the trouble with the smaller men is not that they are ungenerous with their money, but that they do not use it to better their condition—or at least not until they have made so much that they can do so without injuring the important operation of making more out of it. There must be countless people in the small towns of America with incomes of thousands a year whose expenditure is represented by as many hundreds.

Perhaps the man gets all that he wants. He has his business for his chief interest, and has never learned to desire a different sort of life from that at his command. If he has the prospect of making a large fortune, he will spend it like the rest when his time comes, but in the meantime he is satisfied to live in a small way, and is probably happier in doing so than he will be when he has made his pile. He will certainly give his wife and children their full share in his prosperity, and if his wife can also buoy herself up with that hope she may find something to solace her for the lean years enforced upon her. But in the meantime her life is often a hard one, and to my mind a far harder one than ought to be her lot, though she faces it pluckily enough.

The servant problem is difficult, and many of the women do all their own household work and look after their children too, if they have any. The wonder is that they appear on public or semi-public occasions looking so refined and so well-dressed as they do. I suppose the men themselves do a certain amount of the heavier work, and there are many ingenious labor-saving devices. But in spite of everything there seems to be an undue complaisance on the part of those who could often avoid the necessity in seeing their womenfolk turn themselves into household drudges.

It is difficult to make comparison between the Gopher Prairies of America and the small towns of older countries. The apparent absence of caste feeling may be less than it seems. There must be some differences, but they are hardly visible. This is good if it means that no sort of work carries with it a social stigma; but refinement of living is, after all, one of the signs of advancing civilization, and the possession of money is no substitute for it. The tradespeople of a small English town would not mix on terms of social equality with those of the professional or "leisured" classes, nor with those of the working classes, though each class would have many points of contact with the others.

In Gopher Prairie the classes run into one another, and the store-keepers are at least as good as anybody, but their standard of living is not higher than that of a well-to-do English tradesman. Nor, perhaps, are many of them better educated; in knowledge of the world they are less so, because their contacts with it are less varied.

Yet there is a difference, to the advantage of the Americans, which can be felt, though with difficulty defined. I think it lies more in what one feels they might become than in what they have actually done with their opportunities. In America it is so much a matter of looking forward, and one gets into the habit of doing so, especially in the more recent settlements. There is hope and expectation everywhere, and progress is so marked, if one casts back.

But what is progress? Has Gopher Prairie made none because at its beginnings it expected great things and has achieved only small ones? I think it has made much progress if, with little more than the population it had a generation ago, it has stabilized

itself and enjoyed prosperity within its borders. If it will never become a great city, it has it well within its own grasp to become a pleasant and inviting country town, which would provide a life more attractive to many than the life of a city. The fact that people do elect to live in and about small country towns everywhere in Europe, and in the older parts of America, but that scarcely anybody would choose to live in Gopher Prairie unless his work tied him to it, is the strongest indictment that can be brought against it.

But little time lies behind it since its foundation, and much time lies ahead. In another generation the reproach may be entirely removed.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

BY THOMAS CALLANDER

SPEAKING at the inaugural meeting of the Institute of Physics on "the hope he had for the world," Mr. Balfour focussed attention once more on the rôle reserved for science. "By the growth of science," he said, "invention would give comfort and leisure where at present discomfort and labor were the only means of producing an article. . . . That was the idea of progress which held out most hope for the future, and that was based on the work of men who were engaged, as they were engaged, upon probing to the bottom the secrets of Nature."

In this simple, engaging way Mr. Balfour reiterates a message which has perhaps a greater vogue among thinking people than is enjoyed by any other modern gospel. The truth contained in it is so manifest, and the bearings of it are so familiar, that it is superflous to elaborate the theme. To convert the potential bounty of Nature into actual wealth for human consumption is an absorbing and legitimate task for all concerned. For the scientist the exhilaration of discovery, the sense of solid work done for society, the reasonable prospect of substantial personal gain, are a sufficient incentive to instant research. For the community at large the sheer material benefits of genuine research, benefits "gross as a mountain, open, palpable", are a guarantee that scientific effort will never flag for lack of moral and physical support. Well may Mr. Balfour emphasize the function of science in resolving the perplexities into which the nations have been plunged.

Eminently practical as the problem and its solution appear when stated in the conventional way, there are grave reasons for regarding the solution as in a high degree illusory. It is too simple to be effectual. The very proofs that already science has enormously eased the laborious lot of multitudes are a disproof of its power to exorcise the evil spirit which torments the world. Science, organization, machinery, have done wonders. A modern

economist calculates that these things have placed the equivalent of twenty slaves at the service of each family in a progressive country; and there can be no question of the big access of comfort and leisure thus enjoyed by the average citizen. Material wants have increased at a much faster pace than the satisfactions procurable, and if modern science and industry have provided a marvellous material equipment for society, in ability to diffuse contentment throughout society they have been singularly ineffective.

It is not the purpose of this article to contend that exploitation of wealth, the pursuit of material success, is immoral or improper. Otherworldliness and asceticism we set aside as irrelevant, regarding them as elements in a wider view of human destiny than we need adopt here. As a safe, practical guide, whom no one would censure as a visionary or saint, we may follow Aristotle. Asceticism certainly finds no favor in his eyes, as anyone who dabbles in philosophy soon learns. Decisively as Aristotle rejects the suggestion that the acquisition of worldly goods is the end for man, and its attainment happiness, he nevertheless accords to external possessions a necessary place in the good life. Modern philosophy would refuse to concede so much as Aristotle to external goods, but it would admit that the material progress of a community is a sign of, and constitutes part of, real progress. Few would agree that poverty, or pain, is a necessary condition of right living, although their positive function in the scheme of life is not to be ignored. Yet one is well within the mark in contending that the rampant vice of western civilization is the abnormal absorption in material success.

To convince those who are inclined to be sceptical should not be difficult. It is surely beyond dispute that where an impulse becomes a passion, and where that passion is so inflamed as to impair or destroy the very means of its own gratification, the impulse has become a vicious one. It may be a delicate problem to say at what point the impulse to create and enjoy wealth becomes vicious; but the doctrine of virtue as a mean contains an element of irrefragable truth which does apply here. By excess good can become evil: and the point at which a good principle becomes evil has long been passed when its further realization spells self-destruc-

tion. Materialism in Europe and America passed the danger-point long ago. Like Kronos grown to full estate and "swollen with pride," material success, when subjected to no higher purpose, is eternally doomed to mutilate the physical universe, which is its parent, and swallow the blessings which are its children. Through hypertrophy materialism has become a disease. The most salient example is the greed which disgorged upon Europe the destroying forces of the Great War, and which continues to paralyze the productivity of every community to-day, through the furious passions of class concupiscence which the disease inspires.

A hundred palliatives for this ruinous phase of materialism are daily offered to an uneasy world. Religion continues to proclaim her consolations, doubtfully in many quarters; as if, after all, the spiritual may be less real than the material. Organization, technical and labor-saving devices, profit-sharing, joint-control, compulsory insurance, all the schemes for restricting free competition —these and much more have been tried, without avail, and without any prospect of lasting success. Russia, in a fever of materialism, thought to scrap the whole civilized modern system, while enjoying the fruits, and rattled back to the barbarism of nomad Scythia and worse. There is no health in the panaceas that merely change the name and quantity of the homœopathic dose. In his heart every sincere, sane man knows that something other than material agencies must be brought to bear upon the existing evils if they are to diminish or pass away. Greater production and more thrift imply a different attitude of mind, a changed temper. The whole gamut of economic expedients from unlimited competition to despotic communism has been run through. There is no way out by paths cut in the tangled forests of materialism. The path to health and safety points upward as well as onward.

For the reasons briefly outlined the suggestion is offered that the cure for the present world-sickness indicated by Mr. Balfour will fail of its purpose. It is too redolent of the materialism which it is intended to counteract or appease; and accordingly we are entitled to look elsewhere for a remedy. That the remedy is sought in a familiar quarter, in education, and that the specific form of the remedy is a matter of controversy, need occasion no surprise.

Not for the first time does civilized society seem to make a fresh start. The Great War does plant a conspicuous milestone on the line of march, but there are others. We have only to go back about a century to find an era of "reconstruction" identical in many features with the present crisis. The "sophisters, economists and calculators" whom Edmund Burke discerned as the real corrupters of the age have their counterparts in our own day. In essence the lesson extracted from the French Revolution by Carlyle is the same as that which Burke enforced; and the wars of 1870 and 1914 confirm Carlyle's diagnosis; *pace* Mr. Wells, who avers that Carlyle's exposition is in many respects "evil-spirited." What matters is that, just as the warning of France saved Europe, so the more terrible warning of Russia is saving the western world. If modern democracies carry on without passing through the furnace of Russification, we have to thank for that the recoil of many a brooding and resentful heart from the spectacle of woe presented by the mightiest nation that ever thought to redress partial grievances by universal wrong.

Among those who watched the French people as they struggled slowly through revolution and defeat to renewed life were their neighbors to the East. Many and mixed were the judgments passed on the shifting scene: but the event has proved, and will prove again, that the great men see most of the game. Of all the spectators who viewed the European cataclysm the most balanced and profound was the philosopher Hegel, and we are not likely to be far astray if we accept his verdict on the ultimate cause of the self-inflicted agonies of the French republic and nation. In his opinion the French, and other peoples of his time, made the supreme blunder of trying to found the new order on principles of materialism. For himself and his friends he had marked out a different path: the task of rebuilding a shattered society by a discipline and training of mind and character, in home and school and state. Not merely as a speculative genius, but as an active worker in the practical enterprise of educating the young, Hegel advisedly lays the emphasis, where it ought to go, on the mental background, on the spiritual and ethical *milieu* which the revolutionaries had despised, and for lack of which the fabric of material success, imposing as it seemed, came down with a crash. The

revolutionary movement, in so far as it was a calamity, he stigmatizes as simply materialistic in essence, and turns with cheerful optimism to his self-chosen mission.

Like professing reformers at the present day, and with as good reason, Hegel feels himself to be standing at the door of a new era. His government, he observes, had furthered the general popular education by the completion of the national schools, thereby furnishing for all the means of learning what is essential to them as human beings, and useful for their station in life. One measure was the establishment of a type of school in which scientific and technical education could be pursued independently of ancient literature. In the other class of school, such as he himself directed, the old language study was retained, partly as a higher means of education open to everyone, partly as a solid basis of advanced scholarship. To the objection that the concentration on classical learning, made possible by the division of schools into two types, would result in one-sidedness, Hegel's answer is that concentration alone can yield the depth and power which render many-sidedness possible: while the anxiety that goes in fear of one-sidedness is too often the concomitant of the feebleness that is capable merely of many-sided and inconsequent superficiality.

To the suggestion that the civilization of the newer world, the enlightenment, the advance in all the arts and sciences, had worn out the children's shoes of the Greeks and Romans, and outgrown the antique leading-strings, Hegel gives no quarter:

> If we grant that in general we must start from what is super-excellent, then for higher learning the literature of the Greeks above all, and next of the Romans, must be and remain the foundation. By their perfection and grandeur these masterpieces must be the spiritual bath, the profane baptism which gives to the soul the first indelible tone and tincture for taste and science. And for this imitation a general, external, acquaintance with the ancients is not enough; but we must put ourselves out to board and lodge with them, to absorb their atmosphere, their ideas, their manners, even if need be their errors and prejudices, and to become at home in that world—the most beautiful that has been

Hegel is no trimmer, but he is no unbalanced enthusiast; and if his confident tone ruffles the susceptibilities of the utilitarians they ought to derive comfort from the reflection that Hegel of all men had earned his title to speak with authority. His works at large reveal, what indeed he himself asserts, that of the sum of

high human achievement he knew all the best. It was also part of his good fortune that the forces in favor of the classical movement with which he identified himself were sufficiently powerful to hold in check the short-sighted advocates of cheap, popular substitutes. The fight to-day is waged on similar lines, both of attack and defense; and the general character of the men on either side is the same.

We have an equally memorable declaration from Kant, who is led, in a discussion of the propædeutic to fine art, to lay stress on the—

culture which is to be got from those kinds of knowledge commonly called *humaniora:* on the ground that humanity lies, on the one hand, in the general feeling of sympathy, and, on the other, in the faculty of communicating our inmost thoughts and feelings. For these two qualities taken together constitute that social spirit, which is characteristic of human nature, and by which it frees itself from the limitations of animal life. The age and nation in which that impulse towards that regular social life, by which a people becomes a community, contended successfully with the great and difficult task of uniting freedom (and equality) with a compulsion (springing from reverence and loyalty rather than of fear)—such an age and such a nation were naturally the discoverers of the art of reciprocal communication of ideas between the cultured and the less cultured classes; an art by which the large-mindedness and refinement characteristic of the former is united with the simplicity and originality characteristic of the latter. And, when once discovered, this middle term between the higher culture and bare nature furnished that true standard for taste, as the sense common to all men, which no general rules can supply. Hardly will it be possible for any later age to dispense with the types of excellence in art and literature which were then produced: for a later age must stand less close to nature, and, without permanent patterns to copy, it would be apt to lose the very idea of that happy union of the self-restraint of culture with the force and truth of free nature, which were then found in one and the same people.

It is an identical train of thought that prompted Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, when dealing with the proposal to find substitutes for the classical discipline, and especially for Greek philosophy, in Civics and so forth, to express himself as follows:

I have seen many modern handbooks of social wisdom, ethics and the like: but though many of them would be excellent supplements to Plato's *Republic*, I have never seen one that seemed to me to lay the foundations of social ethics with such great foundation-stones as Plato uses. I do not much believe that anyone can ever again see the outlines of the moral fabric so

simply and distinctly as Plato and Aristotle saw them—men of transcendent genius meeting with the phenomenon while it still was fresh and interesting, but had, by the good fortune of the world, developed enough of its characteristics to betray to the eye of genius its supreme importance.

If the educational issue thus outlined were to be decided by the calibre of the leaders, the result would not be in doubt for a moment. The Princeton volume, *The Value of the Classics*, speaks for the élite of the American nation, and should be sufficient to protect humanism from further inroads. Their recorded judgment is in close agreement with the unanimous finding of the French Academy, and with the practice of the foremost European countries. In Britain the long list of sympathizers headed by Cromer, Bryce, Morley, Rosebery, Haldane, Halsbury, Osler, make Lankester, Wells, Johnston and their numerous compeers helplessly kick the beam, when weighed in the scales of intellectual distinction. The finest minds of Europe and America hold, and for a century have held, but one view regarding the basis of our common culture.

In a distracted age like the present when, upon the heels of a devastating war between groups of nations, society is cursed and torn with far more sordid wars between groups within every nation, the need for a lofty and disinterested objective is indeed acute. Millions of unbuilt houses proclaim that "the very stones cry out." The curse of western civilization is just that it is materialistic to excess. To foster that vice of materialism by concentrating the minds of the rising generation on utilitarian requirements during its higher education is to sow the seed for still more desolating domestic and foreign strife. To degrade college life by insistence on the "concrete opportunities" with which it must "connect individuals" is to invite speedy retribution. The hunt for new sources of wealth and new methods of production and distribution will go on and on: the incentive is omnipresent and the rewards are "concrete." A modern democracy possesses colossal productive capacity, far exceeding anything the world ever knew. Along with that capacity for production goes an expanding capacity for the consumption of external goods, an insatiable capacity which is at the root of the frantic quarrels about their division.

A better temper is the only solution of these quarrels. Every economic device, every mechanical readjustment, leads to more violent convulsions, and, apart from grievous material losses, we are confronted on all sides by millions of sullen and embittered people whose rising standard of comfort is like oil upon the flames of their discontent. Those modern democracies that have not "rattled back to barbarism" have been fortunate in having a more solid cultural basis than, say, Russia. The exotic and superficial French polish of the Russian Intelligentsia proved a weak barrier against the agents of crude materialism, masquerading as abstract and universal philanthropists. In more favored countries, doctrinaires of the Lenin type have so far been baffled by one thing—the cultural *milieu* of which Matthew Arnold was an eloquent champion. Such a social sentiment as he sketched and helped to promote is the most potent thing in the world. It is the ground out of which all healthy individual and social life springs, the bedrock on which alone an enduring structure even of economics can be raised.

To the teachers of classics and their friends is entrusted the task of keeping alive the culture of the Greeks and Romans. The very core of that culture is classical poetry, in which thought and feeling meet. As the meeting point of thought and feeling, with its unique capacity to form the will, and mould taste and character, poetry has a wider appeal and a larger duty to fulfill than any other art or function of life. The power of a few hymns and songs to minister to the wants of a simple society is a hint of what poetry means. At some distance from poetry comes a work like *The Republic*, which Emerson considered almost enough for the education of the race. Here the elements of feeling are less prominent: the intellectual and ethical interests are uppermost. In poetry alone is the element of beauty adequately bodied forth, sharing its indivisible supremacy with reason and tending to find itself in the highest individuality, which again is the ultimate good. Where art and music are relatively subordinate the discipline of the emotions and their stimulation by noble poetry must be the first care of the educator.

If we ask what men and women ultimately love and treasure, we must admit that it is a noble personality: the final standard

is individuality. To that standard all other values are relative. Intellect, wit, refinement, character, joy in the beautiful, are all elements in the cultivated mind. If we seek the highest warrant for this truism we cannot do better than go to Shakespeare. A single hero like Hamlet teaches us all we need to know about the essence of Shakespeare's philosophy of life. When he bids Hamlet farewell—"Now cracks a noble heart"—we hear Shakespeare himself saluting an all but perfect embodiment of his own ideal. What Shakespeare prizes above all else in the world it is our duty to cherish and defend. It is not our fault if the blind bard of Chios, "the low-roofed tenement of Socrates", *il Mantovano*, and "the pale Galilean" Himself, are symbols of a tradition which coarse utilitarians in their hearts despise. The uphill task of handing on the torch is rendered doubly difficult by the necessity of proving that culture is no mere fragrance exhaled by the wine of life but the very stuff of which it consists.

The bitter need of more idealism, not in the form of a bogus philanthropy with its illusory minimum of ten thousand a year for all, but in the form of an enriched inner life, the riches of which are not depleted by use but replenished and recreated—such is the need of our time, and such is the hope of the future. It is the fate of individuals and nations that such idealism forces itself upon them by suffering, if they refuse to accord the effort involved in a willing acceptance. The temples to which the young should be directed are not on the fat Bœotian plains, but on the hillsides and the mountain-tops, as Browning knew; but once the higher altitudes are reached, the recompense is instant and abundant—a wider prospect, beauty undreamt of, greater range and clearness of vision, a diviner air; while the company gathered there is the choicest of the human race, and within the temples are the immortal gods.

THOMAS CALLANDER.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AN AMERICAN MASTERWORK[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mr. Sherwood Anderson's extraordinary book, *The Triumph of the Egg*, labors under two handicaps. In the first place, it has won a prize—an actual hard-cash prize of $2,000 offered by *The Dial* for the best American book of the year, to be awarded in recognition of the service rendered to letters by some young American writer; and the usual quality of prize-winning novels, poems, plays, operas, symphonies, is known to all. In the second place, Mr. Anderson's book deals frankly and veraciously with the human scene—specifically, with the American scene. Under the double handicap thus indicated, is it any wonder that two varieties of readers are indisposed toward *The Triumph of the Egg?*—those who, being wary and experienced, cannot help shying at the kind of art that wins prizes; and those who are distressed by too sustained a display of intellectual and imaginative veracity.

We may dispose of the first matter—a serious potential prejudice—by the assurance that, according to the usual standards operative in the awarding of prizes for æsthetic endeavor, Mr. Anderson's book would not have had a chance in the world: for it flouts—or rather it quietly ignores—all of the conventionalized, institutionalized criteria that are influential in such cases. But it happens, wonderfully enough, that this particular contest was guided by sensitive, intelligent, and singularly courageous standards. The donors honored themselves in honoring Mr. Anderson. There remains the handicap imposed by the remorseless veracity of Mr. Anderson's book—a thing which cannot so easily or so quickly be condoned. Let us consider Mr. Anderson's achievement as leisurely and calmly as may be.

[1] *The Triumph of the Egg.* By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

The Triumph of the Egg bears this sub-title: *A Book of Impressions from American Life in Tales and Poems.* The poems consist of a two-part prologue and an epilogue, and may be set aside for the moment. The "tales" are thirteen in number, and, with a single and negligible exception, they are precisely what the author calls them: "impressions from American life"—satirical, farcical, tragical, allegorical, idyllic; but all of them are profoundly grave and profoundly poignant. To the casual eye, the book is a collection of unrelated sketches and tales, with one novelette filling about a third of the space. But this is not essentially their character. The parts form a unified whole; not through identity of characters or unity of place or continuity of action, but because, as Mr. Robert Morss Lovett has happily said of them, "they answer to each other like the movements of a *symphonie pathétique*, combining to give a single reading of life, a sense of its immense burden, its pain, its dreariness, its futile aspiration, its despair."

These impressions, tales, sketches, parables, fantasies—call them what you choose—conform to a certain kind of contemporary music rather than to the kind of writing that usually goes into American fiction. In certain of these pieces—for example, in *The Man in the Brown Coat*—the effect is curiously like that achieved by Stravinsky or Bloch or Schönberg or Ornstein in one of those haunting and intangible projections in tone which hold the quintessence of an experience. Mr. Anderson uses words with a strange and baffling magic. He uses them in such a way that they shed, slowly and almost imperceptibly, their familiar associations, and take on the unspecific, unshackled expressional quality of the tones of blended and complementary instrumental voices, weaving a musical pattern vaguely, delicately, but most potently evocative. And he does this by no elaborate and cunning effects of iridescence or the subtle interplay of rhythms and verbal tone-colors. The texture of his prose is as a rule curiously plain and humble, though sometimes it becomes piercingly lyrical, sometimes austere and almost processional. His words fly to their mark by the aid of a kind of elliptical speech more daring and subtle even than anything attempted by Meredith or Conrad or Henry James—an ellipsis that, again, has us back to the

methods and achievements of a certain type of modern music, with its disuse of transitional framework and its concentration upon essentials.

It is by the aid of this plastic, sensitive, liberated order of verbal indication that he is able to accomplish the kind of revelatory utterance that distinguishes his art. It is a remarkable kind of legerdemain that he exerts—the legerdemain of a mystic, a symbolist, a fantaisiste. His prose is a genuine incantation. His words drift and sway before us, and we perceive hidden, disquieting images of reality. He is a naturalist doubled by a mystic: he is both seer and poet; and out of the drab, pitiful, terrible subject-matter of his tales—tales of trivial, gross, stunted, frustrated, joyless, ugly and twisted human lives—he is able to disclose to us, in revelation after revelation, the human actuality of these poor beings; the infinite pitifulness of these souls who are ourselves. Mr. Anderson is one of those profoundly understanding and clairvoyant artists who are able, by virtue of their sensibility and their compassion and their implacable candor, to tear away what Pater called that "veil of the familiar" which falls between man and his experiences, and which falls also between man and his fellows.

Mr. Anderson, like Maeterlinck, like Dostoievsky, like Tchehov, is determined to call us back to the contemplation of these mysteries. He holds—rationally or intuitively—that fundamental assumption of the mystic's creed: which is (said one of the most delicately perceptive of them) the assumption "of undercurrents in life, of lives within lives"; of, too, "the permanent, essential correspondence of life with life that must exist between the conception which emanates from man's spirit and the image of it which emanates from nature, animate or inanimate." The unspeakable loneliness of the soul, its immitigable detachment and yet its pathetic dependence, speak everywhere out of these intolerably poignant histories. "The spirit of the man who had killed his wife"—says the narrator in the tragic tale called *Brothers*—"came into the body of the little old man there by the roadside. It was striving to tell me the story it would never be able to tell in the court-room in the city, in the presence of the judge. The whole story of mankind's loneliness, of the effort to reach out

to unattainable beauty, tried to get itself expressed from the lips of a mumbling old man, crazed with loneliness, who stood by the side of a country road on a foggy morning holding a little dog in his arms. . . . A sort of convulsion shook his body. The soul seemed striving to wrench itself out of the body, to fly away through the fog, down across the plain to the city, to the singer, the politician, the millionaire, the murderer, . . . down in the city. . . . 'We are brothers,' he said—'we have different names, but we are brothers.'" Like Rosalind Wescott in *Out of Nowhere into Nothing*, Mr. Anderson has ever before him that vision of the young girl, with swinging arms and shoulders, going down the stairway, "down into the hidden places in people, into the hall of the little voices. 'I shall understand after this; what shall I not understand?' she asked herself."

LeRoy, walking and talking beside the lake in *Seeds*, muses somberly. "I have seen under the shell of life, and I am afraid," he says. Mr. Anderson is afraid, too, but he is afraid only because of his dread lest he may not be able to make us see what he has seen—that these human histories may baffle him, elude him, address him in vain. He is afraid of his own limitations as communicant, as interpreter; and he makes this confession in his prologue:

> Tales are people who sit on the doorstep of the house of my mind.
> It is cold outside and they sit waiting.
> I look out at a window.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The street before the door of the house of my mind is filled with tales.
> They murmur and cry out, they are dying of cold and hunger.
>
> I am a helpless man—my hands tremble.
> I should be sitting on a bench like a tailor.
> I should be weaving warm cloth out of the threads of thought.
> The tales should be clothed.
> They are freezing on the doorstep of the house of my mind.
>
> I am a helpless man—my hands tremble.
> I feel in the darkness but cannot find the doorknob.
> I look out at a window.
> Many tales are dying in the street before the house of my mind.

But he is only relatively "helpless". The tales, many of them, *are* clothed—wonderfully clothed. And they live for us unforgettably. Mr. Anderson has something of Maeterlinck's inestimable power of evocation, his ability to make us see, in a gesture or an inflection or a trivial act of recognition or refusal, the spiritual panorama of a whole life, an entire generation. These human Tales are observed, transfixed, set before us with a sobriety, a perfection of truth, a justness and tenderness of notation, an exquisite rectitude, for which it is not easy to find a parallel in fiction. A lesser, a grosser artist could not have touched such material without degrading it by sentimentalism or by travesty. Mr. Anderson is as austere as he is tender; he is, indeed, so fine, so scrupulous an artist that there is no degree of revelation, however bitter or devastating or terrible, which betrays him into a lapse of integrity.

This book—a great book, a very great book—is suffused with an almost unbearable poignancy. Some will not perhaps be ready to grant that it is also rich in beauty. In these transcriptions Mr. Anderson has achieved a beauty that irradiates his page. It is a beauty "wrought from within," wrought from a boundless compassion. For, viewing that importunate company of embodied Tales, he knows that they, that we, are travesties, distortions, anomalies. "To be sure she is a grotesque," says his LeRoy of the Iowa woman in the Chicago lodging-house; "but then all the people in the world are grotesques. We all need to be loved. What would cure her would cure the rest of us also. The disease she had is, you see, universal. We all want to be loved and the world has no plan for creating our lovers."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THREE points of the American attitude toward the Genoa Conference are salient and approved. They are also characteristic of American foreign policy in its best estate. The first is, of course, deliberation—which is a very different thing from hesitation—over the question whether we should or should not take part in the gathering. One of the most offensive pretensions ever made by the last German Emperor was that he was entitled to a voice in any conference of nations that should be held on any subject in any part of the world. It would be most regrettable for the United States to assume either that it had a right to intrude into any council of Powers which it pleased to enter or that it was under the compulsion of duty to enter every one into which it was invited. The true course is to shape action according to the special circumstances of each case. A second point was the inadvisability of convening the Genoa Conference—certainly, the very marked undesirability of our participation in it—until the business of the Washington Conference was substantially determined. The old folk-saying, about having too many irons in the fire, is as pertinent and as profitable in national and international as in individual affairs. But the Washington Conference is now triumphantly concluded, and its extraordinarily valuable results will doubtless be speedily confirmed by ratification, wherefore that point, strong as it was, now becomes negligible. The third point was our disinclination to enter a conference into which Soviet Russia was unconditionally received as a member. It is a sound principle, as old as our constitutional Government itself, that recognition of foreign governments is a matter for our own exclusive discretion and will, and to be determined according to the merits of each applicant. It would be intolerable to be inveigled, against our will, into recognition of an unacceptable or unworthy Government, through needless participation in an alien conclave.

The eagerness of Soviet Russia to go to Genoa is self-explanatory. In addition to securing for the Oligarchy international recognition, it will afford it—or so the Triumvirs appear to imagine—an opportunity to balance financial accounts with the creditors of the former Empire. The scheme became obvious, to all who had eyes to see, some time ago, when it was announced at Moscow with a great flourish of trumpets that the Soviet Government had recanted its repudiation of the Russian railroad and other public debts, and meant to pay them. Now we are told that while it will recognize the validity of those debts and its obligation to pay them, it will offset them with counterclaims for still greater amounts, chiefly against the creditor nations, so as to show a substantial balance in its own favor. It will contend that France and the other Allied and Associated Powers either participated in or at any rate encouraged all the numerous wars and insurrections that have been waged against Bolshevism, from the Baltic to the Pacific, and that they are therefore responsible for all the losses, damages and expenses that have thus been caused to the Soviet Government. A fine touch of unconscious humor is added to this preposterous claim by its reference to the precedent set by the United States in demanding "indirect damages" from Great Britain at the close of the Civil War. Of course, as everybody save Mr. Braunstein of The Bronx is expected to know, the precedent then set was exactly the opposite of what is now pretended. The arbitrators at Geneva, at America's own initiative, unanimously decided that such a claim for "indirect damages" had no warrant in international law and was not to be considered by the Tribunal.

Germany has renewed, with reduplicated vociferation, her professions of poverty and her plea for abatement of the just demands for reparation on the ground of *non possumus*. At the same time her great industrial and commercial establishments are declaring large dividends and enormously increasing their capital stock, and new capital is easily found for all sorts of enterprises; while the tax rate remains not half as high as that of France. It is not so surprising that Germany thus readapts her famous military device of more than a century ago as it is that the trick is not uni-

versally and instantaneously recognized. When in 1806 Prussia was forbidden by Napoleon to maintain a standing army larger than a specified number, Stein and Hardenberg resorted to the system which was ever afterward practised and which became general among all the military powers. That was, to recruit the army for only so long a time as it required to make the men trained and efficient soldiers, and then to send them back to civil life and similarly train another set of men; so that presently all the able-bodied men of the nation were ready for instant service. The result was that by 1810, while the actual army was within the prescribed limit, the potential army was many times larger. So to-day, by refusing to tax the people, Germany remains officially poor and unable to pay her debts, while in fact the nation is accumulating vast wealth, to be placed at the Government's disposal in case of opportunity or need. A plea of poverty by the Government of a rich nation should not deceive the world.

The world-wide gratification over the amicable and equitable readjustment of Anglo-Irish relations has been slightly marred by the course of Mr. De Valera and his associates in holding in Paris a so-called "All-Irish Convention", ostensibly composed of representatives of the Irish race from all parts of the world, and intended to promote the cause of complete separation of Ireland from the British Empire. It is fitting and indeed desirable that there should be an Opposition party in Irish Free State politics; and it is not surprising nor unlawful that there should be a faction dissatisfied with the constitution of the Free State and desirous of replacing it with an entirely independent status. And it is assuredly opportune that all who are interested in the welfare of Ireland should join in council for its promotion. But it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the only fitting place for such a conference is in Ireland itself, where of course it could be held as freely as in Paris or New York, and that its agenda should contemplate political or other action in Ireland alone. There may have been a time when it was necessary for campaigns for the reformation of Irish affairs to be conducted chiefly in other countries; but that time assuredly ended in the moment when the Dail Eireann ratified the treaty which Arthur Griffith and

Michael Collins had signed in London. There never was a time when it was proper for Irish affairs to be injected as an issue into the politics of any other country. If Mr. De Valera and his friends elect to be hostile to the Free State, that is their right, though we must regard them as lamentably mistaken. But they have no right to make France or America or any other foreign soil the battle-ground of their campaign. The adoption of such a course would do them far more harm than it would do the promising Free State against which it was directed.

We should not say upon the death of Lord Bryce what he, speaking from a heart rent with personal grief, said at the death of Gladstone, "The light has died out of the sky." It is true that the removal of such a personality from the world means immeasurable loss. We are not sure, with all due reverence to the fame of his great colleague, that his own lustre in the world's sky was not of the two the more serene and constant, the more vivifying and beneficent. But his light was so pure, so vivid, and so rich in spectrum as to be not only one of the foremost for sheer illumination but also unsurpassed if not unapproached in those actinic qualities, both moral and intellectual, which made an indelible and perpetual impress upon the world. As a political philosopher he was supreme, equally when in youth he was the critical annalist of that Holy Roman Empire which was neither Holy nor Roman nor yet an Empire, and when as an octogenarian he was analyzing the newest of the world's Republics. As a statesman and diplomat he contributed more than most of his contemporaries to the welfare of his own country and to the sweetening of its relationships with others. As a writer of "English undefiled" he was a joy to all capable of appreciating noble literature. As an educator, even in the technical sense of the word, he ranked among the commanding figures of his time. As a naturalist and explorer he made his holiday avocations of greater account than many men's serious business. As humanitarian and world-patriot his was one of the most fearless and compelling voices raised against the Hunnish infamies of the World War. Such a light as his can never die out of the world's sky. Its impress can never fade from the world's brain and heart.

The reign of Pope Benedict XV began almost coincidently with the World War, and ended while the settlements attendant upon that conflict were still far from complete; and it was necessarily much influenced and colored, in some respects stimulated and in others hampered and circumscribed, by those tragic conditions. History will record that he bore himself in respect to that conflict with discretion, dignity, and the spirit at once of an international Christian statesman and an Italian patriot. His detestation of the crimes of Germany was unfeigned and outspoken; and his repeated efforts for peace were as sincere as they were fruitless. The three great achievements of his reign were not directly connected with the War, though undoubtedly the circumstances created by it facilitated their execution. Despite the fact that two successive Premiers of France had been conspicuous opponents of Clericalism, he greatly improved political relations with that country and secured restoration of its diplomatic representation at the Vatican. His course during the War naturally—we might say, inevitably—led to more friendly relations with the Italian Government. Finally, though at first rejected by Mr. De Valera and his followers, in the last weeks of his life he had the immeasurable satisfaction of casting the decisive influence in favor of peace in Ireland and the establishment of the Free State. Although he was not generally regarded as so great a statesman or a Churchman as some of his predecessors, there were few of them who left a better record of things done for the strengthening of the Papacy and for the general good of the world.

The announcement of the issue of a revised French dictionary by the French Academy renews the feeling of need of a comparable linguistic authority in America, if not, preferably, for the whole English-speaking world. France stands unique among the nations in having such an official guardian and censor of her language, and to that fact we must attribute no small part of the exquisite quality of French literature and of the world-wide esteem in which the language is held. The English language has at least equally noble traditions, and it has a far more copious vocabulary and a wider usage. Moreover, it is, because of its

very nature, far more susceptible to abuse and perversion than French or, indeed, any other tongue. That it should have no fixed, recognized and authoritative standard, of orthography, etymology, syntax, and definition, is a deplorable anomaly. England has, indeed, the great Oxford Dictionary, which is now practically complete. But it, fine as it is, fails hopelessly to equal the service of the French Academy, in three major respects. One is, that it is exclusively English, and is not acceptable in the other half of the English-speaking world, where material differences in linguistic usage have long been established. Another is that even in England it has no official authority, but may be disregarded by anyone at will without the incurrence of any reproach. The third and perhaps most important is that it offers no continuing, current and incessant authority and guide for the necessary additions which are being made to the language. Work on it was begun, alphabetically, in 1879. In the forty-three years since hundreds, perhaps thousands, of new words have been coined, or new uses have been given to old words, to serve the needs of new inventions and the progress of human thought and knowledge. It is almost certain that many of these came too late for inclusion in alphabetical order in the dictionary, and are not to be found in it; while of course the new words and uses which will be made this year and the next and the next will lack even the shadow of its authority. What is needed, what we need in this country, not only for the sake of literature but also for the convenience, utility and efficiency of business correspondence and social speech, is a commanding authority, constantly at work, to prescribe the making of new words and new uses and the changes which are often necessary in a living, growing language, so as to assure uniformity of usage and unmistakable accuracy of expression. We have a Government Board of Geographic Names, which has done much good work. It ought to be possible to create an academic board of rank so commanding that it would be able to do a similar work for the whole language.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Some Modern French Writers. By G. Turquet-Milnes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

In estimating the various writers (some of them little known, except by name, to American readers) that Mr. Turquet-Milnes has presented for our consideration, it is obviously advantageous to adhere to some general point of view. This point of view the author has found in Bergsonism; the influence of Bergson is, as his subtitle indicates, the key which he uses to open up the significance of writers as diverse as Anatole France and Paul Claudel.

Philosophy makes hard criticism; it is not easy to be philosophically profound and critically illuminating at the same time. In this case, the writer labors under the special difficulty that Bergsonism is at once a metaphysics as subtle and as logical as Hegel's and a popular philosophy, a more or less pervasive influence, like Rousseauism or Christian Science. The reader has to know precisely what Bergson means—has to grasp the tenuous distinction between time and pure duration, for example;—but then he has to trace the *effect* of the Bergsonian doctrines, as these are grasped, or partially grasped, by various minds, filtered through several temperaments, and worked over into diverse literary forms. Part of the time, one is trying to appreciate Jules Romains or Jean Moréas in the light of contemporary ideas, much as one might essay to understand Swift in the light of eighteenth-century thinking; but part of the time, also, one finds oneself constrained to look upon poets or novelists of delicate genius as more or less self-conscious expositors of the Bergsonian views and to criticize them *as disciples of Bergson.*

In dealing with this more or less unavoidable difficulty, the author has been reasonably successful. He succeeds in being fairly comprehensive and occasionally trenchant. He has helped to explain Bergson, and he has said some good things about the other writers of whom he treats. On the whole, however, he has given us a "popular," though sufficiently learned, setting forth of his theme—a discourse plausible and stimulating, but lacking the clearness which thorough-going criticism possesses. There would seem to be, at times, a little too much bias in favor of what may be called the fashionable philosophical trend. "This man is a Bergsonist," the author seems to say; "therefore he stands at or near the front of the modern movement; he is significant; he is to be accepted." This is not to say that Mr. Turquet-Milnes fails to comment upon personal traits, or to bring forward, now and then, certain distinctive literary qualities.

What one understands by it all is that modern French literature is domi-

nated by a tendency partly mystical (or at least anti-intellectual and opposed to the exclusive dominance of science), and partly pragmatic. This is, of course, a condition common to most western nations to-day. One can approach the study of it through the study of Bergson or Maeterlinck (the mystical approach), or through the study of William James (the practical approach). If one is familiar with this general movement, all that he needs to do, in order to obtain a broad understanding of the French literary outlook, is to reckon with the French tendency to *cultism*.

Obviously, the Bergsonist or Pragmatic point of view does not mean attachment to a rigid philosophic system, but rather release of temperament—temperament backed by skepticism, fortified by faith. Thus there arises the greatest facility in the expression of individual beliefs and in the formation of cults—a process as characteristic of French literature as of French politics. Radical empiricism, in Clemenceau, may work into a bitter cynicism; skepticism in Anatole France may be easily united with a refined and restrained Hellenism; creative evolution may without a pang give birth to the traditionalism of Barrès or to the *Unanimisme* of Jules Romains.

Perhaps modern thought—and modern French thought, in particular—is right in its mistrust of reason as man's chief organ of adaptation to the Universe. It cannot be denied, however, that reliance upon intuition gives rise to some strange and dreamlike vagaries. On the whole, one prefers the French vagaries. To the Anglo-Saxon mind, the French, if they seem less mature than we are in their abounding faith *in a point of view*, seem to manifest a maturity greater than ours in the subtle logic, in the unblinking knowledge of life, with which they draw out its particular implications.

ROMAIN ROLLAND. By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the original manuscript by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Any reasonably adequate book about Romain Rolland could hardly fail to be interesting, and the point of view of a fervent apostle is not, of course, to be excluded. It cannot be said, however, that the recent volume by Stefan Zweig is of much value either as criticism or as literary biography. It does succeed in adumbrating the fact that Rolland is a great human being, a man whose soul is more capacious than the souls of most of us. Rolland, says the author, with quite pardonable exaggeration, is "the voice of Europe in the season of its most poignant agony. He has become the conscience of the world." Of course, rhetorical phrases like this are susceptible of so many meanings that it would be unfair to submit them to definite criticism; but one may suggest that if any one may claim to have been (or to have expressed) "the conscience of the world," that man is Cardinal Mercier rather than the romantic Rolland.

Further, the author brings out the resemblance to Tolstoi and the direct influence of the latter upon Rolland. It is just to say that both these men

were geniuses of the late moral and literary type and that both came somewhat before their time, and were misunderstood by their contemporaries. It is no more than just, moreover, on the part of Stefan Zweig, to write: "Unthinkable would be a Rolland who did not draw fresh faith from all experience, however painful; unthinkable one who failed in his own suffering to be mindful of the sufferings of others." Breadth of intellect, breadth and depth of *feeling* to match the intellectual capacity, ruthlessness toward these too-human susceptibilities and propensities which one shares with others, profound sadness linked with lofty hope—these traits seem characteristic of that type of "world-genius" which Tolstoi possessed and which Ibsen and Nietzsche may claim to share. The truth is that we scarcely know how to estimate these men; the phenomenon is too recent.

In the book under consideration, there is no attempt at estimate. The discourse is simply eulogy cast in an epic form. Mr. Zweig is content to look upon Rolland as a force of nature, and to describe his victory and his influence as inevitable and foreordained. In his enthusiasm, the author writes with a vagueness and with a philosophical *naïveté* that remind one of an old-time romanticist rather than an apostle of the Bergsonism, or the newer mysticism, with which Romain Rolland's ideas may be more or less affiliated. The saying that "Art has many forms, but the highest form is always that which is most intimately akin to nature in its laws and its manifestations," is a sweeping generalization, born of *a priori* reasoning, and reminiscent of the time when Taine was dictator.

One cannot help feeling that a propagandist motive has a good deal to do with the spirit of this book. Rolland was misunderstood and bitterly attacked; he therefore needs an eloquent defender. In America, however, where Rolland is regarded rather as a novelist than as a pacifist, we should be grateful for less apology and more criticism.

THE PLEASURES OF IGNORANCE. By Robert Lynd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Lynd's essays are entitled to be called by the old term, *jeus d'esprit*, and they are among the few truly playful writings of the day. Despite a certain obviousness in the choice of themes—a trait that is inherent in the playful mood—they are thoroughly captivating. And this is a rare quality. Many there are who write in the manner of the light essayist, but practically none of them *are* light essayists. Mr. Chesterton seizes us by the ear and roars terribly amusing phrases at us. Professor Leacock, before he eschewed humor, could not resist the temptation to be funny, and thus seldom succeeded in being politely amusing, as the light essay demands. Mr. Crothers has a lively yet solemn manner and a commendable unction, but his essays are meditative rather than conversational. Mr. Lynd has really attained success in a somewhat difficult literary form.

As has been said, the themes chosen are not such as to pique the curiosity of the *blasés*. Others have been before Mr. Lynd in making fun of the almanac maker and professional prophet; others have written about cats; innumerable writers have had their fling at hypocrisy or have produced pleasing commentaries in verse or prose upon the several months. Oliver Wendell Holmes seems to have had more first-hand knowledge of horses and of horse-racing than has Mr. Lynd. But the triter the theme, the oftener other people have written upon it, the better Mr. Lynd appears to write upon it. Obviousness seems to excite his subtlety.

In the blandness of his nonsense, in the slyness of his references to truth, and in the well-bred assurance with which he assumes that there are, after all, generally accepted standards of value, of morals, of common sense, Mr. Lynd practices what is almost a lost art. In his avoidance of anything that smacks of the "Hee-Haw School of Humor" he should be highly acceptable to Mr. James L. Ford. Wit flourishes only when there are standards; humor requires little more than contrasts. One feels complimented by Mr. Lynd's assumption that one has standards—is, indeed, civilized. Above all, he, with great skill and great good taste, maintains the right mood and the correct air without a flaw—the mood of pleasantry rather than raillery; the air of the modest, self-appreciative, jesting philosopher.

Selected Poems. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.

For full appreciation of Mr. Yeats's poems, the Anglo-Saxon reader really needs an introductory acquaintance with Lady Gregory's *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*. At least, such an acquaintance would be somewhat helpful to the not infrequently sluggish Anglo-Saxon fancy. When one has said this, he has said, perhaps, all that need be said in relation to the fact that Mr. Yeats is an Irishman. One need not even take up the objection raised by Mr. Paul Elmer More to Mr. Yeats and his school—the objection that they are not so much Irish as romantic. On the whole, the fact that Mr. Yeats, being a poet, is an Irishman, may be regarded as secondary, and the fact that he is romantic does not necessarily blast him as a poet or as a literary influence.

After all, what the mind persistently returns to in considering Mr. Yeats's poems is Lady Gregory's *Visions and Beliefs*—the remarkable thing about which is that the stories related therein are vastly less well authenticated than are the stories collected by the Society for Psychical Research and at the same time infinitely easier to believe. This is because, like some religious dogmas discredited by science, they subtly fit in with and satisfy certain permanent susceptibilities of the human mind: in other words they mean something, are in some sense true. Judged by the same pragmatic test the doings of a poltergeist as recounted in the proceedings of the Society are absolutely untrue.

It is late in the day to discourse about Mr. Yeats's dramatic sense and about his poetic felicities. What strikes one in reading his selected poems is the vitality they derive from an impulsive faith in all manner of things unseen. They produce conviction, as the tales told by Lady Gregory's peasants produce conviction.

It is a commonplace that most faith is faith in some one else's faith. The emotion of conviction is contagious. Now, Mr. Yeats is perhaps the only living poet who can portray with naturalness and quiet conviction the doings of demons who appear in the guise of owls with human faces. To do this—to do it not pretendingly but convincingly—is supposed to be a lost art, an art lost as hopelessly as is the manner of Chaucer or the grandeur of Homer. Yet Mr. Yeats calmly practices this art, giving no sign that he thinks he is doing anything exceptional. In order to profit by this extraordinary endowment of his, one need not by any means believe in the reality of demons who appear in the form of owls having human faces. But one may be helped to believe in *something*—in purity, in heroism, in principalities and powers, mayhap in Heaven.

In Heaven, be it said—rather than "Never-never Land", or Arcadia, or the Country behind the Moon, or one's own Ivory Tower! To Mr. Yeats the offhand criticism made by Mr. Powys upon Sir James Barrie—that the sort of thing described in *Peter Pan* is "not so much childishness as older people's damned foolishness"—distinctly does not apply. There is conviction in Mr. Yeats—if there is foolishness, he is willing to be made a fool for the sake of his beliefs, and he neither smiles nor drops a tear behind his hand.

One greatly prefers Mr. Yeats's poems to the effusions of most mystical poets, because one likes vital passions and golden imagery better than shadowy figures and questionable shapes. Mr. Yeats has a pronounced streak of the primitive in him, as every poet should have. One likes his poems better than the folklore and the barbaric literature in which so many of them find their inspiration, because they show a civilized sensitiveness. A primitive robustness of faith and a civilized sensitiveness of feeling—these explain much. And of course Mr. Yeats is an artist in words.

FIFTY YEARS A JOURNALIST. By Melville E. Stone. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Mr. Stone's connection with journalism began, strictly speaking, in 1864 when he served for a short period as a reporter on *The Chicago Tribune*. His career, however, really dates from 1871, the year of the great Chicago fire. At this time Mr. Stone was part owner of an iron foundry and machine shop. The property was destroyed in the conflagration, and after spending the winter in executive work in connection with the relief of the destitute, he was called upon to take charge of a newspaper. It was a day of small beginnings often leading to great careers. As a boy Mr. Stone took the family washing to a laundry

"maintained by one George M. Pullman, who had just invented a sleeping car." One of the boys who lived in Naperville, Illinois, when Melville Stone lived there, was John W. Gates.

After a considerable experience in journalism, Mr. Stone conceived the idea of establishing a one-cent daily newspaper in Chicago, and in December, 1875, the first copy of *The Chicago Daily News* was issued. One of the difficulties encountered was the unfamiliarity of the public with the one-cent coin, the smallest denomination current in the city being the five-cent piece. Some barrels of pennies had to be imported from the Philadelphia Mint and certain merchants had to be persuaded to mark their goods at 59 or 69 or 99 cents. But *The Daily News* was a fresh departure in policy as well as in price. In a day of generally venal newspapers, sheets that "gave the public what it wanted," it followed the plan of printing all the news, of telling it clearly, of granting no special favors, of keeping out undesirable advertisements.

Typically American in the traditional sense is the story of Mr. Stone's rise. His was not the day of college education taken as a matter of course, to be followed by years of professional training or by a well-paid position in some prosperous concern. Like Franklin and like Edison, he worked his way. His youth fell in a time of large new developments, great opportunities. Traditions were being built up. The decency of our modern press, the efficiency of modern newsgathering, are in no small measure due to him.

Thus the story of Mr. Stone's eventful fifty years derives its interest not merely from its reminiscent values—though it is rich in these—but from the active part that the author took in helping to create the environment we now live in. His energy gave success to what has become a great civilizing agency —the Associated Press. His exploits in "detective journalism" not only set a new standard of enterprise in newspaper work, but largely helped toward creating a sentiment for honesty and efficiency in city government. More notable throughout his story than the events with which he happened to be concerned are the opportunities that he made.

Achievements, news, international episodes, political sketches, intimate pictures, like the author's account of his friendship with Eugene Field, the careers of criminals and adventurers, insets, like the story of Lola Montez, testifying to the smallness of the world and the complexity of human relations—in this book curiosity sits down to a feast; and it is needless to comment on the importance of much of the matter that the volume contains.

The style in which the record is written deserves some comment. It is a notably concise style—the style of an old newspaper man. In few books are we aware of so little waste of vocabulary. There is an adequate emphasis on things deemed of most public interest, and the narrative even has subheads, like a "feature story." Yet this manner of telling the tale is by no means unliterary. Mr. Stone's style is comfortable to read, and it is quite equal to the realization of charm. The earlier chapters are delightful in atmosphere, and the book as a whole is far more than a chronicle.

One wonders if the present generation is not especially blessed in the matter of good autobiography. This was formerly a rarity. But now, with such books as *The Americanization of Edward Bok* and Mr. Stone's *Fifty Years a Journalist* before one, it is permissible to query whether journalism has not performed one of its best services in evoking the frank, individual, and informing type of personal life story of which we now have so many good examples. It is the habit of communicating with the public through the press which has given to these writings their openness, their assurance, their apparent trust in the soundness of public opinion.

THE FOLLY OF NATIONS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

One who is about equally weary of war books—"The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak"—and of pleas for universal peace, may make, nevertheless, a partial exception in favor of Mr. Palmer's book. The author's philosophy is not new, but it comes with conviction. Perhaps no one who has written against the horrors of war and with the purpose of destroying its glamor has succeeded in giving the reader his views with so much essential simplicity. The necessary thing, as Mr. Palmer perceives, is to avoid argument and rhetoric so far as possible and to establish an intimate contact with the reader's mind. Something like a miracle is needed to accomplish this; we do not easily get possession of Mr. Palmer's mind, of his background of memories, of the disillusion that makes him so anti-warlike.

Few living men know more about war as it really is. For twenty-five years Mr. Palmer has been a war-correspondent, and he has had a view of every war of any importance from the Greek war of 1897 to the World War. What he essays to give his readers is not so much narrative in the usual sense—though there is a good deal of narrative, and no little "local color," too—as the evolution of a war correspondent's mind. The thrills, the zest of a young newspaper man on the field, are not concealed; neither are the grim realities, nor the shocking fatuities. Later wars, especially the Russo-Japanese, mark progressive stages of disillusion. In the end, the author turns hopefully to the young veterans of the World War as to those who have seen the falsity of war's glamor and are young enough and numerous enough to give effect to their views.

What Mr. Palmer has produced is, in fact, something like a novel in the modern style with a chapter of analysis at the end. It is much more effective than the usual harangue or the usual "fact story." Though somewhat confusing in form, and though by no means original in overt argument, its sincerity and its quality as a kind of "confession"—to say nothing of its more than half-successful art in presenting autobiography in almost the style of fiction—make it strike home.

Probably none of the excellent *reasons* against war will result in its imme-

diate disuse; but no doubt Mr. Palmer is right in feeling that if all men could get full knowledge of his own state of mind, could pass, even in imagination, through the stages through which he has passed, there would be no more fighting. One is struck by the fact that a war-correspondent, accustomed to regard bloodshed as news, should experience this development of sentiment; yet on reflection this seems entirely natural. A certain detachment, as professional observer, is, moreover, just what gives peculiar effect to Mr. Palmer's words. They affect us more than do the utterances of those who, feeling more deeply involved, speak avowedly *de profundis*, or from a hyper-sensitive conscience. Mr. Palmer seems to have neither the temperament of the typical peace advocate, nor the outraged feeling of the peace-lover compelled to participate in butchery. He does not theorize over much; he gives little sign of having been touched on the raw; he has simply arrived at quiet convictions.

Liberalism and Industry. By Ramsay Muir. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The question of whether or not one is a "Liberal" (or a Progressive) resolves itself into a problem of drawing rather difficult distinctions; it is all a matter of degree. But if we are willing to overlook the degrees, then most men in America are Liberals and it is to the leaders of Liberal thought that we must look for necessary adjustments. Broadly speaking, Liberalism means a desire to preserve the old value of freedom with order, together with a disposition to make needful readjustments in the social order. This frame of mind, however, is rather difficult to maintain; Liberalism runs the risk of being either narrowly individualistic, as the old Liberalism was, or merely opportunist and experimental. In practice it is, moreover, like all doctrines of the golden mean, somewhat difficult to apply.

This latter fact is well illustrated by Professor Muir's remarks about capital. It is easy enough to dispose of Socialist contentions or to point out the follies of Syndicalism. It is not difficult to admit the services of trade unionism, nor to concede to the "trusts" a certain measure of usefulness under legal control. New methods of industrial organization, grouped under the general head of industrial democracy, may be safely commended—so far as they work;—and it is easy to see that profit-sharing, so far as it may be freed from technical difficulties, is a good thing. But when one reaches the question of capital, then he is at a point of theory that will not yield to simple readjustment. Professor Muir's statement on this point is, therefore, especially interesting.

"If we mean by Capitalism," he writes, "a system in which the owners of capital invested in an industry are treated as the owners of the industry, Liberalism must declare itself opposed to Capitalism. For it is bound to contend that all the factors concerned have their own distinct and appropriate rights, and that therefore industry should be organized on a basis which will recognize the partnership of all these factors."

Thus the moderate doctrine cannot avoid committing itself to a statement of principle that represents a wide departure from old principles. In its real meaning, the doctrine is revolutionary as putting a large limitation upon the "sacred rights of property." We may have a slow and quiet revolution or a sudden and more or less violent revolution; but if it be true, as Professor Muir says, that those who have invested money in a property are not wholly the owners of it, then a revolution we shall have. Doubtless we are already in the midst of one! What it all appears to mean is that matters will have to be settled with considerable friction and through the logic of events—not merely through the application of enlightened common sense to existing conditions.

Professor Muir's book is notably clear, well-informed, and moderate in tone. It would be an error, however, to suppose that either he or any other can supply an easily workable programme. There appears the necessity of real conflicts over "rights" and "principles." But if men of good will and reasonable mind work together, the workable programme will doubtless become more and more a clearly seen reality.

THE WASTED GENERATION. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

In *The Wasted Generation*, the author of *The Varmint* and *Stover at Yale* appears in what is, despite intervening books, distinctly a new light. The audacity of his theme—the story of a French woman of quality ruined by a Prussian officer—obliges him to rise to heights not merely of fiction but of poetry; and he does rise to considerable heights. Whether he quite attains the authority and the detachment that his subject requires is another question. One does not dare to vouch that the fable of *The Wasted Generation* would have made Shelley blench, but certainly it is in itself not much easier of approach than that of *The Cenci*. Mr. Johnson is, of course, far too good an artist not to perceive that his theme makes the most exacting demands upon his skill. He is not one of those who, in the belief that a terrific situation necessarily makes a good story, rush in where angels fear to tread. He uses all the art he has, and it is a good deal.

In one respect, Mr. Johnson has been exceptionally and conspicuously successful: he has drawn from the war spiritual elements that make his story of love a real love-story—a thing none too common in fiction nowadays. The violated Bernoline is not a flapper, nor a "good sort", but a lady—and such a lady! And the atmosphere she carries with her—atmosphere of the French home, of French traditions, of France itself—enhances her effect mightily. Really, Bernoline says very little in the story, and that little is scarcely remarkable; moreover, one hardly sees her face to face. Yet she is not at all a shadowy person nor merely mysterious: one believes in her, in her reasons, and in her love.

Thus, Mr. Johnson has developed from the flux of life in his story some-

thing rare and beautiful, something that stands out while it seems to retire, a true love-story, a story of true love, unspoiled by sentiment.

Viewing the story as a whole, one is forced to conclude that the author's success is not in all respects so impressive. It is the function of art to transfigure life without misinterpreting it, without lying about it either consciously or unconsciously. Art must arrange matters so that we can have a right and satisfactory reaction to facts truly represented—something that in life itself is too often either impossible or excessively difficult. Mr. Johnson's art is surprisingly adequate so far as Bernoline herself is concerned, and even so far as her lover is concerned. The war-psychology of the latter seems so true that we do not accuse his creator of playing with motives or peddling moods. But as to the fable, who could humanize *that*, or insure us of a right reaction toward it? Perhaps at the dizziest height of tragedy this could be done—perhaps not. Practically, the abominable thing can only be thrown out as a sort of challenge to the conscience of civilized humanity. Just this has been done in at least one war-story—with the expected shock. But Mr. Johnson has taken the artistic way—not the way of rhetoric disguised as fiction. He has undertaken to *reconcile* us to a certain thing—to reconcile us in a painful or tragic way, perhaps (he is entitled to that resource, at least); but at any rate without "letting us down." It is not surprising that he has not wholly succeeded.

The "other woman" in the story—the woman belonging to the hero's darkened and infatuated past, she who, out of pure delight in a wickedly impossible situation, marries the brother of her former flame—this other woman makes a somewhat crude and unnecessary contrast with Bernoline. In general, whenever the situation tends to become melodramatic, as it almost inevitably does tend, the reader becomes proportionately disillusioned. One reads the concluding pages with mixed feelings. The story has made an unusual impression; one really does want to know the ending; but one is also anxious to have the situation wound up before the fine effect of the best parts of it is utterly spoiled.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE AMERICAN RAILROAD OUTLOOK

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

AMERICAN railroading has been characterized by extraordinary fluctuations between poverty and affluence. Occasionally it has seemed as if the continued growth of our population and the attendant expansion of business must inevitably increase the profitableness of transportation almost in a geometric ratio. But since the halcyon days of 1899–1903, the days of the great leaders like Hill and Harriman, railroad matters seem to have gone steadily from bad to worse. Nor is the War with its attendant economic consequences to be held alone responsible for this retrogression. Railroad enterprise, once so dominant a note in our national affairs, is now seemingly stifled. The people no longer entrust their savings to railroad investments, and the Government, stepping into their place, has become the largest direct creditor through grants in aid since 1916. As much as one quarter of the indebtedness of some companies is to the United States Treasury. In the aggregate the obligation is stupendous. The current financial record is indeed disheartening. For 1921 the net operating revenue of the Class One railways on the whole amounted to only a trifle more than 3 per cent on the investment. This is less than half of the rate of return five years earlier. A slump in traffic began in December, 1920, to a degree hitherto unprecedented in our history. Not even the depression of 1893 was accompanied by so severe a collapse in the movement of freight and passengers. The virtual cessation of new construc-

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tion for a number of years has been increasingly accompanied by downright abandonment or entire discontinuance of service. Every resource is being husbanded. Men are laid off. Maintenance, especially of equipment, is being cut to the bone; and there is not sufficient revenue loading even to keep more than a fraction of the good order equipment in motion. The years 1920–1921 will certainly go down in history as winters of great discontent in American railroading. Everything seemingly is going on downhill, as if the world were speedily coming to an end; not in the least as if our population and trade were certain in due season to burgeon forth into a demand for transportation, which the then existing instrumentalities will be entirely inadequate to furnish. There will be a crisis then of an entirely different sort. The outcry will come not from the owners of the railroad properties, but from the shipping public—farmers, merchants, and consumers alike.

Yet despite the discouraging current circumstances there are certain elements in the situation which give good ground for hope that with the resumption of normal trade and commerce the revival will be rapid and so substantial that we shall be surprised at the outcome. More than this, these new factors are so fundamental that it appears as if a groundwork had been at last laid upon which more sound and wholesome relationships between private initiative and government regulation than have hitherto obtained have come to stay—this, of course, upon the assumption that Congress will in its wisdom resist all attempts to amend the Transportation Act of 1920 until it has had a fair test under normal industrial conditions.

The first basic element making for confidence is the approaching completion of the stupendous task of physical valuation of the railroad property of the United States. This virtually amounts to what the merchant would call a taking account of stock. Since 1914, engineers in field parties have examined every foot of 260,000 miles of track, counted the ties, inspected the equipment, the bridges and the terminals. Tables of probable life and depreciation have been set up for each unit of railroad possessions; and these results, accumulated during the last eight years by the field parties, are now well along in process of tabula-

tion in the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Up to the close of 1921, the cost of the undertaking has been $21,658,000. The final expense will approximate $25,000,000. This great enterprise was bitterly attacked at the outset by the representatives of the railroads and the bankers. The proposal of an inventory originated with Senator La Follette and those members of Congress constituting the most determined and bitter critics of the carriers. The representatives of the farmers, and to a less degree commercial shippers and labor, expected confirmation of their repeated allegations that an enormous mass of railroad securities—stocks and bonds—were outstanding far out of proportion either to the actual investment or to its present value, supposing that it were to be recreated at the present day out of hand. The determined opposition and criticism of the bankers and railroad representatives at the outset to the progress of this work seemingly gave some color to this contention. But with the passage of time those of us who have believed throughout in the necessity of establishing some downright bench-mark of value by which to judge of the reasonableness of our rate schedules, have noted a complete shift of attitude. The agricultural representatives, the so-called progressive or radical faction in Congress, and the labor group, have become increasingly indifferent to the progress of this great inventory. And just in proportion as its original proponents have abated their enthusiasm, so has a keener interest been manifested by its original critics.

The explanation of the shift in attitude toward physical valuation of railroads is to be found in the facts which have already come to light. Little by little, vague prognostications have been succeeded by positive data. According to the latest report almost two hundred tentative valuations had been served upon the carriers. There will be many changes and corrections in detail in these results; but their trend is already sufficiently clear. They disclose, to be sure, nothing new or unsuspected; but they bring to light the individual standing, road by road, of the various companies. One cannot affirm baldly that this stock-taking sets off the sheep from the goats. But it is already apparent that there are enough light-colored members of the flock, so that the blackness of a certain proportion does not produce an unduly dun

effect. It is a far better showing than one might have anticipated. For a considerable number of properties, notably those in New England, there is in evidence a substantial excess of investment above the outstanding volume of securities. It seems likely that for the great trunk lines, like the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, there will be a fair degree of equivalence. In the South one finds wide variations between the Central of Georgia with an excess of valuation, and the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic with a ratio of present value to its property account of less than half. In the West, the Grangers apparently will emerge with a surprisingly sound record. For the now reorganized Rock Island, which is the first of the great carriers for which a final report is available, there is substantially dollar for dollar of a *bona fide* investment equal to the existing capitalization. For roads like the Chicago and Northwestern, with its large terminal properties, there will be a substantial surplus. On the other hand, in the Southwest there is unquestionably an overstatement of value in the accounts. It seems unfair and artificial to base conclusions upon pre-war price levels; and perhaps a correction on the basis of present prices would bring roads like the St. Louis and Southwestern and the Kansas City Southern more nearly to an equivalence of valuation and outstanding securities. By and large, the latest return for seventy-seven carriers, reported in October, showed a total value of property owned of $1,092,000,000, as against a recorded investment of $1,446,000,000. But of this discrepancy or deficiency of value about one-half was due to overstatement of the property account of four roads, notoriously overvalued, such as the Western Pacific, and the Los Angeles and Salt Lake. Several of these roads have since been reorganized and their capitalization has been substantially scaled down. Furthermore, the examination of the book records of investment of the roads has resulted in a certification of upwards of 90 per cent of the items. From all of this it appears that the railways in general not only have nothing to fear from valuation, but that, on the other hand, a firm basis has been established upon which, under the Constitution of the United States, a fair return must hereafter be assured.

The next encouraging feature is the passage of the Transporta-

tion Act of 1920, under which the carriers were returned by the Federal Government to private management. All of the railroad statutes hitherto have been more or less of necessity repressive. For a generation a steady succession of laws has been aimed at the prevention of one demonstrated abuse after another. Political corruption through passes was first tackled. The personal discrimination had to be eliminated. Unfair discriminations between places and markets came next. Regulation then invaded the field of operation, seeking to eliminate car shortages or embargoes. And so the statutes grew, page by page. But the regulation remained one-sided and negative. That was why since 1900, practically, a process of slow starvation set in. And this is the reason: The entire one-sidedness of the control. It applied solely to income, with no governance of outgo. A railroad corporation has in effect three main contacts with the outside world. The principal intake has to do with freight and passenger rates. And there are two main outgoes, one in wages to labor and the other in interest and dividends to the owners of the property. Of these three the revenues alone were taken in hand by government control. But the expenditures remained exposed to all the vicissitudes of fickle fortune. As prices steadily rose year after year, especially after 1914, labor, becoming more strongly organized and insistent, pressed for wage increases commensurate with the rising costs of living. Furthermore in many ways during the war, it suffered such a decline of morale and efficiency, due to various causes, that the output per dollar expended steadily declined. From 1,400,000 persons employed in 1916 the numbers increased by over 50 per cent within four years; and the wage bill rapidly mounted from $1,500,000,000 in 1916 to two and one-half times that figure in 1920. All this time the revenue intake, being under strict control, was retarded, as it now seems, unduly. The most notable instances were the four adverse general rate decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1910, 1914, 1915, and 1917.

But there was more than a partial excuse for the official refusal to permit these rate increases, time after time. A downright warrant existed in the entire uncertainties as to labor cost, and the unwillingness of the railway executives and bankers to sub-

mit the financial aspects of the business to the same control which had so long obtained respecting the revenue from rates. Additions to income might conceivably have been dissipated through undue surrender to the insistent demands of the railroad Brotherhoods, a demand which evidently got beyond even governmental control in the passage of the Adamson Law in 1916. And there was also the possibility, ever present, repeatedly evinced in concrete cases, of a prompt and sometimes improper capitalization of surpluses or superabundant income, which happened to result from any increases of rates allowed by those who were so minded. No way seemed open for subjection of the labor out-go to control; and the financial powers vigorously repulsed all attempts to regulate the emission of securities. Thus the situation was left entirely lop-sided. Deserved rate increases were denied, lest as a result local and sporadic financial inflation should ensue, or else that labor should pounce upon the newly granted revenues immediately they became available; and all the time, despite every effort to the contrary, the current bills for labor, fuel and supplies mounted higher and higher.

Then came the brief period of Federal operation during the War. The results are of so recent record as hardly to call for comment. Wages and all manner of expenses, as has been already noted, went sky-high. Attentive examination indicates that these wage increases basically were no greater than, if as great as, in other industries. Nor is it clear that the working rules in and of themselves, perhaps with the sole exception of punitive over-time in the slow freight service, represented an undue subserviency to labor. The main task was to win the War; and it was inevitable that it should remain to count the cost afterward. Much of the stupendous increase in cost of operation apparently resulted from the breakdown of morale, to which a railroad, with its operations spread out so thinly all over the map, is peculiarly subject. But whatever the causes, and many of them contributed jointly, the record of enhanced operating expenses was staggering; and throughout this period there persisted the same lag in the grant of revenues corresponding to the increase in costs of operation.

The return of the roads to private operation in 1920 brought matters to a head. Deflation of the wage bill could be effected

only by exercise of the power of sovereignty; and the people at large were in no mood to permit of a general strike. It was at last evident that expenditures for wages of railroad employees, meaning thereby the determination of all of their rules and working conditions, must come under the same governmental regulation which had so long been applied in the field of freight and passenger rates, that is to say, of revenues. Financial control, thereby dealing with the other great outgo, as it appeared, was also conceded on all sides for several reasons. The utter prostration after the war forced the owners and bankers to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Government, taking what additional legislation it exacted. Asylum also in this financial sphere was sought under Federal control from the harassing and conflicting activities of the different States in dealing with such matters. And the people by a long succession of disasters came to an appreciation of the basic fact that financial soundness is a necessary precursor of adequate service. Thus there was brought about the Transportation Act of 1920; viewed in a large way, a complete subjection both of labor and finances to the same strict supervision which had so long obtained respecting revenues.

The Transportation Act of 1920 is fairly comparable, constructively, with the legislation which set up the Federal Reserve system. The keynote in both was the same, the creation of a national, close-knit and inter-related system, strong in all its parts, no longer composed of disunited elements. Each member becomes in a measure responsible for all. This appears particularly in the new statutory definition of reasonable rates. The attempt is abandoned to fix rates piecemeal, road by road, with all their differing structures and necessities; and the Commission is directed to prescribe rates which shall afford a fair return to the properties considered as a whole—grouped, that is to say, territorially according to similarity of conditions. And for each of these groups the Commission is directed to provide a fixed return, the rate to be established from time to time. A beginning was made at 6 per cent. The novel feature, however, lies not in this reaffirmation of a long-standing judicial rule, but in the further provision that the surplus earnings of the strong roads above this return should be divided half and half with the

Government, in order to create thereby a credit fund from which the needs of the weaker roads might be from time to time supplied. This was to be effected, not in downright revenue, of course, but through loans for purposes of improvement. And all this becomes feasible as a business proposition because the valuation, already described, is to serve as the solid basis for all the necessary calculations.

The foregoing arrangement, bespeaking a new sense of solidarity as between carriers of different degrees of financial strength, is in no sense an individual guarantee either of a rate of return on investment, or permitting a standardization of dividends. The principle of guarantee is expressly disclaimed, as cutting at the root of initiative. Not a living is guaranteed, but rather the opportunity is rendered more nearly equal for each road to earn it by efficient, honest and economical management and upkeep. And as to dividends, they obviously may range above and below 6 per cent according to the financial structure or the development policy of each corporation.

But the essential unity of the entire railroad net, disregarding differences in earning power road by road, is still further expressed in two details of the Transportation Act. Each of them makes for the rehabilitation of the subnormal properties, drawing upon the superabundant strength of those which under a given uniform scale of rates attract to themselves more than their fair share of the allotted revenues of the group. The first is the new power given to the Commission to deal with the division of through rates between companies. All over the land cases will be found where strong roads, being more blessed in having traffic to give than to receive, have been able to extort thereby unfair proportions of the joint through rates. Readjustment of many of these relationships must aid, primarily, the weaker roads which have always suffered in such divisions.

A third manifestation of a sense of solidarity in the American railway net—of the interest of each carrier in the welfare of all, and of the people in an even-handed prosperity and efficiency throughout—occurs in the proposals respecting consolidation. Plans are directed to be drawn under which a limited number of great systems may be created. These must continue to compete

with one another so far as possible. And they must not unduly depart from the existing relationships as to interchange and movement. But the novel feature is that in the plans for their creation the strong and the weak are to be put together in such fashion that the resultant great systems shall be possessed of a fair equivalence of financial and competitive strength. The object is to put an end to the present diversity of status—an Erie between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, competing on the same rates for trunk line business; or the Denver and Rio Grande striving to eke out an existence in face of the joint competition of the Union and Southern Pacific and of the Santa Fé in transcontinental traffic. The causes of disability may be various; a disadvantageous location, a bad start, a top-heavy financial structure, a thwarted ambition to reach coveted goals of traffic, or whatnot. Some of these may be overcome in part through financial reorganization. This, of course, is presupposed in any comprehensive consolidation programme. Perhaps the most far-reaching improvement through well-ordered consolidation will result from a better redistribution of the burdens of branch line and local service. By and large,—earning power resulting largely from long-haul business,—one may segregate the carriers into groups of strength and weakness in proportion to the amount relatively of through or branch line mileage. Yet the branches and feeders, the independent short lines, hundreds in number, are just as essential to the people as is each fourth-class post office in the great postal system of the United States. Most of them must be kept alive, and the cost must be fairly borne by all of the great trunks through which the aggregate traffic flows back and forth. To effect a rearrangement between these through and branch lines cannot but contribute to an abatement of the distress of the weak through imposing a fair draft upon the superabundant revenues of the strong.

The working out of a comprehensive programme of consolidation will take years. Perhaps it may have to be made compulsory, as they are now making it in the British Isles, responsive to the same great social needs. But even if it be not made compulsory, there is a provision in the new law which in its working is somewhat

analogous to the provisions dealing with ratification of constitutional amendments by the States. A general consolidation plan, once adopted, becomes final thereafter for the purpose of approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission of all subsequent mergers. No move repugnant to the general plan may thenceforth be made. Each piecemeal consolidation, therefore, like each separate State ratification of a Federal amendment, lays another brick in the slowly but certainly rising structure. It is hoped also that a direct motive of self-interest may make itself felt. This has to do with the recapture clause respecting rate-making already described, as well as with the new official control over joint rates. Forced to yield up one-half of its excess revenues or enhanced proportions of through rates on division, to neighboring roads or connections, the strong carrier, it is believed, may come to prefer a merger on certain terms with its weaker connections. For conceivably thereby, on the basis of their joint physical valuation, averaging its own super-normal revenues with the sub-normal returns of the other, a resultant rate of return may more closely approximate the prescribed figure by law, so that recapture of revenue may be brought to an end. By the downright adoption of poor relatives one balances the domestic budget and puts an end to doles.

The reversal of governmental policy respecting railroad consolidation is not less striking than that concerning physical valuation, to which reference has already been made. Two provisions in the Federal statutes have now for a generation been applied repressively to prevent any arrangement even remotely savoring of a getting-together between different railroads. The original Interstate Commerce Law prohibited pooling; and the courts have rigidly applied the law time and again to bring about the dissolution of all attempts at coöperation. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law likewise has been invoked repeatedly to break up the Harriman mergers, the Hill combination, and the attempted New England consolidation, to mention a few leading instances. Now all of this is reversed. Not only are the carriers invited to form great systems, but the anti-pooling clause is likewise amended; in both instances subject, of course, to the formality of official approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Definite encouragement, in brief, is given to concerted action, on condition that such coöperation or consolidation shall be consonant with public welfare and with the development of a well-ordered, general scheme.

To the shipping public, merchants and farmers alike, the emphasis upon service and efficiency embodied in the Transportation Act of 1920 throughout should bring good cheer. For every detail concerning operating supervision, coöperation through pooling, or the consolidation programme looks to the provision of an alert and accelerated service through perpetuation of a normal rivalry. Competition between marked unequals in any line of endeavor is destructive of results and of morale. To set up a bout between a heavy-weight and a bantam promises no constructive conclusion, especially if the bantam is recognized as of equal importance to the ring-side as the heavy-weight. But a prolonged encounter between two rivals, nicely balanced as to their quality, is of the essence of good sport. It cannot but encourage fitness. Therein lies the significance of that detail of the new consolidation programme, seeking to so combine the present diverse properties as to render them fit to compete even-handedly in service, and thus for public favor, under a uniform scale of rates. To give each great competitor equal access to all parts of its natural territory; to provide it with suitable fuel supply on its own lines; to preserve a fair distribution between all of the companies of the heavy burden of maintaining local lines and feeders; to work out the terminal problems so that rival roads may be relieved of undue handicap in public favor, because, perhaps, of a late start or some unfortunate experience; to afford an equal degree of credit, once the financial structures have been recast and reduced to a fit and stable form—to do all these things and a hundred more making for evenly-balanced competition, should, it is believed, keep them each and all upon their toes in rendering service, instead, perhaps, as under a monopolistic government-owned system, of permitting everybody to go to sleep in the comfortable assurance that business must come a certain way whether deserved or not.

And then there is the new provision, also up-building as respects the future, which is intended to discourage purely

speculative or ill-considered new construction. A penalty which the régime of free and open opportunity for private initiative quite often imposes upon a community is that a certain amount of this initiative is better adapted to pay quick returns to the promoter than to bring long-time advantage to the public. No one can question that there has been excessive duplication of facilities in the past; and in the far Southwest, for example, where the pioneer stage of development is still evident, the landscape is strewn with wreckage, as a result. To forestall the repetition of purely speculative promotion, which not only brings loss to the investor, but generally imposes the final burden upon other roads already in the field, the new law provides that in future no new mileage shall be laid down without procuring from Washington what, in many States, is called a certificate of exigency and public convenience. Demonstrate the need, and the opportunity will follow. But the need must be demonstrated to the satisfaction of public authority. This, again, should bring comfort to the long suffering investor in American railroads. For it will compel the country to grow up and to fill out the measure of its existing transportation facilities.

One may pass over briefly two other aspects of the new law, each of which it is believed makes for stability and the improvement of transportation conditions. The first is the "plenary and exclusive" Federal control over the issue of securities and financing of railroads engaged in interstate commerce. Whatever one may think of such an adventure,—my own justification for it theoretically as part of a well-rounded programme having been already set forth,—as a matter of principle, this assumption of authority had to be brought about because of the impossible situation resulting from multiform and discordant attempts at financial regulation by the different States.

The assumption of financial control is, of course, a part of a general programme asserting Federal supremacy in matters of interstate commerce over the several States. It has been a long struggle, but the trend is unmistakable. It is as unmistakable in the sphere of rates as in that of finance. Confusion worse confounded has resulted from the independent efforts of the several States to fix rates, even with the best of intentions—and

not infrequently the intention to build up one State against another by rate discriminations has not always been of the best. The imperative necessity of a coördinated and comprehensive plan of rates has been everywhere demonstrated. One cannot have the New York Central, lying entirely within one Commonwealth, adhering to three cents a mile passenger fare, while other roads, like the Erie, between the same two points, say New York and Buffalo, because they go as the crow flies and cut across State boundaries, charge 3.6 cents a mile. For obviously, with so large a difference in fare, all conception of even-handed competition for public favor would come to an end. Such situations have arisen all over the country. They are especially awkward where considerable commercial cities, as so often happens, face each other across rivers, like the Mississippi or Missouri, forming the boundaries of States. Hence the new law takes a firm but considerate hold of the matter. Federal authority may not initiate local rates. But it is given final jurisdiction to bring to an end unjust discrimination, set up through the institution of local rates. Nor are the rights and interests of the States ruthlessly swept aside. Provision is made for conference and mutual understanding; and in the first great case hopeful indications for future coöperation are by no means absent.

This reassuring review deals with accomplishment already achieved. What remains yet to do? So large a part of any programme which may be reasonably demanded, pre-supposing, of course, that we are to continue the system of private ownership, has now been enacted into law in this salutary measure, that even the professional reformer, always with an eye cocked for change rather than the mere perpetuation of existing conditions, has relatively little to offer. First and foremost, there should be no tinkering with the Transportation Act until it has had a fair chance to demonstrate its effectiveness. The abnormal temporary conditions which have so discouraged and dissatisfied everybody must in time pass. And only with the resumption of normal traffic may one discover how the new provisions will work out. Assuredly the Labor Board must be continued and, in fact, given teeth, so to speak. Its participation in the general

scheme is absolutely essential to any well-devised programme. Nor can it be merged with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is a clear division of function and abundant tillage for both. What is needed is a resolute but fair-minded Labor Board, governed neither by its emotions, by politics, nor by passion or prejudice. In my judgment, its membership should be general, that is to say, all based upon fitness, instead of being classified by groups of interest, as at present. The new rule of rate-making is equally fundamental and constructive, and ought not to be modified in the least detail, at all events until the need of amendment has been clearly demonstrated with the passage of time.

Attentive and concentrated study for the past year of the consolidation programme has convinced me that therein lies a great hope for stability of railroad investments and for improvement of service in the future. This programme should be pushed by an intensive study of such matters as comparative efficiency in operation, and especially of the terminal situation in the great population centres. The problem of terminal coördination, or perhaps of unification, is essential to the reaching of sound conclusions as to what may be done in the realignment of railroad properties out in the open country. Such study is doubtless contemplated by the Interstate Commerce Commission when once it is relieved from the pressure imposed by the present abnormal conditions in business. To me it seems likely also that a further consideration of Federal incorporation will in due time press for consideration. Many conditions surrounding the exercise of corporate powers are now anomalous. Federal authority essays to impose itself upon State corporations, deriving their powers from the sovereignty of the separate commonwealths. All sorts of conflicts may arise respecting the exercise of these corporate powers, leading to protracted litigation. Power in raising funds, the nature of financial structure, the details of leases or other agreements, may easily give rise to such conflict. Abundant evidence has already been had, also, as between the States, notably in such instances as the projection of Connecticut authority into Massachusetts under the New Haven charter, or of New Jersey's powers in Minnesota in the Northern Securities case. The El Paso Southwestern Railroad

is now part of a great transcontinental line. It derives its power not from the railroad law of any State, but from the general corporation law of New Jersey. This empowers it to do things outside of New Jersey which that State does not permit one of its own railroads to do. Further consideration ought to be given to a simplification of such conditions in respect to corporate powers, either by the substitution of Federal charters in the proposed new railway consolidations, or else through an understanding similar to that which has been reached in the field of banking as to the control by the United States of the activities of State banks.

Yet one other reform deserves consideration—and this well-nigh completes the programme which laid itself out in my mind nearly twenty-five years ago as a result of preparation of the report on railroads of the United States Industrial Commission in 1900. This has to do distinctively with the restoration of railroad credit, through provision of a higher degree of direct financial accountability of railroad corporations to their owners. And of course financial accountability to the public would incidentally flow from the same change. This is a long story, too long to be reviewed at this time; but the bitter experience of many years reveals that the management of many railroads, especially the non-dividend paying ones, is virtually self-perpetuating. The stock ownership is too widely scattered, too inert, and too largely devoid of the motive of self-interest—having lost heart in the enterprise through non-receipt of income—to assert itself vigorously. This means that corporate control is carried largely upon the basis of the floating supply of stock in the street. Furthermore, the equity in properties of this class has under existing circumstances so nearly reached the vanishing point that it is in fact the bondholders and not the stockholders to any considerable degree who constitute the real owners and who have any real stake in the enterprise. Yet these bondholders find no representation whatsoever in the management. They must perforce stand idly by, watching the drift of things, so long as the property can actually be kept out of bankruptcy; and after the road has gone over the brink and is in the rapids below it may be too late to prevent irreparable injury. Just what

remedy may best be applied is not certain; but the trend of my thinking is that the bondholders of a corporation ought to be entitled to a pro rata voice in the management.

The foregoing proposal as to admission of bondholders to participation in corporate management, dovetails into another. The United States Government has now become the greatest single creditor of the railroads. Its direct advances as a result of the War now far outweigh all other obligations to private holders. A recognition of the right and interest of the bondholders would automatically admit a certain measure of public, that is to say, governmental, representation on these railroad boards of directors. Not mere dummies like the former Federal representatives on the old trans-Pacific railroads, but experts chosen for their fitness, are contemplated. Such persons might well serve as trustees for the general public interest. They should be held to an accountability for due diligence in the service. Whether or not a rearrangement of directorial boards is feasible, cutting down the number and paying salaries for real service, is another matter. But it seems clear that a repetition of some of the unfortunate occurrences in the past, which have contributed to the breakdown of railroad credit, would tend to be prevented by certain changes along this line. Only by some such guarantee of a direct accountability to those whose funds are adventured in the business, may public confidence be won back again for the support and development of this great and indispensable industry.

Taken all in all, then, the outlook is more reassuring than for many years—granted only that Congress stay its hand and permit fair trial of the new legislation under normal conditions of prosperity.

William Z. Ripley.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT EMERGENCY

BY ARTHUR WOODS

Chairman Committee on Civic and Emergency Measures; The President's Conference on Unemployment

WHAT was the unemployment problem which the country had to face last fall?

The first thing one strikes in trying to answer this question is the impossibility of getting accurate figures to measure the amount of unemployment in the country, its extent, and the severity of the distress caused by it. This difficulty will be illustrated by the variance in the estimates of the Department of Labor experts in September and of the experts who formed the Advisory Committee of the President's Conference on Unemployment. The latter estimated that the number of people unemployed at the time were three and one-half million, while the Department of Labor experts set the figure at a little more than five and one-half million.

There was, however, no doubt as to the seriousness of the situation. In 173 cities covered by the reports of the United States Employment Service for January and September, 1921, the number of unemployed increased 19 per cent between those two dates. Other indications were that in the mining industry from 1920 to August, 1921, the decrease in employment was 23 per cent, representing a total of 863,000 men; and on the steam railroads of the country the decrease had been 21.2 per cent, amounting to 445,000 men thrown out of work. The Economic Advisory Committee of the President's Conference stated that "the figures indicate a more serious situation for the coming winter than existed in 1907–08 or in 1914–15".

The state of unemployment existed generally all over the United States, though it was worse in some places than in others. The part of the country most heavily affected was east of the Mississippi, and north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the

conditions seemed to be more severe according to the size of the city, the larger cities suffering worst. As was to be expected, conditions were better in centres where there was diversified occupation. In cities of one industry everything was dependent upon the condition of that particular occupation, and if a large number of men engaged in it were thrown out of employment, there were no other businesses to which they could turn.

Besides being country-wide, the depression was world-wide. In European countries the suffering from unemployment seems to have been more severe than here. In Great Britain, in spite of the preparation that had been made to alleviate the distress of a prolonged period of unemployment through the operation of unemployment insurance, distress has been sharp. Dislocation of industry caused by the war, and the stoppage of the foreign trade upon which Great Britain is so dependent for her industrial life, produced an emergency too great for the system of unemployment insurance to meet. It was to be expected that industry would suffer more in a country like England, which is so much more dependent upon foreign trade than is the United States. Before the war, England exported over 30 per cent of her production, whereas the exports of the United States were less than ten per cent, and so large a proportion of this was raw products that if these are excluded the exports from the United States of manufactured articles were probably not more than three or four per cent of the total production.

There were two aspects of the situation. First, the emergency must be met. Work must be provided, so far as it was economically sound to do so. Distress must be helped, human suffering must be lightened. The other aspect had little reference to the immediate situation. This want, this suffering, was caused by one of the recurring sweeps of industrial depression: why did the world have to be afflicted with such plagues? Was there no way in which they could be avoided, or their severity lessened? To devise means of prevention was the second phase.

Let us consider first the immediate emergency. It was pressing. Many of our fellow citizens were facing their second winter without work. There were undoubtedly more savings in the country than people had in 1914–15, but they had been pretty

well drained by last fall, and the prospect of long winter months, when it was all outgo and no income, was appalling.

In this country we do not quickly notice the hardship caused to individuals by times of business depression, for the American way is for people in trouble not to talk much about it, and to look after themselves just as thoroughly and just as long as they can possibly manage. When a man loses his job he tries to get another one. If he is not successful, then he looks for temporary odd jobs at anything that will turn in a little income. In the meantime he lives on his savings, he and the family economize, and the wife, and the children if they are old enough, try to eke out the family income by earning a little themselves. Then comes the stage when he has to be helped by relatives, by friends, by his church, his lodge—in short by people and organizations whose help he has a right to expect, whom he has helped in the past, who know that he would be ready to help them in the future if the tables were turned. He exhausts his credit at the local stores. It is only when he comes to the end of his personal resources and of what can be given him by the help of friends, to the end of his credit—it is only then that we hear about it. One of the finest things in American life is this stubborn habit of self-dependence, and anything that weakens it weakens our country.

A good many people, who probably believe they are fair-minded, and probably are well-intentioned, allow their judgment in these matters to be blurred and poisoned by attributing to everyone who is out of a job the characteristics they have found to be true in a few. They have seen loafers on street corners, tramps, people who never work, people who belong to the "unemployable" class; they have also heard of workmen out of a job who were, as it seemed to them, too finicky as to what they would be willing to do. The conclusion is therefore arrived at, that all unemployed are responsible for the condition in which they find themselves, because they either do not want to work at anything, or else are so inexcusably particular as to what they are willing to work at that one cannot take the time to bother with them.

This conclusion is false, like so many other jumped-at conclusions. It daubs a whole class with the hue which colors only a very small part of it. The fact has been this winter that

hundreds of thousands of American working men, in spite of every effort, have been unable to find work.

Another element in the situation which must not be lost sight of is the way in which the distress of people who have been a long time out of work is capitalized by the preachers of false doctrines. It is no wonder that a man who needs work to feed and clothe his family and cannot get it in spite of everything he does, should think that there is something wrong with the world. The wonder is that more are not carried off their feet by the plausible, specious arguments of the agitator of evil.

"All you men are out of a job," begins the orator to a crowd of idle, discouraged men. "Is it your fault? No. You're all crazy to get jobs, you don't care what it is, you will take anything that you can keep yourself and your babies alive on. You're good workmen, too. You don't need to prove that because you have all held down high-class jobs and earned big money. If you're crazy to work and are good workers, with nothing against you, is it your fault that you are not working now? It's not!

"Well, then, if it's not your fault, is it your boss's fault? Some of you think so, but let's think about it. Is your boss making any money with his factory idle? Is that the way he piles up the money that he buys his yachts and limousines with? No. He would like to start up his factory just as much as you would like to have him. He would like to give you work just as much as you would like to get it. He isn't making any more money when his machines are idle than you are. The big difference between you and him is that he has got more saved up. No, my friends, the reason the wheels in that factory don't buzz is not because the boss doesn't want them to; it is because he knows that if he makes anything in the factory now he can't sell it, and he can't afford to do that. He would like nothing better than to start everything going full time, full speed, give everyone of you a job and make lots more money for himself. Then you can't say that it is the boss's fault that you are out of work.

"Well, then, whose fault is it? If it is not the fault of the working men, if it's not the fault of the bosses, the employers, that you are out of a job and out of luck, whose fault is it? There's nothing to it, boys, there's nothing left except it is the fault of this

whole industrial system that we live under, this whole business of capitalism—that's the trouble, that's where the fault is, that's what makes these times keep coming around every few years, and you have to starve and go cold and perhaps lose your babies because you can't give 'em the proper care. And then if you weather it, you get a job again, work for a while and think that everything is going fine, and then, after a few years, biff, what they call industrial depression comes on, hard times, and you are all out of luck again. It is the industrial system that's wrong, and nothing will ever help it until we change that system, until we smash it, until we put an end to these times of capitalists, and the workers take charge of the country. Get ready for that time."

False, but plausible. Can we wonder that even educated Americans who have lived years under our free institutions are puzzled at this kind of theory? They do not know that this sort of thing has been preached for centuries, that this sort of doctrine has been put into action, that countries have been ruled by men who talked and taught just as this orator did, and that utter distress and desolation and ruin have always been the result. They wish so much that there were some complete and rapid remedy for the agony of the situation in which they find themselves, that it is hard for them to hold fast to the truth that in this world, with men and women as they are, improvement comes slowly, abuses linger, progress has to be fought for. They are apt to forget that the way to better things is through the practice of the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, industry, thrift, unselfishness, intelligence, and that when we set about it to do away with things that are bad, we must go at it in such a way as not to lose the good with the bad. Perhaps the most striking fact in connection with the plight in which American working people have found themselves this winter has been the way in which they have been unaffected by fallacious economics.

The country was faced, therefore, last fall, with a widespread condition of unemployment which, in the case of many, had lasted many months and which was sure to cause profound distress unless strong measures were taken to relieve it.

The outstanding feature in the handling of this question has

been the way in which each locality has accepted the responsibility for its own situation. There was no other way in which it could be met. It was too far spread, it was too intense; conditions varied so in different cities that measures that would have been effective in some would have availed nothing in others. It was a local question, manageable only when handled locally and by those who had knowledge of the local situation.

Practically every city in which there was distress from unemployment formed, under the leadership of the mayor, a strong and representative emergency committee on unemployment. These committees have worked in different ways.

Many and novel are the means they have adopted to provide at least temporary employment or to relieve acute distress. For example, Chicago has made a house-to-house canvass under the direction of the 23 battalion fire chiefs, to compel householders to remove from their premises all combustible material and refuse, as a fire prevention measure. This campaign has created many short time jobs. The Women's City Club has divided the city into thirty-five districts, each in charge of a woman chairman, who devotes specified hours each day to getting jobs.

Dallas, Texas, has taken a church census of its 190,000 population and each householder is asked if some special odd job, painting, carpentry, gardening, or cleaning, could be furnished the unemployed, and a record is kept of the replies and addresses, with the result that a large number of days of work have been secured for those who most needed it.

Schenectady, New York, has taken care of its own problem by bond issues for public improvements, and the city officials are enforcing rigidly the local ordinances concerning snow removal and the like. This is done under city supervision and charged on the tax bills of all derelict property owners.

Atlanta has formed a club of 500 citizens, each of whom has pledged the building of a dwelling to be rented at a reasonable figure, thus giving employment to many, and also helping the housing situation.

Gloucester, Massachusetts, and Evanston, Illinois, pay the jobless to chop down condemned city timber, which is sold for fuel. Public-spirited citizens in Rock Island, Illinois, have

banded together to hire one man one day a week to keep him from becoming an object of charity.

In Erie, Pennsylvania, a drive has been made to push the sale of "Erie-made" products, in order to provide local employment. Lima, Ohio, has put one hundred men to work two or three days a week, paying them in orders on grocery stores for food. Butte, Montana, raises $60,000 each month, and extends some sort of aid to 2,500 families. Unemployed single men can get two meals a day of beef stew, vegetables, bread and butter, and coffee, out of this fund. Galesburg, Illinois, has put $100,000 into water mains and work has gone on right through the winter, while the town provides lodging and food for the destitute.

The Finance Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, of Poughkeepsie, New York, will lend up to $100 to any unemployed man of reputable character, and accept his note for ninety days at reasonable interest, charged to make up for any loss which may occur through failure to pay.

Buffalo has set aside $70,000 for groceries and other necessities for the relief of 1,113 families. Detroit is lending out of emergency funds $1,750,000 as necessity arises, to applicants for relief, some of whom return it in work performed for the city. Kansas City has raised $290,000 in a charity drive. Boise, Idaho, has opened a municipal woodyard where wages are not as high as the scale, but grocers have pledged themselves to supply food at cost to men who take this work, thereby making the money earned approximate the regular wage.

St. Paul, under an emergency clause in its charter, is authorized to borrow $100,000 to give employment to men with families, for sewer building, bridge repair, and snow removal. A few cities which have made appropriations for public works, because of the emergency, are: Los Angeles, $2,000,000; Savannah, $300,000; Baltimore, $250,000; Dayton, Ohio, $500,000; Hazleton, Pennsylvania, $250,000.

Manufacturers also have generally taken action to try to help the situation by manufacturing for stock, by part time work, and by doing an unusual amount of construction, cleaning up and repair work, giving regular employees the chance for occupation at this as long as possible. One Company reports:

We have taken the position in our own business that unemployment is the first lien on our business, and, beginning late last fall and continuing up to the present time, we have carried our regular force through the entire period. During that time we found a good deal of work for the men on our farm, which is situated about eight miles from the factory. We also reduced the number of hours worked per week but did not reduce the weekly income. We also gave the entire force three weeks' vacation with full pay. In addition we found a great many odd jobs about the plant and altogether we were enabled to keep our small force employed during the hours they worked.

As a means of distributing the burden of unemployment part time work and rotation of jobs has been a common expedient. One firm added two hundred and fifty or three hundred men to its payroll by reducing shifts from eight to six hours, and adding another shift. Another plant worked three days a week twenty-five per cent of their force, rather than one full week with twelve and one-half per cent of their force. In some industries and in some departments of industries it has been found impracticable to rotate jobs, but the surprising thing is rather that so much part time work and job rotation has been found practicable.

The building of public works in times of industrial depression has long been an expedient to relieve the hardships of such periods. There is, of course, no cure for unemployment except employment; everything else is a makeshift, a palliative. If, therefore, public works can be increased as private industry decreases, part of the trough of depression can perhaps be filled up.

It would clearly bring about no real improvement in the situation if public work were started simply for the sake of providing jobs, and if the work accomplished were not of service and value to the community. Non-productive work, which does not result in an increase of things people need, would prove simply a boomerang as a means of relieving unemployment.

The movement during the winter toward the erection of public works has been not only unprecedented in volume but, according to all indications, has been guided by the sound principles that it was well to do now, in times when ordinary business had slowed up, public works which are necessary, which must be done anyway within a few months or a year, and which if done now, rather than a little later, will not merely give to the community the use of a needed bridge, or building, or sewerage system a little

sooner than otherwise would have happened, but will also afford work just at a time when people are sorely in need of it.

The sales of municipal bonds for public works in 1921 were about double those of any previous year, and nearly three times the amount of those for any year before the war. In September the total sales of municipal bonds throughout the country amounted to $86,477,162. In October the figure rose to $113,787,230; and in November it was $117,950,261; while in December it reached the unprecedented amount of $210,819,584.

There has been a general impulse also toward the doing of work on public utilities and in private companies, on the same theory as that which has governed in the case of public works, although to nothing like the extent, since the possibility of raising money by the attraction of the sale of tax-free securities has not, of course, been available to public utilities and private companies. Much construction and repair work has, however, been done.

In many instances much more work of this character, with consequent beneficial effect upon unemployment, would have been undertaken if construction costs had not been deemed too high. Transportation rates, prices for material, the cost of labor—in some localities all of these have seemed too high, in others some of them have seemed so high as to prohibit new undertakings. The President's Conference last fall recognized this fact. Its report of September 29 stated:

> We are short more than a million homes; all kinds of building and construction are far behind national necessity. Considering all branches of the construction industries more than two million people could be employed if construction were resumed. Undue cost and malignant combinations have made proper expansion impossible and contribute largely to this unemployment situation. In some places these matters have been cleaned up. In other places they have not, and are an affront to public decency. Where conditions have been righted, construction should proceed. Where the costs are still above the other economic levels of the community there should be searching inquiry and action in the situation. We recommend that the Governors summon representative committees—(a) to determine facts; and (b) to organize community action in securing adjustments in cost, including removal of freight discriminations, and clean-out campaigns against combinations, restrictions of effort, and unsound practices where they exist, to the end that building may be fully resumed.

Another outstanding fact in the way the unemployment difficulty has been met throughout the country has been the prevalence of "odd job", "spruce-up" campaigns. The feeling seems to have generally existed that it was the duty of everyone receiving an income to do something to help someone who was out of work. Work has been provided all over the country in ways which must have seemed insignificant to those affected, but in the aggregate it has mounted very high and has had a powerful effect in taking the edge off the prevalent distress. The way the people of the country have acted could not but remind one of the way in which they responded generally to Mr. Hoover's wartime appeal to eat meat only once a day and not to use white bread. That was at a time when there seemed to be no substantial extra stores of food in this country, at any rate not enough to meet the bare necessities of our Allies. Yet, without the passage of any law, without any restriction being imposed, at the mere request of a Food Controller in whom the people had complete confidence, consumption of food in this country was shrunk to such an extent that the supplies needed for export were at once available, and continued available.

In the same way during this period of unemployment the American people caught the idea that this was not a matter for legislation, that no magical cure could be looked for, that the emergency had to be met by the neighborly, helpful dealing of one with another, by everyone's making an effort to provide, as soon as possible, all the necessary work that he could, by everyone's holding out a helping hand.

But no matter how successful the efforts are to alleviate them, these recurring depressions are intolerable. They must be prevented, if there is any way to do it, for the heavy price is paid in the suffering and anguish of our fellow citizens; the strain comes upon those least able to bear it. It was for this reason that the Conference called by President Harding determined that, besides trying to help meet the emergency, it would make a vigorous and sustained effort to find out the causes of industrial depressions and to devise ways and means to prevent or mitigate them.

ARTHUR WOODS.

ECONOMY AND NAVAL PERSONNEL

BY ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

At a time when a great advance toward the highly-desirable end of world-peace has just been made, it may be held to be a mistake to speak of weapons. Military men, diplomatists, statesmen, and—potential masters of all three—the peoples of the world, agree that the Washington Conference has accomplished more than all it sought to do. Most of us believe that a great rent has been torn in the war-cloud which hung over the Pacific and that, with the sweeping naval treaty almost certain of ratification by the Powers concerned, the race for naval supremacy is no longer to be run. Yet, for this very reason, it seems not amiss to urge that enthusiasm be not permitted to carry us to unwise extremes. Because an immediate menace has happily been removed by open and straightforward negotiation is not a reason for believing that no other menace will ever come, or that national defense should become a mere matter of splendid memory. In this respect, the Navy is still a fit subject for careful consideration.

At this writing, it appears that there exists in Congress a sentiment which favors largely reducing the naval personnel. In view of the proposed scrapping of certain vessels and leaving others unfinished, such low figures as thirty-five or fifty thousand have been suggested as adequate for the future enlisted strength. It is argued that such a cut will carry out the "spirit" of the treaty of limitation, as well as bring about a commendable saving of public moneys. But the treaty makes no such implication; while, as for the saving, there would, in the end, be none. We must have learned with fair thoroughness what it costs to have a theoretical instead of a practical Fleet, just as we learned what it means to have a political, rather than a national, administration of it. Will it be necessary to go through the pages of that lesson again?

When the Navy's morale was first attacked, in 1913, there were few who believed that any real and lasting harm could be done. Most of us have changed our minds since then. Similarly, it was not generally realized how hard it would be to recover from over-rapid, political demobilization following immediately after the signing of the Armistice. Even when the personnel was reduced to 106,000 enlisted men, the situation, while admittedly very difficult, was not considered dangerous. But no one, intimately concerned, hesitates to say that it is now time to call a halt.

The eighteen battleships which we propose to retain will be comparatively up-to-date; it will not do to provide them with insufficient crews, even in peace time. Long experience with half-manned ships has proved that they soon lose the fight for mechanical upkeep and rapidly become so much dead weight. Further, with each step in the deterioration of material there comes a corresponding drop in morale. Men will attempt double or treble work for only a limited time; after that, half-hearted, useless drudgery accomplishes nothing. In turn, the loss of spirit results in more rapid material decay. While the present percentage of green and untried men stands so high, a forty-million-dollar battleship is not a thing to be entrusted to less than the authorized complement. This we know from the unfortunate result of keeping practically every one of the battleships now to be scrapped out of commission for months, as well as from the effect of maintaining a few with skeleton crews. Whence, then, may we deduce a reason to suppose that still fewer men can bring us any nearer to holding battle manœuvres—something now, of course, possible only upon paper?

With our destroyers, the case is even worse. It will be recalled that it was in the construction of this important unit that we made our principal naval effort during the last war. As a consequence, we had finally a flotilla of about three hundred, containing many entirely modern vessels and, upon the whole, second to none afloat. Also, it will be recalled that the shortage of men, brought about by Mr. Josephus Daniels against the Navy's own protest, necessitated laying-up new destroyers, as fast as they were completed on unexpired war contracts, until

the back-waters of our navy yards were filled with them. To-day, about twenty-five per cent are in active service.

To the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Asiatic Fleets there are at present assigned, in each case, nineteen destroyers in so-called "operative commission". None of these is fully manned. In addition, about a dozen have been converted into light mine-layers, for experimental purposes, while eight are upon detached duties in European waters. To the rest, a handful of men is assigned, shifting from one group to another as fast as a distracted Navy Department can contrive a new plan for a little desperate scraping and painting, a spasmodic jacking-over of engines. The result is plainly to be seen by any casual observer, on any day, at any of our larger navy yards. As each destroyer represents an investment of more than a million-and-a-half, what saving to the public will follow our permitting most of them to go to pieces? If the flotilla is relatively our most valuable naval possession, shall we, in the long run, gain anything by losing it?

In the summer of 1920, a number of submarines were based upon Newport, theoretically for exercise and development of the type. As a matter of fact there were, among all the boats there collected, about enough trained men to man one. Nor is this a character of service to be learned overnight, as was clearly shown within the last few years. A certain submarine tonnage, however, is allowed us by the naval treaty. Irrespective of international agreements, designed to remove the horrible possibilities of the submarine in war,—agreements to which we may all heartily subscribe,—where is the national saving in retaining the type without personnel to preserve, much less to use it?

As to the cruisers, they too have long been subjected to the Peter-and-Paul policy. The *Frederick*, carrying the American athletes to the last Olympic games at Antwerp, was manned by picking up a fireman here, a seaman there, a reservist somewhere else. While she steamed across the Atlantic, other cruisers, tied up to docks, waited for her to bring back their quotas. Similar contingencies since have resulted in leaving those cruisers still waiting. But, under the new treaty, we are to build more cruisers, to balance our Fleet in this respect. Since we are without enough men to maintain our present cruisers, how

much shall we be in pocket if, while building more, we cut the force that must care for them?

The Conference recognized the fact that aviation was certain to make long strides, for commercial use. It also recognized the comparative ease with which aircraft can be converted for military purposes. Therefore it was decided not to place a limit upon this arm for the present, and it is a fair presumption that we shall continue to build and to develop new types. For these, we shall need not only pilots, but supporting ground-forces, not to mention manning the aircraft-carriers which the new treaty permits us to build. Incidentally, the first man to fly across the Atlantic was an American naval officer—a good indication of the efficiency of this branch of the service. Since a plane may be put to many uses other than that of bombing hospitals and unfortified towns, shall we hamper naval aviation by providing that among twenty aircraft but one can be manned?

In discussing savings, it must be admitted that the scrapping of obsolete ships will mean some relief for the taxpayer. But the greatest gain will be that of taking from the Navy itself the unbearable load of an increasing number of deteriorating ships. For this will mean that the Navy can at last turn its hand to the manning of valuable modern ships, to keeping the actual strength up to the theoretical equality with any navy upon the sea. By unflagging exertion, the present enlisted force can just manage to do this with what we shall have left after limitation becomes effective. To talk of reducing this number is to suggest putting back the load which we have just removed—a load which will not only crush down a morale slowly recovering from desperate wounds, but which will also inevitably bring about that very waste of public moneys which Congressmen and others talk so glibly of preventing. Rather than tie up more ships, for lack of men, we would better sink them now. Even a reduction of ten thousand, suggested by the President as a Cerberean sop to the extremists, can do nothing but seriously handicap the enlisted men and, more especially, the officers that will continue to be held responsible by the nation.

Upon the case of the officers, indeed, there is to be laid even more stress than upon that of the lower ratings. It is common

knowledge that the lack of trained officers was one of the most grave difficulties with which the nation, in 1917, had to contend. The percentage available was ridiculously inadequate to meet the emergency. Thousands of lives and enormously valuable properties had to be entrusted to officers whose only training for a commission was a splendid spirit, combined with tireless energy and a willingness to make any sacrifice. Commendable as are these qualities, it can scarcely be denied that they are not sufficient. It has never yet been written how often the safety of a convoy at sea depended in large measure upon officers whose naval experience could be measured in days. Nor has it been fully realized that our destroyers and other escort-vessels, of excellent record, frequently had but one regular officer, the commander. Upon him rested his usual responsibility and the additional one of training eight or ten reserve-officers, *after* war had actually begun. It is axiomatic that the efficiency of any force depends upon the knowledge and the ability of its officers, but, be they never so able, they cannot do work which calls for double their number. If we place a percentage of our active naval officers upon pension, we shall have to pay them for doing nothing, while demanding the utterly impossible of the remainder. This is apart from what might be said upon the effect on morale of such a reward for years of service. What ever result in dollars and cents may be reached by the statistician, is there a real saving in the loss of material and personal efficiency?

It appears, therefore, that we have been wise in deciding to rid ourselves of certain old ships; we shall save time and money by doing so. It also appears that we shall save the money not spent in completing parts of a building programme no longer to be followed. But does it anywhere appear that we shall save money by allowing such ships as we have left to lie in back-channels, unmanned and uncared-for? Had we not far better adopt the alternative of getting rid of them all, now? In that case, we should, at least, know in advance that we were unable to defend ourselves, and thus be spared the mortification of rushing to arms only to discover that there were no arms.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL.

FRANCE, LIBERATOR OF NATIONS

BY CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

I SHALL endeavor in this paper to describe some of the contributions of France to the liberation of the modern world. Of course so spacious a subject can only be glanced at in a single article and one's observations must necessarily be merely fugitive and episodic. It is only fair to state at the outset that my point of view is distinctly old-fashioned and conventional. I think, for instance, that France has greatly served the cause of human freedom during the past century and a half and that she is greatly serving it to-day. I do not share the belief of some of our newest thinkers that France is the fortress of reaction, the bar to progress, the kill-joy of the race. Such novel conceptions are appropriate to so stirring an age as ours, when popular novelists write history that is stranger than history itself and when many of our fellow-countrymen expire in an ecstasy of admiration of the weird result. Not being able fully to share the new illumination, I shall limit myself to a rigid and uninspired examination of the evidence that bears upon my theme.

In the sphere of political discussion and action, as Sidgwick pointed out long ago, France took the lead at the close of the eighteenth century and she maintained that leadership down to the middle of the nineteenth century. Hers were the most daring experiments and those most widely influential upon other States. It was to her that the party of reform everywhere looked, for inspiration or suggestion, in Spain and Italy, in the Netherlands and the Balkans, in Germany and Switzerland, even to a certain extent in England. Even after the lapse into military despotism under Napoleon, even after the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, a restoration brought about by allied Europe, France became again after 1815 a centre of influence in the realm of political ideas. But the failure of the Second Republic and the establishment of the Second Empire caused the

Liberals in other countries to lose faith in the efficacy of French methods, and a general distrust of them spread throughout Western Europe. At this time, too, came the resounding successes of Bismarck, the apostle of very different methods. Since nothing succeeds like success, Germany, having defeated France, thenceforth commanded the interested attention of the world and French influence suffered a long eclipse. After 1871 German ideals and processes, the German Constitution, embodying the Bismarckian political philosophy, exerted an influence upon other countries in Europe and in Asia. But now that that Constitution has disappeared, now that that philosophy has reaped the whirlwind and been discredited, now that victory is elsewhere than on the River Spree, German models are destined to enjoy a lesser vogue, and a renewed radiation of French influence has begun. French political principles will become an article of exportation once more and thus a long tradition will be renewed.

What are those principles? They are those that are summarized and symbolized by the Declaration of the Rights of Man. That Declaration has never left anyone cold. It has had an exceptional power of exhilarating or enraging the sons of men from the day it was issued down to the present moment. Its educational effect has been immense not only upon modern France but upon modern Europe.

The words of this single but mighty page, translated into the terms of the political struggles and aspirations of France during the past century, have signified Democracy and the Republic. After astonishing vicissitudes France has achieved both these types of modern national organization. Worked out slowly and painfully, and with many impeding interruptions and reactions, in an old and complex society, against all the weight of tradition and inherited institutions, they have become the body and the spirit of contemporary France, the animating and indisputable genius of her life. And now that the heavy and oppressive weight of the past, represented by the houses of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Romanoff, has in the cataclysmic shock of our day been removed, as was that of the Bourbons a century and more ago, the vast liberation, involved in the words Democracy

and Republic, is manifestly in progress over new and unexpected areas of the world's surface.

Not only has there been the influence of French example upon other countries during a considerable part of the ninteenth century, not only has there been a wide and striking diffusion of French thought, but France has also conspicuously aided directly in the emancipation of other countries, on a scale which I do not believe to be matched in the case of any other nation.

Let us examine briefly four episodes in the history of the nationalist movement of the nineteenth century, in each of which the decisive action, the vital deed which determined the issue of the process, was performed by France and by France alone.

In the Greek War of Independence it was the naval battle of Navarino, October 20, 1827, that possessed this supreme importance. When the laggard Powers of Europe finally decided to intervene in that murderous struggle they drew up the Treaty of London, but the intervention provided for by that treaty was to go no farther than to require an armistice between the combatants and the acquisition for the Greeks, not of independence but of merely a certain measure of autonomy under Turkish sovereignty. England was opposed to the disruption of the Turkish Empire, wishing to preserve it as a bulwark against Russia in Eastern affairs.

The Treaty of London mobilized the squadrons of England, France and Russia against the Turks. But it was not at all the intention of the diplomats of London to fight the Turkish fleet. They wished merely to bring pressure to bear upon the Turks. In the mind also of Codrington, the English Admiral, the object of the projected demonstration was to make the Turks yield without fighting. But to one man, the Count de Rigny, the French Admiral, negotiations of so pacific an intent were not at all pleasing. Rigny wanted a fight, for a reason that was clearly defined in his own mind, the glory of France. The Count de Rigny was one of Napoleon's naval officers who keenly felt the humiliation of French arms after Waterloo. Codrington said of him: "He has not patience." To be entirely accurate the English Admiral should have said that Rigny intentionally had no patience on this particular occasion. The two Admirals were

not aiming at the same mark. In the interview with the Turkish authorities which preceded the battle, Codrington discussed seriously the question of the armistice. Rigny on his side assumed a provocative tone, and talked of exchanging balls and powder.

It was not by chance that the French Admiral's frigate, the *Siren*, received the first fire of the enemy at Navarino, and the man who had intended to bring about a fight, if possible, was satisfied. The Turkish fleet was destroyed. The English Government immediately pronounced the battle of Navarino an "unfortunate accident". An accident it certainly was not. The destruction of the Ottoman fleet, on October 20, 1827, was, in the words of Emile Bourgeois, a premeditated declaration of war, secretly approved by Charles X, determined by his Admiral; a French declaration of war against Turkey in favor of the Greeks. And this action received for various reasons the enthusiastic support of French public opinion.

A year after Navarino, France asked and received from the Conference of London a mandate to protect the Greeks against the Turks. Fourteen thousand Frenchmen were sent to the Peloponnesus in August of that year. In a campaign of two months they restored to the Greeks all that the Greeks had lost to the Turks. This, and the Russo-Turkish war which was going on at the same time, broke the resistance of the Sultan. The subsequent launching of Greece as a new and independent State was merely a matter of political and diplomatic adjustment, rendered inevitable by the military events which began at Navarino.

France also performed a significant part in the creation of the Kingdom of Belgium, an event practically contemporary with the creation of the Kingdom of Greece. This is a complicated chapter in diplomatic history, to only two or three points of which is it possible to allude. The erection of the Kingdom of Belgium into an independent State was the work, not of the Belgians, although they made a certain contribution, but of European diplomacy. This was natural and indeed inevitable, for if that kingdom were to be erected it would be at the expense of the settlement of 1815. It had been the Great Powers at the

Congress of Vienna which had pronounced Holland and Belgium one; it was for them, not for the immediately interested parties, to pronounce the divorce, if divorce there was to be. The instinct and the manifest intention of the Eastern absolutisms, Russia, Prussia and Austria, were to intervene to suppress the Belgian insurrection of 1830 by force of arms and to preserve the United Kingdom of the Netherlands intact for the purpose for which it had been instituted, namely as a barrier against France; as a protection against those deadly political gases which that seething caldron was, in the opinion of the Holy Allies, constantly giving forth.

But the autocracies of the East reckoned without one accomplished diplomatist, as they had been inclined to reckon without him sixteen years before at Vienna, only to find out the futility of their imaginings. Talleyrand was on the scene again, in the full vigor of his seventy-seventh year. Having been offered the Foreign Secretaryship by the new King, Louis Philippe, he had declined that office but had requested to be made Ambassador at the Court of Saint James's. And so he was now in London, his mind working to full capacity. And he now proceeded to add an appropriate and finished companion piece to his brilliant work at Vienna. This, Talleyrand's final contribution to the history of European diplomatic art, showed no loss in power. As cool and flexible as ever, as subtle and sinuous, this master of the craft sketched and painted and retouched until he had a picture which quite suited him, but to which his partners at the green table gave only a forced admiration.

Talleyrand had not been at his post a week before he had in concert with Lord Aberdeen found a method of avoiding war, simply, as he said, because that was his sole object. A war between the reactionary Powers on the one hand, and France and Belgium aglow with revolutionary fevers on the other, might easily be the outcome of this conflict in the Netherlands. Such a war might assume general and devastating proportions; at any rate its course would be quite incalculable. To prevent war, Talleyrand signed with Lord Aberdeen a secret agreement which invited and authorized Europe to regulate in conference in London the dispute between the Belgians and the Dutch. The East-

ern absolutisms, though with varying indications of annoyance, acquiesced in this procedure, rendered formidable by the entente of France and England. The initiative here was Talleyrand's.

Thus began negotiations which were most intricate, long-drawn-out, precarious and critical. This diplomatic skein it is impossible to unravel here, but if anyone is interested in tracing the steps of a very wary person advancing, amid manifold ambushes and quicksands, toward a steady goal, he will be amply repaid by keeping at the heels of the astute ex-Bishop during this redoubtable crisis. Talleyrand had not had an unrivaled experience of Europe for nothing. Imperturbable, flexible, resourceful, resilient, without haste, without rest, he turned and retreated and advanced as the moment might demand, but never lost sight of the path and the objective. There were smaller crises within the greater one, and he was ready for them, too. Once, when the King of Holland had nearly won Belgium back, France intervened with 40,000 men and stayed the process, incidentally rescuing the shaky throne of Leopold I shortly after that monarch had mounted it. England did not relish the sight of French troops in Belgium, and wished to get them out as speedily as they had come. Yet Palmerston admitted to a German, Stockmar, a confidant of Leopold, that "without the aid of France, the Belgians would have been put back beneath the yoke". A year later, in 1832, the French army recrossed the frontier, this time under Marshal Gérard at the head of sixty thousand men, and besieged the citadel of Antwerp, which the King of Holland had refused to hand over to Belgium, but which he was now compelled to yield. And the adroitness of Talleyrand's diplomacy had won a revenge for the treaties of Vienna. "I see," said Lord Londonderry, "I see France dominating us all, thanks to the skillful and active policy of her representative."

Thus we see that the old diplomacy, whose most consummate practitioner was Talleyrand, accomplished good in its day as well as evil, preserved the peace sometimes as well as sometimes precipitated war. It is not unreasonable to hope that the new diplomacy of our day may do as much in an age which is prone to consider itself purer still.

Thirty years after the events just described, France played the

leading part in aiding two other peoples to achieve the selfsame goal. Napoleon III was then in power, equipped with a very pithy formula, the prodigious principle of nationality. This principle, as the Prussian minister in Paris informed the incredulous Bismarck, meant, in the mind of the Emperor, the right possessed by all peoples freely to choose their own nationality. The Congress of Paris of 1856 gave Napoleon the opportunity to recommend this principle to a most unsympathetic audience, composed of men not given to romance in international affairs. It was the Roumanian question that enabled him to make his début in a rôle which he was most anxious to try and which he was not soon to abandon.

The situation was as follows: The Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia had long formed a part of the Turkish Empire, but Russia had secured a right of protectorate over them on the ground of religious affinity. This right was now considered to have been abolished by the Crimean War, a war in which Russia was the loser. But did this elimination of Russia mean that Turkey should be permitted to resume her former unrestricted, unqualified control of the two provinces? Needless to say this was not at all the idea of the Roumanians. They desired independence, but, realizing that that was quite beyond the realm of possibility at that moment, they wished the next best thing, namely, the union of the two principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia, as a step toward that freedom and grandeur which their archæologists and historians had for a generation been telling them were rightly theirs. Napoleon III was most sympathetic with the aspirations of this people, which loved to consider itself of Latin origin and which dwelt fondly and complacently upon the memories of ancient Dacia and the career of the Emperor Trajan. It was largely through Napoleon's efforts that a considerable step was taken toward the realization of Roumanian aspirations. At the Congress of Paris, Napoleon demanded the union of the two principalities under a foreign prince, the Duke of Parma. This he did not secure, but he did secure the right of the people of the two principalities to be consulted as to their desires and, by insisting that this consultation, which the Turks attempted to nullify, should be fair, and that the will of the Roumanians as

revealed by it should be respected, Napoleon greatly helped forward the union of the two provinces which became the basis of the Roumanian State.

This advancement of the Roumanian people toward the realization of statehood was the sole durable result of the Crimean War. Napoleon continued to manifest a benevolent interest in this people, the first-born of his principle of nationality. It is piquant to recall that when Couza, their first Prince, was driven out by the Roumanians in 1866, it was Napoleon who warmly approved and supported the candidacy of his successor, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, founder of the present reigning house of Roumania. It is no less piquant to observe that the only branch of the Hohenzollern family now ruling in Europe is the one thus greatly helped on its way by the man who was to have another experience of a very different sort with another Hohenzollern candidacy.

One of the Roumanian negotiators in this transference of a throne, wishing to tempt Prince Charles to accept it, said to him: "You see on this map all these countries, Transylvania, the Banat, Bukovina, Bessarabia, all peopled with Roumanians. This is the future which is entrusted to you." This remark was made in 1866. Fifty-two years later the successor of Charles looked upon a map thus radically altered. Roumania Irredenta was to become Roumania Redeemed in the vast reconstruction of our day as a result of a war in which her best friend was the leading combatant, France.

In the creation of still another product of the nineteenth century, the Kingdom of Italy, the service of France was so conspicuous and is so well known that I do not need to do more than mention it. The fundamental fact in that creation, the condition absolutely precedent to the independence and unification of Italy, was the shattering of the power of Austria in the Peninsula. As long as Austria maintained her position there, nothing could be done. Neither the Italian people nor any Italian State could hope alone to dislodge the mighty incubus and thus enable the national energies to soar. Cavour saw this with perfect distinctness and framed his policy accordingly. He sought an ally whose military power would be equal or

superior to that of Austria, and he found that ally in France. France and Piedmont in 1859 shook Austria loose from Lombardy, and thus opened the way to the unification of Italy, which proceeded with dramatic rapidity. In this, the great preliminary and necessary act, which rendered all the subsequent acts possible, the function of France was paramount. She sent a hundred and twenty thousand men into Italy and they coöperated with thirty thousand Piedmontese. The proportion was four to one. The two armies combined were adequate to the task at Magenta and Solferino, and the Peace of Villafranca was the result. During the next two years the Kingdom of Italy was made. In the later story France and England and Cavour and Garibaldi all played their several parts, which cannot be indicated here. Suffice it to say that those parts never could have been played had not France opened the drama by driving the leading rival from the scene.

I am well aware that into the liberation of the United States in the eighteenth century, of Greece, Belgium, Roumania, and Italy in the nineteenth, of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia in the twentieth, many other factors have entered beside the aid of France; the resolute energy of the peoples themselves, the participation, in certain cases, of such nations as England and Russia and, in the latest chapter, of many more, and the determinations of diplomatic congresses, which have not all been as bad as painted by impatient moralists innocent of desirable and appropriate erudition. Nor would I claim that no trace of self-interest has entered into this inspiring history of progressive European emancipation. In that long and desperate contest between Dynasts and Democracies which has filled so much of modern history with its clangor, the final triumph of the latter is due in considerable measure to France, whose fundamental task during the nineteenth century was "the gradual and sure development of the notion of democracy". Fortunate indeed is it that the expansion of this great ideal which is now in full progress over the world has had and will have the powerful support of French experience, French example, French prestige. By the magnitude of her services in the past France has given precious hostages to the future.

CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN.

SCRAPPING INDUSTRIAL ARMAMENTS

BY GORTON JAMES

THROUGHOUT Europe there is widespread apprehension of new impending wars. Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston, on his return from a tour in the course of which he studied conditions first hand in nearly all the capitals of Europe, talking with leaders of each country, said that as a result of this apprehension—

> There has come an economic war of most dangerous intensity, which is killing trade and commerce, increasing the cost of living, making high taxes still higher and straining the relations even of friendly nations. . . . Probably the most dangerous manifestation of this economic war now being waged is the tendency that is showing itself to impose export duties on basic raw materials. Should this tendency grow unchecked it would have the effect on the industries of every nation that poison gas had on its unfortunate victims during the war. Modern commerce, our whole industrial structure as it now exists, would be imperiled and a new provocation for war, the greatest the world has ever seen, would be created.

At Versailles a great machinery was set up to deal with cases of international friction after they arise. But that did not go to the root of the matter. Now we have had another international conference in Washington which considered and eliminated some of the most obvious causes of friction, but which limited its consideration to specific "sore spots" in one corner of the world. Economic causes are frequent and pregnant trouble breeders. They lay outside the agenda of the President's Conference, but the world hopes that they will be faced squarely at Genoa. It is to a very important class of economic trouble breeders that Mr. Filene draws attention.

Groups of individuals in the various nations are engaging in a mad scramble to control and monopolize the basic raw materials of the world. The battle is an economic one, and the weapons are those of trade, tariffs and governmental regulations; the most menacing ones to-day being prohibition of exports and export taxes on basic raw materials.

Just before the war Portugal was the only country which attempted as a general policy to control the raw materials produced in its colonies by means of export taxes preferential to the mother country. There were a few isolated cases of preferential taxes which had not yet been abandoned in certain colonies of Spain and Italy, but for the most part such taxes were being removed. France had assimilated many of its colonies into a common customs union, so that trade between them and the mother country was as free as intra-national commerce. It really amounted to preferential tariff relations and resulted in restricting the trade of these colonies to the mother country. A few possessions—St. Pierre and Miquelon, West Africa, and the Pacific Islands—were known as "special régime colonies", and had tariffs containing some undisguised preferential features. Japan abolished the Korean export duties in 1919. The Virgin Islands still levy the few low export duties which were in effect when these islands were taken over from Denmark. Strangely enough Germany had no preferential taxes in her colonies and apparently made no attempt to control their raw materials.

In as much as the founders of our nation in the Constitution forbade export taxes, the United States has had but little experience with this type of control. It learned something of such taxes, however, through the Philippine export tariff which we inherited from Spain. After 1909 taxes were remitted on certain goods consumed in the United States, notably hemp, copra, sugar and tobacco. The immediate result of this policy was disturbance of trade relations with other countries and great dissatisfaction among Philippine producers, who felt that the preferential tax cut off their foreign markets and in effect subsidized those American manufacturers who were using their products. The opposition, in the Philippines, to this preferential tariff became so bitter that it was finally abandoned in 1913.

We must, in all fairness, distinguish, in any discussion of the subject, the purposes for which export taxes may be levied. There have been export taxes for revenue and there have been export taxes for the purpose of conservation. The former are imposed on all, alike, and in some countries where the entire wealth is in raw products, a small tax on exports seems to be the most con-

venient and reasonable way to raise revenue. The States of Brazil, for instance, have depended for their revenues, in times past, entirely on their export duties on coffee and rubber. For conservation a prohibitive export tax may be justifiable, but if it is prohibitive it often might better take the form of a direct government order prohibiting export. For instance, duties for the purpose of conservation have been placed on lumber from British Columbia and from certain Balkan States. These, being applied alike to all buyers, are in the main fair and proper. In some cases they virtually stop exportation and in others they cut down export to shipments for special purposes and thus prevent wholesale destruction of the forests. Canada had a typical experience with an export duty when she imposed a tax in 1866 on pine, oak and spruce logs "to encourage saw-milling by offsetting the American import duty upon lumber". So much bitterness was caused in the United States by that tax that finally, in the Dingley Tariff Act of 1897, it was provided that import duties on lumber should be increased an amount equal to export duties, wherever such were imposed. Canada at last realized that she was creating more ill-will than she was helping her saw-milling, and she removed her export tax.

For purposes of monopolization, unless the monopoly is complete either because there is no other source of supply or because no substitute for the material can be used, the results may be the opposite of what is desired. In such cases the home industry is cut off from its markets and a new industry is forced into existence elsewhere. Turkey's recent experience with the exportation of angora goats to New Mexico is a case in point. She saw the possibility of the establishment of mohair production in the United States and she did not want to lose her monopoly of the raw material. She put an export tax amounting to $500 on each animal, but that did not prevent the continued exportation of goats. In desperation she has removed the tax and replaced it with an order of the Sultan to the effect that no goat shall be exported. The penalty for violation is death.

Another duty, levied for the purpose of monopolization, is the West African tax on palm kernels when going to any country outside the British Empire. The law was enacted on October 7,

1916, and imposed a tax of £1,2*s*,6*d* per long ton of palm kernels. The Nigerian Government of British West Africa, in March, 1919, added to this an export duty of £2 per long ton on all shipments outside the Empire, this law being limited to five years. This tax went into effect on October 20, 1919, covering all shipments from Nigeria proper, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone. The history of this case is illuminating. Previous to the War the largest consumption of palm kernels was in Germany. Hamburg took the chief share of the exports, crushing the kernels, using the oil in edible margarines and fats, and selling the "cake" to the farmers for cattle feed. England had attempted to encourage the use of the oil-cake by her farmers in order to put her new oil-crushing industry, which had been started in Hull, on a firm basis. She had not been successful to any marked extent, and the oil crushers at Hull had to dispose of their oil-cake in foreign countries. Marseilles, with her soap and perfumery manufacturers, was the next largest consumer of West Africa's palm kernels after Hamburg, getting most of her supplies from French colonies, and Hull lagged considerably behind these two. The exports to other countries were practically nil. Then came the War, shutting off Germany altogether from the sources of palm kernels, and, after the first two years, Hull too was cut off from her supply by the submarine warfare which effectively discouraged trade between West Africa and England.

Meanwhile the United States, which before the War had been becoming more and more dependent on the oil crushers of Europe for the portion of her vegetable oil consumption that exceeded her cottonseed oil output, was developing an oil-crushing industry of her own. Three of the largest cottonseed oil producers erected new large plants, greatly increasing their capacity. In 1916 a committee of the British Colonial Office which had been studying the vegetable oil situation reported that "the German farmers used oil-cake more than British farmers, and that the trade would revert to Germany after the War if left unguarded." It suggested a preferential export tariff on palm kernels from West Africa. Mr. Bonar Law sponsored this and urged immediate legislation in Parliament. The tariff was imposed, and since the submarine situation

discouraged shipments to England and France, vast stores of palm kernels rotted in West Africa, while the United States—with an open way to West Africa via the southern route—developed its vegetable oil industry, using copra from the Philippines, soya beans from Manchuria, and peanuts from new plantations in Texas and from the Orient.

Resolutions against the new and growing policy of control have been passed at most of the various international meetings of the last three years, from the International Chamber of Commerce to the International Labor Convention; in the Supreme Council of the League of Nations, and at the meeting in London in 1920 of the International Economic Conference. And yet, as Signor Tittoni said at the Economic Conferences of the Williamstown Institute of Politics, "not one of the resolutions thus solemnly made and adopted is to-day in the process of execution. . . ."

Why are export taxes so much more a menace to the peace of the world than import taxes? The answer is partly economic and partly psychological. The world is accustomed to import taxes, whereas, export taxes are, in general, a new matter, and the really important point is that they are upsetting established relationships, thus destroying industries in the unfavored countries and driving individuals in those foreign countries into bankruptcy. Goods in international trade are usually sold on a C. I. F. (Cost, Insurance and Freight) basis, seldom including import taxes. The importer pays the tax which his country has imposed, and if he does not like it his grievance is with his own government. Export taxes on the other hand always figure in the price of goods. Again the importer pays, but in this case he pays the tax of a foreign country. On the face of it, the matter is one of "taxation without representation".

The traders do not stop to figure out whether or not economic price readjustments tend to throw the burden back on the vendor in the long run. They merely see that in addition to the price which the seller asks, the tax must be paid. As a matter of fact, however, from an economic standpoint it is probable that where trade is not actually stopped by an export tax the importer pays, in most cases, the lion's share of the tax. John Stuart Mill pointed out, back in 1847, that—

> In general there could be little doubt that a country which imposed export taxes would succeed in making foreign countries contribute something to its revenue; . . . if international morality, therefore, were rightly understood and acted upon, such taxes, as being contrary to the universal weal, would not exist. . . . A country cannot be expected to renounce the power of taxing foreigners, unless foreigners will, in return, practice towards itself the same forbearance. The only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs.

In other words, if one country starts, the rest must follow, and that is what is happening to-day. The newer members of our international community have run wild with this new form of warfare. The little Baltic States have restricted the formerly free movement of commodities to an alarming extent. Esthonia has been extending rapidly her list of export duties on raw materials, so that now her neighbors must pay toll to her if they want to buy from her producers such things as milk powder, garden produce, fish, window glass, raw hides, soap, washing soda, casein, lumber and so on down a long list. Latvia in return put new export duties, in October, 1921, on leather goods, skins, hides, bone dust, butter, wool waste, rags and timber, thus adding to an already long series of articles. Lithuania, to meet these duties, in the same month, revised upward and enlarged her list of export duties on over a hundred items.

The Balkan States, on the other hand, have already tasted the bitterness engendered by this sort of warfare, and during the last year Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and even Bulgaria, have reduced or eliminated a few of their taxes on exports. For the moment this has somewhat relieved the situation, but it is still an open question whether these States can establish reciprocal relations, which will prevent the breaking out anew of this economic warfare, until the larger States of Europe set the example. At present Czechoslovakia is taxing exports of such materials as cellulose, hops and kaolin. Jugoslavia is taxing cereals, hemp, wax, flax, wool, hides, silk cocoons and lumber. Roumania in 1919 enacted a tariff covering all exports at twenty per cent ad valorem. Bulgaria levies export duties on animals, animal products, cereals, vegetables and derivatives thereof, and coal.

Italy is greatly alarmed at the growing list of export taxes in

the countries from which she draws her raw materials. If she is shut off from obtaining supplies for her factories on even terms with other countries, her situation will be serious in the extreme. She has little but her olive oil with which to retaliate.

The Versailles Treaty with Germany recognized the use of export duties as a means of economic warfare by forbidding certain taxes that might hamper the position of other countries. For instance, Article 31 of Chapter II of the Annex to Part III prohibited the imposition of export duties on metals or coal exported to Germany from the Saar Basin or on exports from Germany to the Saar Basin. Article 90 (Section VIII of Part III) enacted freedom from taxes or other restrictions for fifteen years on coal exports to Germany, in case Upper Silesia was transferred to Poland. Article 224 of the Austrian Treaty forbade Poland and Czechoslovakia for fifteen years to levy differential duties on coal for Austria. For a maximum of three years pending conclusion of reciprocal agreements on the supply of raw materials, no export duty or restriction on reasonable quantities of coal or lignite was to be allowed.

Germany, in spite of this agreement, enacted in December, 1919, a tax on export licenses, based on the export value of the goods. This value is calculated by the Ministers of Commerce and Finance when the goods are priced in foreign currency. So long as the internal value of the mark is greater than its value in foreign exchange, this amounts to a sharing of profits between the German Government and the foreign buyer, but when the internal value of the mark falls below its foreign exchange value, the tax operates like any other export tax to discourage exports.

The European export duties, so far discussed, have been taxes that are aimed primarily at partial monopolization, and encouragement of home essential industries at the expense of similar industries in foreign countries. Although they create enmities and international friction, they have one element of fairness in that they bear on every outside country alike. As distinct from these there is a still more menacing type of export tariff, known as preferential duties, in the dominions, colonies and outlying possessions of the larger European countries. New prohibitive export taxes are being levied on goods going to any but the mother

countries, which are threatening the established lines of commerce.

During the War the British Government greatly stimulated the tanning of hides in India, while the tanning of skins was forbidden. Protective export duties were then imposed on September 17, 1919, on the export of both hides and skins to maintain the one industry and to revive the other. These amount to fifteen per cent ad valorem, two-thirds of which is rebated on exports from India to other parts of the British Empire. This tax bears heaviest on the United States, for nearly forty per cent of our imports of goat skins formerly came from India. The glazed kid industry in this country has been built almost wholly on Indian imports. It is understood that "very strong official representations" were made by our State Department protesting against this discrimination, but the tax remains unmodified. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the British Chamber of Commerce has passed resolutions of protest against this tax, while the British Tanners' Federation officially is pleased with it.

The oldest preferential export tariff now in force in the British Empire is that on tin ore from the Federated Malay States, which was established in 1903. There were previously export duties for revenue on tin and tin ore which were not preferential, but in addition to these a prohibitive tax was then placed on all exports except to the United Kingdom and Australia. Sir Frank Swettenham, who was Resident-General at the time when the duty was imposed, explained this duty in a book which he published in 1907. He said: "An American attempt to transfer this tin-smelting to American soil, and so obtain, in time, complete control of Malay tin production, was frustrated by imposing a prohibitive duty on the exportation of tin ore and giving an equivalent rebate on all ore smelted in the Straits Colony." Mr. William S. Culbertson, of the United States Tariff Commission, points out that at that time an American concern was making a first attempt to smelt tin ore in the United States, but he believes there was no danger of this concern monopolizing the Malay tin ore supply, as Sir Frank Swettenham suggested. "Apparently the real reason," says Mr. Culbertson, "for the prohibitive surtax was to prevent any outside competition whatever with the tin smelters of the Straits Settlements."

Another step taken in the British Empire to control its raw materials and to levy toll on the world for them is in the case of the Island of Mauru, formerly a German possession but turned over, by the Allied and Associated Powers, to Great Britain under a mandate. In this Pacific island is the largest supply of high-grade phosphate in the world (except perhaps a deposit recently discovered in Morocco). A private concern, under a concession from the German Government, was working the phosphate and selling freely to all buyers. In 1919, Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand purchased this concession agreeing that the phosphates should be sold at cost to the three Governments. No phosphates could be sold to any other country until the requirements of these three Governments were satisfied, and then only at market price. Australia and New Zealand ratified this agreement at once, but it met vigorous opposition in the British Parliament on the basis that it was contrary to the spirit of the agreements on mandates under the Covenant of the League of Nations. It was finally accepted with an amendment, as follows: "The agreement is hereby confirmed, subject to the provisions of Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations."

Meanwhile Egypt has placed a preferential duty on cotton and hides; South Africa on timber, sugar, hides, skins and diamonds; and now Australia has under consideration a tariff imposing an export duty on wool to all countries outside the Empire. Thus the new British policy of "Empire Protection" is rapidly progressing through the establishment by Dominions and colonies of discriminatory export duties and prohibitions.

Especial note of the developments of these taxes in the British Empire is made because of their striking reversal of her free trade policies, and also because these taxes, more than those of any other country, affect the industries of the United States. It is important to note in this connection that because of the specific prohibition of export duties in the Constitution, the United States cannot retaliate at once by placing an export tax on, say, cotton, which would strike a blow at the Lancashire cotton industry in much the same way that the taxes just described have hit industries in this country.

It would not be amiss, also, to call attention to the fact that

Signor Tittoni, in his Williamstown address, was in error when he said that the prohibition of export taxes in the Constitution was confined to States but did not prohibit the Federal Government from enacting such taxes. This point, on several occasions, has been specifically before the Supreme Court, which has ruled consistently that exportation of all kinds of merchandise from the United States must be free not only from direct taxation but also from any tax which burdens exportation. We have given proof, however, that when occasion requires the Constitution can be amended with rapidity.

England's power in the trade of the world and the example set by her renunciation of her world-wide free trade principles make her actions of peculiar importance at this time. Her new policy of fostering monopolies has hit other countries besides the United States. Italy suffered under her restrictions of coal exports, and now complains that the San Remo agreement between France and England has created a petroleum monopoly which will seriously affect the Italian people.

But England is not alone in this practice. France, with her newly restored control of the iron mines of Alsace and Lorraine, has hastened to put an export tariff on iron and also on bauxite, both of which will fall heavily on other European countries. Argentina's new export duty on grain will be felt in Europe whenever our exports are not sufficient to hold the price at a level where Argentina's farmers and exporters will have to pay her tax. Portugal and Spain are throwing up a barrier of new export duties, and Italy is being forced to retaliate on her few raw materials.

Thus the tide sweeps on. Can the Powers, when they gather at Genoa, meet this new menace to the peace of the world and come to agreements which will be observed? It cannot be done unless all the Great Powers of the world are represented, and are ready to abide by the agreements which they reach. Mr. Filene, in calling attention to the menace of monopolies of basic raw materials and prevention of their free distribution, is pointing to the most dangerous cause of international friction that exists to-day.

GORTON JAMES.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL

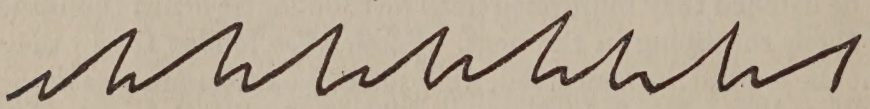
BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

ONE sultry August morning in 1919 a writer, whom we shall call Gideon, was seated at an open window of a cottage by the sea when he became aware of certain throbbing sounds. Was it a pump in the neighborhood, which he had never heard before? Or was it the sound of drums? They must surely be drums. Even as he listened they multiplied until he thought he heard thousands of them throbbing in the heat. Some were louder than others; but the loudest, he conceived, were some two millenniums away,—if we may be permitted to express time in terms of sound, as we shall. They were of about the era, he thought, of the greatest might of the Roman Empire. Others were a little fainter, and others fainter still, and thus he was carried back and back into the remote ages of man. Yet each series—or group—was distinct from every other series. All beat together in a mighty, a somewhat terrifying rhythm, which at intervals was syncopated, and at other moments unsyncopated, like the beat of the pump, which he had forgotten. All of ancient history was unrolling itself in those drums. He was gazing into a vista of sound. History, the conflict of passions creative and primitive, was experienced and felt in those rhythms rather than seen and thought. The tympanums of the legions as they tramped, the bucinas and the clarions, were scarlet sounds. Here, as his mind swept back, annihilating time, were dark peoples on the borders of that ancient, land-surrounded sea; dark peoples clad in white, swaying, revelling, feasting; archers and chariots going forth to war, pillage and lust; towers crashing, human cries; long lines of bowed captives treading the hot, eastern dust. Mad processions wound through the streets of strange white cities chanting to Tammuz or Sandan or Cybele. Mantis, kedeshim, sacred men of Ishtar sat in the sunbaked temple courts, chewing the sacred food in rhythm. Slaves were driven forth in the hot dawns to

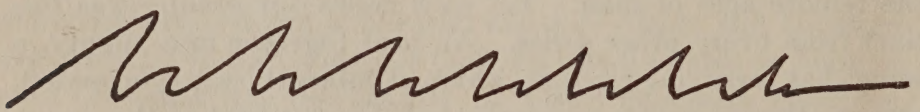
raise the temple stones in *that* rhythm; artists chipped, craftsmen beat in it. Then, in another rhythm, all crumbled away.

Time rolled back. Gideon seemed to be in the hot darkness of clashing gongs where gods of fear and lust, of war and hate held out brazen arms to be fed, and then these vanished. Now there were only sun-dried villages of the plain where the great rivers, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates flow down to a sunny sea. Half naked men and women were squatting under the palms, beating soldrums, made of skins stretched over fire-hollowed blocks. Souldrums!

Presently Gideon picked up his pen, and instantly his hand began to move across the page, in rhythm:

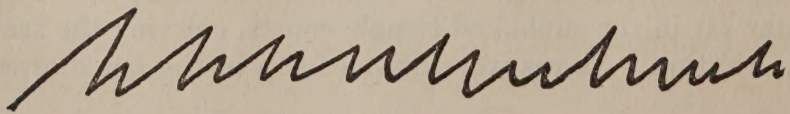


The strokes of the pen made the rhythm audible. It rose, only to fall again impotently. It was jazz time, syncopated, the rhythm of the blood. Again he was impelled to put his pen to the sheet, and now it ran over the paper like this:—



This rhythm was unsyncopated, with the accent on the first beat, the rhythm of machinery, of the pump he might have heard, the rhythm of the locomotive, PUFF, puff, PUFF, puff; the rhythm of industry, of the factory and the mill, of the reaper as he swings his scythe; of great poetry and prose, of great music. It swept on and on.

Once more Gideon put his pen to the paper, and now he became, as it were, a seismograph. The pen started out in the creative rhythm, but it seemed to be interfered with. It became broken, confused, staggering. Then it would get a start again, only to be slowed down by the syncopated. At the end of the experiment, of which he was merely a passive agent, the two came to such a mighty grip that the world rocked as with an earthquake—



What did it mean? It has taken some years to acquire a theory of life to fit this and other experiences which Gideon had.

Owing to the limitations of this article, only a few suggestive aspects of our hypothesis can be presented. In the first place we posit what we shall call a primitive mind, as distinct from an "unconscious" or "subconscious". It controls a brain situated on either side of the spine, which is the sympathetic nervous system; and it normally supervises metabolism and digestion, which is carried on by a primitive energy moving a set of muscles in the syncopated rhythm. It controls, in the same rhythm, the beating of the heart; and breathing—which, however, is regulated in another rhythm by another mind, the creative. When called upon, the primitive mind operates the glands, which are centres of administration for the direction and concentration of energy. Ordinarily man performs in the syncopated rhythm of this mind the acts which are expressions of primitive instincts, such as chewing when he is hungry, laughing—when it is the explosion of a primitive emotion—and certain dances, as when he breaks into capers and drags one foot after the other. Savage dancing is in this rhythm; also involuntary acts, as when a sudden noise causes a leap. All this, except humor and dancing, applies to animals. A cub takes the breast in that rhythm. Man, however, has habits in it, biting the nails or scratching the head, or twitching—primitive emotions seeking expression.

The syncopated primitive energy of this mind is capable of using the voluntary muscles, not only in involuntary acts, but in habits which are acquired from the conscious or creative mind, such as walking, using the hands and body for constructive purposes, writing, tending machines, playing games, and so forth. These, when learned by the primitive mind, are carried on automatically; but in an unsyncopated rhythm, because they are under the direction of the creative mind, whose dominant will-energy is reinforcing the primitive.

The primitive mind is ancestral. All our inheritances are in it, from the beginning of animal life, without doubt. The body must be regarded as the phenomenal and physical projection of the primitive mind, the nature of which, in any individual, must have been fixed at conception. It is a unique combination of

tendencies or forces of countless ancestors, and the result of a compromise of these forces. They are manifested in the features, in the peculiar structure of any body, of any organism; and also in the adaptability of that organism for certain accomplishments or habits acquired by the primitive mind in prehistoric ages, such as the use of weapons, instruments or tools in arts or crafts. Some individuals, for instance, are more combative than others, some play games, or draw or carve, with more facility than others. This structure of the organism and these tendencies could not be dynamically manifested unless the primitive mind were continuously supplied with this ancestral energy—or what we phenomenally recognize as energy—which the primitive mind distributes to the body. Nevertheless the creative mind—which we are coming to—is able when it gains control of the body to effect modifications in the organism, and hence undoubtedly in the inheritance. The creative mind is therefore the factor in evolution.

The primitive mind is concerned with preserving and reproducing the body. Its concerns or desires for this end are called primitive instincts. It is excited and the ancestral energy is aroused by emotions of cupidity, precaution or fear, which strive to be expressed in acts. The acts which express these emotions are often termed instincts, such as eating or combat, or gathering in herds by animals and by men in society; acquiring, holding and possessing money or goods, or those we primitively love.

One of the discoveries in which Swedenborg anticipated confirmation by science is that the rhythm of the breathing and the brain is the same, and differs from that of the blood beat. It is unsyncopated. In our hypothesis what is ordinarily called the brain is the instrument of a creative mind whose will-energy is in this rhythm. If we might term the basic function of the primitive mind the digestion of food, then the basic function of the creative mind is the digestion of experience. It makes associations between phenomenal aspects of the universe, people, things, events, recording them in the "memory". The creative mind has instincts, too; and they are similarly, as might be expected, of self-preservation and sex. There can be no doubt that sex, in addition to being a passion of the primitive mind, is the mainspring of creative forces. And it was with a profound

conviction that the ancient religions conceived of divinity as male and female, both in the physical and creative realms. Whether or not this principle was left out of the original teachings of Jesus, which otherwise confirm the true nature of mind, is an interesting speculation. There are indications in the Gospels that it was not disregarded. The self-preservative instinct of the creative mind is exerted to protect the body from mental conflicts, to foster and cherish a certain group of associations to which we shall in a moment refer, and which *are* the individual so far as it is concerned. Now, just as the primitive instincts are "true", can be gratified, in their value, so also the creative instincts are "true"; that is, capable of realization,—as may be proved when we learn to trust them utterly. Fundamentally hope and faith, as these emotions may be called, the "will-to-believe", contemplate union or emotional identity with those we "love" or desire. The instincts in the relationships are for the construction or coördination of elements hitherto diverse, in harmony, proportion, symmetry—in beauty, for which a better word would be significance. Sometimes, perhaps, the urge seems simply for these, and we do not understand that they always imply a communion of minds.

The interesting thing about the creative mind is that it can possess the senses, relegating to the primitive mind its functions of digestion, and so forth, and acquired habits; conferring a more desirable value on eating and drinking and the sex relationship, which in this case is not promiscuous. Paul knew a great deal more about psychology than has been suspected when he wrote that the mind of the flesh is death; but the mind of the spirit is life and peace. We do not mean to say that the primitive emotions may not confer satisfaction and happiness in their own value. There are thus two values of response to sense stimuli; to put the thing broadly, it depends upon which mind we are living in. The trouble comes when the creative instincts are aroused and we get a conflict with the primitive emotions, of the two rhythms, the two energies which, when it grows acute, Paul characterizes as "death"; and which in the figurative language of the Gospels is referred to as the "everlasting fire"; a very real figure, for in the intense "religious" or creative experience it has an absolute

resemblance to fire. We venture to say that it is the fire and not the conflict which lasts forever, though the conflict may be prolonged and terrible until a knowledge is gained of the ability of the power of the creative energy to put an end to it, and of the manner of using that power.

Instincts are not aroused, as is commonly thought, by suggestion through the senses, by what we hear or see or read in this phenomenal world. What we have to call the emotional realm is basic, the phenomenal secondary. In the acute creative experience emotions are thoroughly realized as manifested by forces, in what is known as "automatism"; they contemplate the kind of phenomenal action expressed in ideas. Ideas are translations by the digestive apparatus of the creative mind of emotions into phenomenal concepts, symbols, words and diagrams, pictures and sounds. All our "knowledge", all our emotional experience, is in these concepts, in order that we may understand the emotions for action in the phenomenal world. They are our memory associations.

When we make an association between two hitherto diverse—to us—elements of the universe this new knowledge always comes by creative emotions, which we recognize by their value, if we have wholeness. But the significance of these creative associations is human unity of a special kind, which we shall attempt to explain by illustration. Suppose a man, in the cave-dwelling days, is expressing in rhythm a primitive emotion by rubbing two sticks together. This is akin to savage dancing. Suddenly the sticks take fire. He jumps away, in an involuntary act of fear of a new phenomenon. Perhaps the fire burns him. We shall deal with involuntary acts later on. After a while wonder overcomes his fear, and he has the creative emotion which makes the association between friction and fire. This gives him joy; adventurously he rubs the sticks again, this time in a more desirable emotion than the first; and now he has a "hunch"—another creative emotion,—that if these two sticks will burn other sticks will. He has another flush of joy. Our contention, which we here considerably anticipate, will be that when a creative emotion is pure, that is, unopposed by a primitive emotion, and there is no conflict in the mind, it expresses a truth; which means that

the facts in the phenomenal world correspond to the emotional "sense of truth" of our fire-bringer. The emotion is first expressed in thought, and again in delight in act when the other sticks do burn, as anticipated. He now has digested or exploded two emotions by making two associations. He makes a third. He connects the heat of the fire with the coldness of the cave. He gathers some sticks and hurries to the cave and kindles a fire before the amazed members of his tribe. We shall suppose speech to have developed sufficiently for him to make use of it, too.

The three associations he has made, which we shall call D, E and F, are three advances in knowledge of the unity of the universe. As he describes and illustrates each member of the tribe, if he understands—which means if a primitive emotion of desire or fear does not oppose—*expresses* each emotion as he listens and looks on. That is, the emotions of these understanding members immediately *precede* what we call the explanation, as the fire-bringers did, and are there at the time to be expressed. The sight of the flames, the sounds of the fire-bringers' words, the phenomenal stimuli do not arouse the emotions, but merely make the necessary picture and sound records in the mind. The emotion uses the senses to certify to it. This is also true with a primitive emotion; and except in involuntary acts, the emotion is felt before the making of the association.

The essence of fire-bringing is not humanitarian, laying stress on the material service to mankind, and hence not primitive. It is that a group of minds have expressed, together, a consecutive series of creative emotions which have increased their knowledge of universal unity from D to F inclusive. This experiencing of identical creative emotions is the thing called love. The minds are identical, since a man is at any moment what he thinks and feels.

If, with "undivided attention", interest, wholeness, we read the book of a modern fire-bringer, historian, scientist, we shall find our mind anticipating each point, association he makes. He is using, for us, "just the right word", or expression. When we are "learning" from a book we are expressing the symbols on the page, acting them in thought. We are not expressing them

simultaneously with the author, but we are a "member" of him, of the "body" of our fellow beings who have made these unity associations; capable of creative emotional communion with them—of love. Science, knowledge, may be likened to a vine sprung from a sprout which, when it forked, made the first association in the mind of man in the series attesting to universal unity. One association has grown out of another; there is continuity and unity not only of facts but of minds. These are the branches.

Sentimentality, which is characteristic of our civilization, is a conflict between the two rhythms, the energies of the two minds, and is the "divided self". Our civilization is based on morality, ethics, the knowledge of "good and evil", a dogma. If we are adherents of these and believe that they are founded upon some "divine" or universal law, and if we are unable to state that law in terms of science,—as have been defined,—then our house of knowledge is built upon the sands of dogma. Dogmas are the danger spots in the conflict of the "divided self".

We have seen that the essence of love, social unity, consists in the being in the same emotions with others, in the making of those associations which are, indeed, creating a universe, since with each one it grows more complete. The making of such associations is a bond with a fellow being which, at the time of making, we feel to be eternally true. Such is the creative instinct-truth of social unity from which morality and ethics spring. We have all known at moments the joy of this love. The dogma which has been made as an association, or record in our minds, is pronounced by the churches to be true, yet the churches do not connect it up with the continuous series of unity associations which is the vine of knowledge as well as the human vine of the "kingdom of heaven". Our dogma does not say that science is "spiritual"; but that something else is "spiritual"—"doing good" to others, "thinking about others", being concerned about society. Our dogma does not seek first the Kingdom of God in creativeness, and say that these things shall be added unto us. But if we seek them first, bestow all our goods to feed the poor and give our body to be burned, we are doing so for primitive reasons and material ends. We "fool ourselves".

And this is why. We have, though we may not be aware of it, two emotions each seeking to become *us*, one primitive and the other creative. An emotion becomes *us* when it is strong enough to seize in our mind the association which it wants and prevent another emotion from getting the association it wants. Now because of a lack of adequate associations of scientific knowledge which would enable us, or our creative emotion, properly to make use of its strength and obtain a victory, the primitive emotion has a great advantage. What does the primitive emotion, the primitive will, in seeking to become us, to use us, desire? It desires consideration, position, esteem, friends who will help us, no disagreeable differences of opinion or financial worries. Morality and orthodox religion, it thinks, can get it all these. "We" should be shocked, perhaps, if we thought that we were moral or religious for such reasons. "We" in this case is the creative emotion which is dominantly us at the moment when the act or thought is in question. But there, in our associations, is the outlying dogma-island of ignorance, the danger spot. The primitive emotion seizes this and becomes the dominant emotion, becomes *us;* and we think, in practising morality, humanitarianism, in doing good to others who are not in emotional unity with us, and which therefore demands a dutiful effort, that we are "spiritual". It should be observed here that we must rid ourselves of the notion that these emotions are "inside" of us, in a kind of rubbish garret called the "subconscious". The whole back of the universe is our "subconscious". We are instruments which are possessed and played upon by emotion,—will,—and usually very badly played upon.

There is a very high type of primitive intelligence, moral and humanitarian. It is summed up, perhaps as well as could be, in a quotation from Green's *History of the English People*, in a song of one of the old hero kings. "Time's change and chances I have abided, held my own fairly, sought not to snare men; oath never sware I falsely against right." Because of an ignorance of Gospel psychology, it has persisted as an ideal until to-day. It is not sentimental, since no creative instincts, emotions, are involved. In the case we are now instancing, where a dogma does not come into play, such struggles as occur are between primitive emotions.

With one consistent series, desire for honor and standing and fair material dealing, others of sex, inebriety and dishonesty, are overcome frankly because these latter do not pay in society. This is intelligent. There is here no "divided self", because both in thought, argument and action it is the nature of the primitive emotions to contend, and the primitive zest is in overcoming or conquest, whether in ousting an opponent from a charity board or getting a stimulus from self-sacrifice, renunciation. It is this primitive will which for generations has been fostered in education, and which is so fatal to creativeness in the child. Hence, when the sentimental conflict overtakes us and we seek to become ourself, we are fain to become as a child again. Education as well as religion has its dogmas, and they are equally dangerous.

When we have wholeness in a creative emotion which is expressing associations, no primitive instincts are aroused. The primitive mind, and essential part of our personality, is attending only to its routine functions of digestion, and so forth, and performing the habit, such as writing, for instance, which is used in the expression. It must be under the complete control of the creative emotion which is *us*, our will. The creative mind under these circumstances calls for a letter or a word, and the primitive mind, which has learned these concepts, responds. They are its patterns. No emotion is able to "think", express itself in thought or action, unless it controls or dominates the primitive mind. It is the nature of the primitive mind to be controlled by emotions; for all emotions, whether creative or primitive, are of the nature of will and exert the creative energy. To express creatively there must be no minority emotion. While we are in this state, then, a primitive emotion attacks the primitive mind, exerts itself to compel that mind to express in concepts in the associations, and hence in thought and action, some cupidity or anxiety, fear. If the invading emotion is strong enough—which means that we have not learned to handle this situation—the association is made, we are conscious of the idea, the emotion has gained entrance into our creative mind and from this vantage point is able to direct the primitive mind to energize the glands for action in anger, fear or lust. When it becomes conscious there is a conflict. In the intervals when we entertain the prim-

itive, when it overcomes the creative and is our will, it acts *with* the syncopated energy of the primitive instincts it has aroused in the nerves, directing us to what it wants. In the intervals when our creative hopes regain the ascendancy, they must act *against* the aroused syncopated energy. Here we have the sentimental conflict graphically shown at the beginning of this paper.

We cannot here enter into the motives of emotions controlling the will of any individual for acquiring "automatic" writing; but it is common, when acquired, and even before it has been acquired, for a powerful emotion which cannot get expression in any other way to seize the hand or utter itself by the lips in "automatic" speech. One day our friend Gideon was moved by the creative emotion which possessed him to take up a book and read, and with his right hand to put his pen to paper. He was conscious of what he read, but not of what he had written "automatically" until he put down his book and read the writing. This is an experiment well known to psychologists. In this instance the creative emotion dominant allowed a minority emotion to express itself, in order that Gideon might understand the presence in him of two emotions. It is to be remarked that if he had not read the sentence he had written it would never have entered his consciousness, made an association, been part of his "memory". "Automatic" writing is never wholeness, although we may have in wholeness a dynamic impelling of the hand, when the creative emotions are intense. "Automatic" phenomena, when the impulses are primitive, seem to be in the same category with nervousness, twitching and involuntary acts, where the minority emotion can get expression in no other way. If we are startled by a strange noise and jump, we must suppose that the noise—although others may be startled by it—is the phenomenal expression of an emotional event which has some connection with us.

It is the urge to become creative that is causing our neuroses to-day, a struggle in which defeat is inevitable because of a lack of full knowledge of the mental processes involved. The so-called "moral", which is really the creative struggle, can best be illustrated, perhaps, by what happens in the artist or scientist when he seeks the creative mood. He cannot, by "taking thought", by being anxious, get the new knowledge he desires,

add a cubit to his creative stature. And in the intense creative experience, like that of our friend Gideon, in which the opposing emotions evidence themselves by powerful "automatism", he has found, if he attempts to write against them, that they have a more or less forceful grip on his body, and that they are using the motor nerves of the arm to prevent creative expression. He has to push against them. And the result, as he has learned to his cost, is exhaustion. He is thrown into prison. If he is using the typewriter, these emotions strike the wrong letters. The creative emotions can only partially succeed in getting their associations, and then in an adulterated and mutilated form. Words and phrases, even familiar ones to him, are blotted out of Gideon's mind. Here, we are convinced, is the clue to loss of memory. A supreme creative emotion can recall any life experience it desires at the time. Here also is the clue to those disorders of the mind and body caused by forgotten events.

If, in such a conflict as we have just described, Gideon chooses, he can permit his hand to write out "automatically" the desire or fear which any opposing emotion wishes to express. Paul must have understood and experienced this "automatism". Such were the "motions" or emotions of "sin", dynamically manifested in his "members" when he was "in the flesh"—the primitive mind. In the normal experience these primitive emotions are manifested as disinclination, laziness. If they gain associations, we must agree with these adversaries quickly by expressing and dismissing them. It is as fatal to entertain them, argue with them, as with flesh and blood adversaries.[1] There is, in fact, no difference; the wills which belong to these are our obstructors. The thing to do when this "foot", our primitive mind, offends us is to cut it off. We can by degrees gain strength in the creative energy to shut off the primitive emotions from associations. From the practical standpoint we note this fact, that the more we dwell on a desire,—instinct,—the more it possesses us. This is as true of the creative instincts of hope and faith as it is of the primitive. The gaining of creative energy for shutting off the primitive mind and exorcising the primitive emotions is known as prayer; and the process is familiar to every successful artist, though he may

[1] See Petrarch's dialogue with Augustine, and examples in Vol. I of Taylor's *Mediæval Mind*.

not call it by that name. Here, psychologically, is the Christian principle of non-resistance, what in religious terms is known as "submission of the will". But let us have it clear what we are submitting to. All we have is the choice between two emotions. If we take the moralist method, as Adam did; if we "try to think" "by the sweat of our brow", and not be "lazy"; if we are anxious for the morrow, or what we shall eat, or for the ideas or wool or linen wherewith we shall be clothed, we are merely exerting the primitive against the creative; letting these emotions write our book or conduct our life. This *seems* like will, because men have got it into their heads that will is exertion against opposition; and this is primitive will.

We do not exert the dominant creative emotion which we assert. We let it *exert itself*. It then relaxes the body, and this does the cutting off. We shall find a continual tendency by the cut-off primitive emotions to tauten the muscles in involuntary impulses, attempting to gain associations. In this situation we cannot "think", except in the intervals when the creative emotions gain complete control and we assert and strengthen them. During the other intervals the primitive emotions have a grip on the centres used by the primitive mind for writing and speech. If we try to think or write, we are opposed. If we do not, if we persist in this practice of gaining creative will, we are filled with energy, and in energy alone is happiness and peace. The impulses given to the primitive mind by the invading emotions, arousing the primitive energy, are utilized by that mind in its normal functions, and we are actually using the energy of our enemies to build up the body, and for digestion, and incidentally "blessing" them. There is no opposition of the rhythms, hence no drop in our energy. When we feel tired, it is because of a clash of energies. It is thus we lose energy. Salvation from sentimentalism demands courage and faith; but the suffering is sweetened. As time goes on we shall get longer and longer intervals of true expression.

As we practice this, in the intervals when primitive centres are cut off and we have no thoughts, these are rather wonderfully replaced by the creative rhythm. Little by little, as we feel this rhythmic energy pulsing through us, the spasmodic efforts of the

primitive emotions cease, the discord, or the tempest, is stilled. The breathing, which is regulated by the creative mind, grows rhythmic; in deep breaths the surplus energy of the primitive emotions is relieved. From this phenomenon, no doubt, the state is called "inspiration". Sometimes the eyes are shut, in order the better to prevent sense expression; the word "mystic" seems to be derived from the Greek for "shutting the eyes". But we need no longer call the practice a mystic one. As the rhythm gathers strength and sweep, the aroused energy of the primitive subsides, the attacking emotions have no longer any effect upon the primitive mind. The reason for this is interesting. When the "inspiration" comes, the creative emotions express themselves in phrases, patterns of the rhythm, cadences, vibrations which are *ours*, our *style*, our self. These patterns are functions of the organism, dependent upon the capacity of the chest and other factors; and the body, as an instrument, is a creation of the primitive mind. The body must respond to the emotional pattern that fits it, to the phenomenal expression of this, which is apparently shared by the emotions of the creative mind. In this pattern, as we write or speak in wholeness, we hear the words breaking on our consciousness like waves on the shores of a sea, a sea of all moods. It is the strength of harmony, of exaltation, of unity with other minds which music lovers feel at a concert when the orchestra and the audience are one. Each creative mind, apparently, takes the rhythm in its own pattern. It is therefore the strength of many wills expressing sequential emotions. In music. Yes, its effect is music, and when thoughts are shut off it can be expressed as music. With this rhythm the soldiers of Cromwell and Huss shattered their enemies. Here is the origin of hymns, and all creative religious music; of heroic, elegiac and lyric verse. Festal hymns in Greece were chanted by the people in unison, and epic verse recited to the lyre. It is inevitably associated with social expression. Mr. Frazer, in an interesting comment,[2] observes that the musician has done his part as well as the prophet and thinker in the making of religion. He quotes Pindar who, speaking of the lyre, says that all things hateful to Zeus in earth and sea tremble at the sound of music.

[2] *The Golden Bough, Adonis, Attis, Osiris.*

Prophets and priests prophesied to the music of harps, psalteries and cymbals. David drove away the evil moods of Saul. The psalmists, in the language of ancient war, drove out with this rhythm their enemies within.

Francis Galton in his *Memories* notes that the human senses when rhythmically stimulated are capable of eliciting overwhelming emotions not yet sufficiently investigated. There seems to be such a thing as a rhythmic satisfaction of an instinct not otherwise able to be expressed. Early in this paper we gave an example of a cave man rubbing two sticks in a primitive rhythmic expression. Here must be the origin of savage dancing to instruments like the tom-tom, in the syncopated. Some creative music incites to marching, and some to creative thought. We should expect what is called jazz music, when unsentimental, to express not only sense gratification, including sex, *in the primitive value*, but all of what might be called the secondary instincts acquired by the primitive mind in the prehistoric ages, which lend themselves readily to the competitive and acquisitive aspect of our civilization; combat, but with weapons, superstitious fear, primitive mirth, the herding tendency and cruelty. In brief, all that is included in the term "mammon", which is a Syriac word for riches, but symbolic of the value. In ancient historic times we should have the wild flutes and cymbals of the orgies of Astarte, Cybele and Dionysus. In the other value, the pure creative, we should have such symphonies, for instance, as those of Beethoven, Bach and Brahms, certain hymns and folk songs. Any music lying between the two values would involve a conflict of the rhythms, and the ear of an artist could detect it as sentimental. Hence the unsentimental jazz would come under the head of art, but not of the value of the creative. We find the great masters writing syncopation, for contrast.

Music expresses and resolves, as no other art, what otherwise seems to be a universal conflict. What has been written about the remorselessness, the cruelty in the animal kingdom would seem to be sentimental, an anthropomorphic application of man's dualism to that world. Animals, birds and insects have the two minds. The spider spins his web, perfect in art, structure and tension, in the creative rhythm. Birds build their nests,

bee and beaver work in it. The creative energy cannot be any different in man from that in an elephant, in a dog. The difference lies in the intelligence of man's creative emotions, which are responsible for his evolution in developing hands for using tools and a mouth adapted to speech. Thus he is enabled to enlarge his universe by continually making associations of unity. The universe of bees and beavers, as we might say, is of the same size for all. Man's dualism is due to the different levels of unity of individuals; while every new discovery or invention tends to change the organization of society and incites opposition—primitive minority emotions in the truth-bringer—from those whose material welfare is threatened. Animals must live in rhythm. When we shut out thought and get rhythm, harmony, we must have the condition of the animal which cannot think in symbols, which has no opinions, beliefs, and hence in all probability no mental conflict. In the wild state, his "thinking" must be the result of what is called "suggestion", and which is the expression of an emotion in phenomenal experience. His emotions are satisfied in action, and any energized state, whether of fighting or running away, need not arouse our pity. Fear is not a mental conflict with the animal. Pain is not keenly felt in an energized state, and when he relaxes the creative rhythm takes care of him. Some personal experiments in cutting off invading emotions during pain have led us to believe that its persistence is due to these.

Without going into the problem of free will here, it can be said that man has what practically amounts to a choice of living in either one of the two values of emotions, two minds, either of which can use all the senses in its own value. But our eye must be single, otherwise we shall get blurred expressions, and in conflict we shall be full of darkness. Herein, we think, lies the confusion which has dwelt in the minds of men concerning the psychology of the Gospels. The creative mind can stimulate the glands and give sensual as well as sensuous satisfaction. Its power and adaptability seem limitless. Saints and ascetics "starved the senses". Undoubtedly they made use of powerful primitive emotions in this act of will. It is not the nature of the creative emotions to oppose, and any attempt to use them thus

brings on the conflict which is darkness. We think that there can be such things as ecstatic, yet possessive and primitive visions. At any rate, no visions have ever been of value to mankind except in the few cases where they have been expressed afterward in art, speech or writing or pictures. The Son of Man comes eating and drinking, enjoying to the full sensual pleasures in wholeness, which seems basically to be reality. Here is seemingly the idea of the Last Supper, of the early Christian custom of eating together, in communion. The taste of food, in the creative rhythm, has an exquisite value not realized in the primitive.

A state of wholeness, and therefore a true expression of reality, we have defined as the complete control of the personality by the creative mind; and science as a consecutive series of phenomenal associations attesting to the unity of the universe. We have called the state of the individual of making new unity associations in wholeness, and also of expressing them with others, a state of love. But there also may be a state of wholeness, of truth, of emotional indentity with others, and hence of love, which can be termed *not yet* science. This is art, and we give the term the widest possible application. We may look at a landscape or a portrait and feel that it is true; or we may observe a phenomenon, and have the same pure emotion. But we cannot prove to others the truths of pictorial or literary art; and no critic, no matter how high his standing, can make us believe that a picture is good, or true for us if we do not feel the emotion. There are, however, what may be called standards of art; such pictures as Leonardo's, which have been attested to in wholeness, as we infer, by great numbers of individuals. The standard, however, can never be that of science, until art is science.

The great products of art bring us into a state of emotional identity with others, but the difficulty is that we do not possess the knowledge to remain in that state because these phenomena, —with one exception we shall mention—have not been connected up with the main body of science. The intermediate unity associations have not been made. There is, nevertheless, one branch of art which is provable by the canons of science, known to the Greeks. Mr. Hambridge, in his book on *Dynamic Symmetry*, proves by mathematical tests that certain Greek vases

are true to natural law. An artist in a pure creative emotion would have of these vases the same conviction of truth, but he could not have proved it before Mr. Hambridge wrote his book. A musician in a pure emotion can detect sentimentalism in music.

Belief, which is wholeness in creative emotions, in *persons* is in the same category as belief in art. Art is the manifestation or expression of human emotions. In the moments when we love a person we believe in them. They are true for us. Their features, their gestures and smile express our pure emotions. But we are not yet able, at any rate, to prove that the vibrations of their vocal chords are not sentimental. All we can do in psychology is to advance a theory which works in the conduct of life, and which may sometime be capable of phenomenal proof. In this paper we have posited that the source of our emotions, and of the energies which they manifest, is in an emotional realm, although these emotions can and do express the wills of individuals in society with whom we deal in this phenomenal world. We cannot prove scientifically the existence of persons in a life after death, but we can have the same personal belief in them as we have in individuals in the phenomenal world, or as in a work of art. We can get what we are convinced are pure creative convictions of them, expressed either in sight or sound; or convictions we are unable to express. For the present the proof of communion for society remains in its fruits in knowledge or art.

We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

DANTE AND HIS ENGLISH READERS

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THE numberless voices lifted in the late anniversary year to say something about Dante did not quite all chant in unison. It was not quite all a hymn of praise. And perhaps it was as well that there should be a few notes of discord and challenge to force us not to take Dante entirely for granted, but to pause now and then to give reasons for the long study and the great love which keep us searching through his volumes. A critic in one of the current periodicals keeps telling us "with clucking voice" why Dante cannot be expected to please the modern English reader; that the modern English reader does not like allegory, does not like the allusive, indirect style which describes by means of astronomical or mythological charades; does not like antiquated learning, nor supernaturalism, nor the constant need for a handbook to history.

The shortest retort to this array of reasons would be to deny that they make any difference. It is the simple fact that the modern English reader does enjoy Dante, that every year new ones undergo the old deep fascination, that any soul capable of the enjoyment of great poetry need only trust himself wholly to the *alto passo* to find his reward. It is evident that those drawbacks are not fatal, and it is more interesting to understand this than to refuse to see that it is true.

The allegory we can perhaps enjoy, along with the astronomical riddles, with that part of our intelligence which is attracted by the solution of puzzles. The pedantry covers some of the loveliest of Dante's poetry, if we are patient and interested enough to look beneath, for if he calls the moon by the erudite name of old Tithonous's concubine, it is only so as to make us see her as a pale and gracious lady looking forth, like a Blessed Damozel, from her balcony in Heaven. Those supernatural elements so uncongenial to the modern temper are after all not

more shocking in a supernatural world than fairies in fairyland, and we are conciliated, moreover, at finding that that world is always described in terms of this, and that its denizens are human creatures who keep their appetite for news of earth; while as for its unearthly citizenry, we need make no such intellectual adjustment to accept demons in Hell or angels in Purgatory as it takes to encounter the Archangel Gabriel without the walls of Tasso's Jerusalem, or a goddess manifest by her gait upon the plains of windy Troy. The out-of-date theology, the bits of Tuscan history, which we must master, merely help to give us our bearings in a new world which we can appropriate and make ourselves at home in, as generation upon generation of cultivated men made themselves at home in the antique world. Such appropriation is one of the rewards of a taste for literature and history.

But these are after all rather acquired pleasures, pleasures of the intellect. The really important thing is that we can throw away our handbooks, ignore the allegory, and, leaving the episodes to interpret themselves, feel sure that we should hark to Farinata from his tomb just as spellbound, that wasted Pia would immortalize herself in her three lines just as surely, that Master Adam would startle us as vividly by his outlandish shape and his double thirst, though Florence and Siena, Montaperti and the Casentino, were but legend, a baseless fabric.

Yet we do not read Dante merely for such episodes, nor merely for the handful of passages of pure lyricism; so without trying to argue with our critic, we may let him suggest a point of view, that of the modern English reader, and try to analyze certain aspects of Dante's poetry which make appeal directly to him. And by the English reader is meant not one who has to read his Dante in translation, but merely one for whom English and not Italian is his mother tongue; and for him, the substance, the matter, the poetic conceptions and ideas, must be the same as for an Italian, since these will even bear transplanting into a different idiom. But can we be certain of appreciating style and manner in a foreign tongue? Style and manner in poetry, according to Matthew Arnold's famous formula, "derive their special character, their accent," from two qualities, "their diction, and, even more,

their movement." What can we hope to feel of diction and movement in Italian verse?

Even if we can dispense with the dark glass of translation, even if we can read our Italian Dante with full-throated ease, we must perhaps resign pretensions to any very deep instinctive feeling for the diction; it is not certain, even though our foreignness yield a rich pleasurable sense of difference, unknown to the Italian, that the essence of beautiful diction does not escape us. We foreigners oftenest acquire our earliest conception of Italian poetic diction from our knowledge of Dante, "The very thing which requires to be proved, naught else, affirms it to us." So while in a thousand lines we imagine we feel that curious felicity of phrasing,—

La morte prese subitana ed atra,
In mezzo mar siede un paese guasto,—

yet it is to be doubted whether we can have that intimate certainty of taste which teaches us to prefer "Absent thee from felicity awhile,"—"Perilous seas forlorn,"—and "The dark backward and abysm of time." But with movement in poetry, native or foreign, it is a different question. Whoever reads Italian can respond to that, in Dante or another. The instinct for rhythm goes so deep in human consciousness that there seems to be, in Mrs. Meynell's phrase, a "rhythm of life" itself. It is taught us by the revolutions of the planets, the metronomic beating of our pulses, the periodicity of fever, the makings and lapsings of the tides of the emotions and the tides of the sea. "He who reads for the first time the opening of the *Inferno*," writes an enthusiast in *The London Times*, "is soon aware of a rhythmic power, the energy of which carries the poet on as by a force not his own." The sensitive reader is borne on likewise; he has an almost physical sense of surrender to the current of—

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,
Per me si va nella città dolente,
Siede la terra dove nata fui.

Can we analyze the sorcery of such music, catch the secret laws of this tidal flow and sweep? Perhaps we can find one of them precisely in our handicap, and believe that we owe a part of our æsthetic impressions to the difference in language, before

our direct indebtedness to Dante begins. The very fact that Italian is to us a second language, not the first, necessarily gives us a different æsthetic equipment, we must be fitted to feel certain æsthetic values due to our accidental difference of idiom and ear, certain surprises of sound and accent, that would not stir an Italian. It goes without saying that we must miss certain of his.

The very first attempt at translating a line or two of the *Divina Commedia* into English reveals the simple but important fact that, in a language where subject pronouns are superfluous, and objects make one word with their verbs, and the auxiliaries "shall" and "will" and "do" are unknown, words become fewer and longer than in English. No one who has ever tried verse translation from the Italian needs to be reminded of this difference; his own struggles with sense and metre will have early instructed him that a line of Italian verse can seldom be turned into English without either padding or overflow; the one because a long word must often be rendered by a shorter one, the other because English must carry a quantity of small luggage in the way of pronouns and prepositions which slows up the movement, and makes frequently of a single line a line and a half.

Non adorar debitamente Dio.
Lungamente mostrando paganesmo.
Cotanto gloriosamente accolto.

One of these lines is composed of four words, the other two have but three each, yet to replace those ten Italian words, Longfellow, a poet, at home with words, had to select no less than twenty English ones. The conclusion is not merely that Italian is a difficult language to translate from; it must also be that our English ears, whose unconscious standards of measure were learned from English verse, get a greater effect of resonance and rapidity out of all these sonorous polysyllables.

And Dante's celebrated concision must seem to us even more concise. To take a famous verse from *Purgatorio:*

Guardami ben, ben son, ben son Beatrice.

Guardami, a single word, must be rendered by three, while the rest of the line must be ruined if it is to conform to line-for-line

translation. "In sooth I'm Beatrice," is what Longfellow makes of it, using the heavy, ugly "in sooth" to replace *ben*, while the colloquial "I'm" lays stress upon a pronoun which need not appear at all in Italian. (And if the plural reading be preferred, "In sooth we're Beatrice" is certainly not better.) The dramatic effect of the solemn repetition, the "break in the voice", as someone has called it, of *Ben son, ben son*, is lost entirely. Norton's prose preserves it, with his "I am indeed, I am indeed", but that requires six words, and the rhythm has become prose rhythm.

But the æsthetic effect to English ears of a vocabulary whose units are so much longer as well as fewer, is even greater upon sound than upon sense, and as much more important artistically as music is more necessary to poetry than epigram. Now there can be no doubt that a line full of monosyllables moves more slowly than one in which there is a polysyllable or two; the fall of syllables within a single word must inevitably be lighter and more rapid than if each were a separate word with a separate meaning. That can easily be tested within the boundaries of English:

The murmur of innumerable bees

trips more quickly out of hearing than

Bird of the bitter bright grey golden morn,

yet each line has the like ten syllables, compressed in the first into five words, and in the other spread out over eight.

When it comes to a comparison between English and Italian in this respect, if we distrust our own ear and eye, and hesitate to accept a mere impression that Italian has the more polysyllabic vocabulary, there is a test to be applied more scientific than just the difficulties of the translator. It was suggested by that gifted scholar-poet, Adelaide Crapsey, in her monograph upon English metrics. She had become convinced that it makes a great difference in a poet's metrical effects, whether he makes up the units of his metre prevailingly out of monosyllables or prefers to find them in the natural clusters which long words provide. She accordingly made a number of exact comparisons between certain English poets, on the basis of the number of polysyllables they used, and arranged comparative tables of their ratio to the

total vocabulary. Counting as a polysyllable every word of more than two syllables, she ascertained their percentage in various works of Milton, Tennyson, Swinburne and Francis Thompson. Francis Thompson she found to have the highest, running in *Anthem to Earth* up to 9.39; Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, had 7.95, while Tennyson's highest, in *Œnone*, of the works studied, was only 5.68, and Swinburne's, in *Atalanta in Calydon*, but 4.14. Swinburne, author of that lagging line, "Bird of the bitter bright grey golden morn," falls in *Chastelard* to only 1.57.

These figures afford a background for comparison between the Italian swiftness of movement and some very familiar English standards. If the difference were notable, it would suggest that the English ear receives an intenser impression of sweep and swiftness from Dante's verse than can the Italian, who is listening to his own familiar polysyllabic vocabulary. To make a very limited small experiment on this point, the writer opened the *Commedia* at random at the seventh canto of *Inferno*, and counted that, and the seventh likewise of *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, and found the percentage of polysyllables to the total number of words to be the considerable one of 14.76.

This shows that Dante must have had a natural vocabulary to use which was much richer in long words than English; it says nothing of whether he used its riches consciously for artistic effect. To find anything out about that, he must be compared with other Italian poets. So to satisfy a growing curiosity, one canto each was counted from *Gerusalemme liberata* and *Orlando furioso*, that seventh which chance had first suggested being chosen from each; the percentage in the *Orlando* was found to be 11.4, in the *Gerusalemme*, 10.5. Three of Petrarch's *canzoni*, *Che debb' io far*, *Spirito gentil*, and *Italia mia*, average 9.88, the highest being 10.67. These are much higher than any of Miss Crapsey's percentages for the English poets, but notably lower than Dante's $14\frac{3}{4}$. The one who presses him really closely is Leopardi, who in the *Ricordanze* reaches nearly 14 per cent, and in the *Ginestra*, which was so nearly his last work, 14.1.

It seems safe, even on the basis of so limited an assemblage of figures, to hazard several small conclusions: First, that Italian is much richer than English in these long majestic vocables; then,

that Dante's freer use of them gives even to Italian ears a greater effect of sweep and swiftness than they can feel in other Italian poets (except Leopardi); and also, that it seems a just supposition to make of two such artists as Dante and that lover of Dante, Leopardi, that they used the many polysyllables of their mother tongue with intention, that these made one of the strings of a lyre of which two others were rhyme and metre.

Dante cunningly intermingled such vocables, whose many syllables yet fall in a single jet so lightly, with those short, vigorous words of which every language has plenty, then punctuated them with rhymes in that unhurried, overlapping, overtaking pattern of the *terza rima*, which makes all its lovers think of moving water. One critic likens its rhythmic withdrawals and returns to the waves of an incoming tide, and Dante himself says his "bark goes singing", but its movement is rather like the deep steady current of a river, which floats all the varied craft and flotsam of his subject matter—gorgeous water-pageants with set historical tableaux, barges full of happy singing folk, hospital ships of groaning sufferers, now and again a boatload of roughs or a mutilated body, a gondola of lovers, or the mere tedious driftwood of pedantry which evokes no image. But to the reader, the watcher on the bank, the river itself is ever beautiful and interesting, its undertone of ripple always musical.

And the burden of its song is sweet in modern ears. It is forever telling us that man's life is important, that a man's personal life, his character and idiosyncrasies, his moral choices, his prejudices and emotions, his looks, are more interesting than any statistics to be arrived at by averaging many men together, than any conclusions of sociology or psychology about men on the whole. Even his inveterate mediæval love of classification never tempted Dante to classify men. Sins he classified, not sinners. We would not say that the elder Cavalcanti is a typical sceptic, nor Bertran de Born a typical troublemaker, nor Master Adam a typical counterfeiter. Each is a whole human being, natural as life, unique, an epitome somehow of our common human nature seen with one or another facet thrown into the light; each has absolute importance, and is, as a personality should be, an end in himself.

Modern science tends to belittle the individual, to discourage him from imagining himself distinct from anybody else, almost from anything else, in the universe; but Dante conceived of humanity entirely in terms of separate souls. Man was insignificant to him, to be sure, in comparison with God, but important in comparison with the world. The sun itself was set in the heavens to "light him home by every path". To-day it is just the opposite: man questions God, denies or ignores Him, coöperates with Him, or even creates or evolves Him; but in the face of the physical universe he feels humiliated. And if modern science diminishes him, modern psychology bullies him, assures him that his own motives and emotions are not what he thinks they are, interprets his behavior by that of the lower animals, and informs him that he is not even in possession of his own personality, but must always be sharing it with various sub-conscious unknowns, fellow-lodgers in his ego.

How soothing, then, to his self-respect, how refreshing to his tired, over-classified spirit, to turn to that man who was so little capable of being organized that he had to make a party by himself, who tells us that we were not made to live like animals, but to follow virtue and knowledge. It restores our fallen dignity. To read Dante is to resume a personal interest in man, forsaking with a sigh of relief the scientific. And it is the deep-flowing current of the *terza rima*, with this constant, unconscious refrain of the significance and value and interest of the single soul, which offers one answer to the critic, one reason that continually impels the modern English reader back to Dante.

Ruth Shepard Phelps.

"ONLY TOO CLEAR"

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

You will often hear people say that this or that is "only too clear". They use the words as a prefix to some assertion or other. The words commonly mean that the speaker only wishes it *were* clear that things are as he states them. People do not say so often that some written thing, a poem or novel or article, is only too clear. No doubt they are afraid of being thought foolish. Were they not brought up at school to think clearness an unquestionable virtue in an English essay? Are there not dozens of current phrases which all seem to imply that self-expression is always a kind of rendering up of something measurable, predetermined, unmistakable, like the amount of a tailor's bill, something which must be faced, as it is, and got rid of?

And yet there must be a good many of us who would like to pipe up in protest against certain kinds of intensive cultivation of lucidity. We feel that we are being overdosed with its products in public controversy, in fiction and verse and even in sermons. Who does not know the kind of journalistic polemic in which the reader is perpetually presented with the rigid, tight-drawn dilemma? Who, again, has not, at some time or other, groaned dumbly under a flood of clearness from a pulpit? You remember the kind of almost imbecile limpidity? First the giving out of a text which is itself as clear as noon; say, "A city set on a hill"; and then the progressive illumination of this strong original light with many pounds of cheap candles. You know how the dreary searchlight travels on from word to word: *A* city, mark you. Not two cities! Not twin cities like Assisi and Perugia. And yet a city. No mere village! No hamlet perched on a knoll: —and so on and on till the martyred Christian below has to ask, in his heart, "Shall I never hit back?" as Juvenal did when his friend recited the epic.

The same cult of clearness at any price has spread into fiction

and perhaps especially into the kind of descriptive writing that borders on fiction or overlaps it, the writing of what are sometimes called "sketches" or, after the French phrase, "things seen". In these some of the tritest proceedings of nature and of man are reported with a literal and insipid veracity never previously attempted. The subject matter of these chaste exercises is often of a studied thinness, and you sometimes feel that the author is almost eagerly disclaiming the idea of disturbing his superficial sensibilities by any effort of thought. "Nothing in my brain I bring," he seems to be saying to us, with a kind of pious complacency at his own freedom from mental baggage. "I do not rhyme," says Scott,

> to that dull elf
> Who cannot image to himself

this, that and the other thing. But that is what the super-lucid writer evidently feels that he is doing. We are the "dull elves" whose imagination is presumed incapable of any collaboration with an author while we read him.

We may well demur to this too ardent quest of clearness on the score of comity between writer and reader. But there is a deeper objection. A writer might have all the good manners there ever were in Versailles and yet overstep a lawful limit of confident clearness. The limit I mean is—to put it very roughly and generally—that which is imposed by the inevitable incompleteness of a writer's knowledge. Until you know a thing exhaustively you have, in a sense, no right to be wholly clear about it; if your account of it conveys no impression of a dim borderland in which your knowledge gradually loses itself, then your account is misleading and possibly an imposture. Of course the current estimates of the possibility of exhaustiveness in knowledge may vary much from time to time and in different places. The times when mere clearness in writing, clearness at any price, has anywhere been valued most highly have also been times when the likelihood of reaching clear and final results, along many lines of thought, was, as we now see, over-rated. Such periods have been intolerant of all mysticism and disinclined to believe that there can be many more things of any consequence in heaven or on earth than were dreamt of, or indeed defined, in the current philosophies. A

typical product of such a period was the older English political economy in which a thin, fallacious lucidity seemed to make everything clear, only by failing to see that there was anything at all to solve where the worst difficulties lay.

The current psychology of fifty years ago had the same illusory sharpness of outline, the same false finality. It took as the unit of mental life the idea, the single, separable idea, isolating each idea as a detached clearly describable thing by which, in turn with other ideas, the mind could be wholly occupied. The books of psychology then in vogue might make you think of your consciousness as if it were a railway signal lamp at one moment wholly red and nothing but red, at the next wholly green and nothing but green. But during the last forty years psychology has looked more closely at the mental life and has found it a good deal less simple. The result has been an entirely new way of envisaging that life. The unit of the mental life, as modern psychologists see it, is not the insulated idea but the whole wave, or field, as it is variously called, of consciousness at any given instant. From moment to moment the mind, like an eye, puts itself forth on successive fields of consciousness, each field melting or modulating into the next in chronological order like the successive photographs forming a cinematographic film. Each of these fields of consciousness has its centre of interest, on which there is at least a relat ve concentration of the mind. Of the contents of the surrounding portions of the field the mind grows less and less intensely conscious as their distances from the centre of interest increase; they fade away in widening circles of diminishing interest towards the margin of the field and there, without any definite frontier line, they merge into the outer dimness.

Of course the size of these fields of consciousness differs enormously, as between one person and another. A man or woman of genius, of any kind, probably has, at any rate at his best times, a far greater width of field than the rest of us. It may be a common attribute of the great poet, the great scientific thinker and the great organizer. The size of the field also varies immensely as between one and another state of the same person. A person ill or depressed or tired or sleepy commonly has his field of consciousness much contracted for the time. Some stirring

experience, the drastic stimulus of some masterpiece in art or of some other personal emotion, may swiftly dilate your field of consciousness, so that you feel invisible things drifting into sight and hearing and unhoped for achievements of comprehension and insight coming as if magically within your power. To any writer whose work is congenial there will come in the same way a curious extension of his ordinary faculties; he will find portions of knowledge floating back into his brain, available for use, which he had supposed to be thrown away long ago on the rubbish-heap outside the back-door of his mind; relevant passages will quote themselves to his mind from books that he scarcely remembers ever to have read; and he suddenly sees germane connections where in his ordinary state of mind he would see nothing.

In the field of conduct, too, we find sudden enlargements of the customary field of consciousness leading to actions, heroic or criminal, which those who have done them can only ascribe, when the field has contracted again, to unaccountable impulse. From the uncharted region of the outer consciousness one of these impulses may strike in and impinge on us much as the cyclones come up incalculably from the Southern Atlantic and impinge on Southwest Ireland. A kindred effect, or a simulacrum of these effects, is producible in some measure by alcohol and other drugs, and no doubt their tragic hold on mankind is mainly due to their power of giving at least the illusion of temporary release from narrow, cold and cramping fields of consciousness.

What happens in all these cases is not so much that anything wholly unknown, wholly outside the range of the mind, has been brought within its reach. It is rather as if some outer zone of an estate which you already own were brought back into use after lying derelict. May it not be said, with some truth, that it is part of the business of imaginative literature to reclaim at least parts of that region? We remember the old rough division of literature into the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, the former being that of science and the latter that of imagination. Certainly the literature of knowledge has during the last half century taken a splendid share in these labors of reclamation, or at any rate in the map-making work which must precede it. One need only mention the names of those who have

converted psychology from a cloud of unverified surmises into a science almost as systematic as that of physics. But long before the last half century the literature of power or imagination had offered us inlets of its own by which to penetrate deeply into this surrounding twilight.

Thus to widen the reader's or spectator's field of consciousness is a function of intensely imaginative literature. If a writer has imaginative power it means that his own field of consciousness is at some times exceptionally large. If to this power he adds technical accomplishment it means that he can express his own delighted sense of this enlargement in a way which stimulates a corresponding enlargement of the consciousness of a fit reader. An obvious illustration of the exercise of both powers is Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*. One feels that the poet has first experienced so unusual an enlargement of the ordinary field of consciousness that on the murky verge of the field certain mystic shapes, dim, but still shapes, have begun to take form for his mind, and that at a radius from the centre so great that for most of us it is a region of mere obscurity yielding us nothing but some vague promptings and cravings and regrets. And then he has contrived in a wonderful measure to express this visionary revelation of his own in a way that renders mystic reverie in the reader more coherent and articulate than it could otherwise have been. But in doing this he has not achieved, nor attempted to achieve, the clearness of an advertisement. It is wonderful, but it is not clear as an election poster is clear. It is almost as far from being clear as are the four great Michelangelo statues in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence, of which Pater says that "they concentrate and express, less by way of definite conceptions than by the touches, the promptings of a piece of music, all those vague fancies, misgivings, presentiments, which shift and mix and are defined and fade again, whenever the thoughts try to fix themselves with sincerity on the conditions and surroundings of the disembodied spirit." What the figures express, badly and literally, to a spectator on whose imagination they have not yet begun to work, has been playfully described by R. L. Nettleship, the philosopher: "I walk into the Medici Chapel, my body and soul encased in their nineteenth century coat and trousers. I see

four naked marble figures, in attitudes which I probably could not put myself into at all, and certainly could not remain in for five minutes. One lady is fast asleep, one gentleman wide awake; so much is comfortingly obvious. The other lady seems to have nearly finished undressing; the other gentleman has passed a restless night; both look dubious and uncomfortable. Such are the brute impressions which many, if they were honest, would have to confess to." Those two extracts from Pater and from Nettleship give you, better than anything else I can think of, the contrast between a narrow and an extremely wide field of consciousness.

Well, it is a free country; and anyone may take his mental ease who will. Only, if one is going to hold by absolute clearness, then one is going to shut oneself out from a good many things. For there are many things which cannot be expressed clearly without being expressed falsely. If everything in the shadowy corners of a Rembrandt interior were painted so that you could say just what it was, the painting would have lost its truth and its beauty. When Corot went out to paint his vaporous landscapes in the early morning he would work until the sun dried up the mist and then say, "Everything is visible; there's nothing left;" and then he would knock off work for the day. In literature there can be few better instances of the suggestive value of a certain avoidance of clearness than the songs of Shakespeare. The superficial unreason and inconsequence of the song that ends *Twelfth Night* is like a gay defiance of any thin rationalism in critics of poetry; it seems to flaunt in their faces a divine new clearness of its own, a clearness that passeth all understanding; for, beyond question, such a song calls up in us with unsurpassable distinctness the mood intended by its author, however incoherent the terms of the summons may seem to be; and it cannot have been by accident that Shakespeare, like Corot, wanted to have the mists between our eyes and the landscape.

There are some modern writers in whom this element of obscurity has attracted unusual notice and whose popularity it has tended to limit. The case most often cited is that of Meredith, in whose work it is often difficult for the reader to see things clearly, not because there is a want of light but because there seems to be

too much of it; in him you see things with their outline blurred by excess of light, as you see the sun at mid-day. Meredith dazzles and dazes you, as Professor Elton says, with a "sparkling mist or spray of commentary, an emanation of bewildering light" which he sheds round the characters and events of his novels. Meredith, in making out these reports on his travels beyond the pale, pours out a turbid flood of illustrative images, one tumbling over the other, so that you feel rather like Benedick when Beatrice chaffed him—as he says, "huddling jest upon jest, with such impressible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me." It resembles to some extent the speech of certain characters in Shakespeare for whom one cannot help feeling that Shakespeare had a special liking—Mercutio, Falstaff and the Biron of *Love's Labor Lost*, characters of an immense elation and gusto, whose abounding enjoyment of the human spectacle cannot always wait to complete one piece of self-expression before rushing on to another.

Another modern writer, sometimes charged with heresy by the high-priests of clearness, is Mr. Yeats, in whom the obscurity is not the Meredithian dazzlement with excess of offered light, but a real dusk, wilfully courted. The wooing of this twilight has been repeatedly defended by Mr. Yeats on a quasi-spiritualist theory of composition which, I must own, leaves me standing still and wondering. But many people have their principles all bad and their practice all good. Though I can make little of Mr. Yeats's doctrine that poetry ought to be "got 'tween asleep and wake", as Edmund in *King Lear* describes the legitimate heirs, still one must admire the wanton heed and giddy cunning with which, both in verse and in prose, he edges lucidity, as it were, with a fringe of dimness, just as the clearly seen centre of the landscape is fringed with circles of the indistinct. If Mr. Yeats describes a wood in summer he can give you a sense of elfin presences within it; and when he expresses a mood, he gives you the impression of a small emergent and expressible part of a much larger less definite whole, submerged first in semi-transparent subconsciousness and then in the opaque depths of still more rudimentary subconsciousness, much as a little coral island or an iceberg is related to a far greater bulk under the sea. By con-

stant renunciation of the obvious tempting climax of a demonstration, by shunning the word or phrase which, in seeming to clinch a matter and hit a nail the last stroke on the head, gives the reader a delusive sense of finality where there is no finality, by heading off the kind of clearness which is got only by airily treating something unknown as if you knew it, Mr. Yeats may dissatisfy readers who crave for the universal cocksureness of bad journalism and of minor politics. But, after all, the attitude, the bearing towards a theme, is that of Socrates; it is that of Montaigne; and it is that of modern science which, the further it goes, guards itself the more carefully against any assumption of having attained exhaustiveness and finality.

But Meredith and Mr. Yeats offer us only particularly obvious examples of a quality which in subtler forms is found in all highly imaginative writers. In some of the greatest this margin of enigmatic suggestion is conveyed under the most cunning semblance of absolute clearness. You know the lines of Burns:

> The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
> Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry.

The whole song has an air of perfectly straight dealing with you; a child can understand the first intentions of all the words; but these seeming simplicities are craftily charged, by the manner of their choice and arrangement, with ulterior suggestions evoking in you groups of ideas for which the more obvious significance of the words will not account. The same may be said of the much quoted lines from Nash:

> Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath dimmed Helen's eyes.

All that the lines say, on the surface, is truism and commonplace; they seem to say it badly. But everyone feels that this show of shallow clearness is illusive and that, beyond their more obvious and literal meaning, the words have a virtue or energy capable of raising in you certain emotions as unmistakable as elephants though also as undefinable.

I am uneasily aware that just here we are walking close to one of the thorniest of critical thickets. The whole prickly question

of symbolism with its malign power of setting critics by the ears, and poets too, is very near. But we need not, for the present purpose, raise the question whether this special quality of poetry, this keeping open of its communications with the subconscious part of our mental life, is mainly a Celtic contribution to literature or is a survival from the primæval poetry and legend of many races. Nor the question whether, in this effort at fuller self-expression and at communion with reality, the imagination is trying to get past the malignity and obstructiveness of a delusive world of sense and of intellect—a hostile host of "things" and of reasoned thoughts—or whether things and thoughts are themselves portions of reality and not even the blackest sheep among her flocks. For our immediate concern is only with the simpler issue between the traditional pregnancy of all great art—you find it even in the rather hard dry poetry of Pope and in the most prosaic paintings of the great Dutchmen—and a kind of writing in which, almost as a matter of principle, nothing is left unsaid and no more is meant than meets the ear. You read it through, trying in charity to believe that surely the writer must have got hold of something more than he directly says; you hope he may be like the Sphinx, who used often to seem to be asking her clients an easy one when she really gave them something much tougher to tackle. But no, the pellucid rubbish has no camouflaged fulness of meaning; it is all like hard false literal painting on tin; the trees have no dryads about them and the Sphinx is just a foolish old lady without any secret to keep or to tell.

Now that this protest is just at an end I begin to feel, as one often does at such moments, that I have left out most of the subject. Among the things on which there has been no time to touch is the whole question of the difference between the expression of obscurity and obscurity of expression. Of course it is one of the most elementary faults in writing or speaking to express relatively simple things with a relatively high degree of indistinctness. It is half the work of education to cure us of this malady in its grosser forms. You find it in school boys' essays, where it comes of helplessness, and in the work of some minor poets who want to be crepuscular and to bring on Celtic or other twilights, but do not know how. It is for criticism to distinguish

this obscurity of the confused or astigmatic mind, or of affectation, or of a small or ill-used vocabulary, from that different element of enigma which may remain when the greatest powers of expression have been most strenuously used. Perhaps one might say, very roughly, that it is the difference between a muddled statement of something already known and an indication, necessarily indeterminate and ambiguous, of some unexplored possibility of further knowledge. We have all found, from the current reports of the great physical discoveries of Einstein, how far from clear the most skilful statement of an unfamiliar scientific fact may be. One might illustrate the difference between indulgence in excess of clearness, and a proper renunciation of extreme clearness, in imaginative literature by comparing the bad popular statements of the new discovery, in which it is made quite intelligible by being roughly and falsely summarized, with the more faithful statements of it, which are difficult because they really try to reflect a difficult matter.

Another point, and a very hard one, which I have left out, is that of the difficulty of teaching the proper limits of clearness. In all ordinary work-a-day uses of the spoken or written word we suffer so much more from want of clearness than from excess of it that it might seem like reversing the engines of education to warn a boy or girl that one may be too clear. It might be foolish to do so in the earlier stages of education. Anyhow it is not done; and now that we have had nearly fifty years of popular half-education, we naturally have an enormous number of people whose education has not reached the point at which any critical attitude towards this virtue of clearness is practicable or, perhaps, safe. Hence a strong economic pressure, which cannot be ignored, upon popular writers in the direction of extreme clearness, or at least the appearance of it. A common result is a kind of writing rather like a watch with a highly luminous face, but with no hands. Or, to use a different illustration, it is like a tree with no roots, nothing more about it than what first meets the eye, whereas the best of imaginative writing has its leaves in the light and its roots in the darkness and does not deny its own nature nor the continuity of the known with the unknown.

C. E. Montague.

LAMB AND THE PERIODICAL ESSAY

BY HARRY T. BAKER

WRITING to Crabb Robinson in January of 1827, Lamb said: "Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week. . . . In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing [Lamb was then fifty-two], in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now." Randal Norris was one of the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple"; and in that richly reminiscent and poetic essay he, with his compeers, made up to "Charley" Lamb a kind of mythology, enshrouded in a "preternatural mist". "In those days," says Elia, "I saw Gods, as 'old men covered with a mantle', walking upon the earth."

It is in such letters that we see the real Lamb—not the casual jester and punster, not even the seventeenth century stylist, choicest pupil of Sir Thomas Browne, but the Lamb with a genius for friendship, with a soul at once tender and virile, the Lamb whose Wednesday evenings were famous and who, to quote his own phrase, was "never C. L., but always C. L. & Co." He sometimes humorously offered to sell a consignment of friends cheap; but he really could not have spared any of them. He bore their infirmities, pierced unfailingly into their better selves, and grappled them to his soul with hoops of steel. It is as a friend that his readers know him; and one risks little in an assertion that he is the best loved author in English literature.

We do not rank Lamb; we cherish him. For he was in touch with the innermost realities of life. He hated formalities and stiff conventions. Surnames were to him a superfluity; Christians, he said, should call each other by Christian names. Like Dr. Johnson, he loved good talk; and of one of his friends, John

Fenwick, editor of *The Albion*, he confided, "He was great at the midnight hour." Many, beyond question, were the evenings when, in a Falstaffian paradise, he and his intimates heard the chimes at midnight; and occasionally, perhaps, they were a little the worse for gin and water or other intoxicants—but not much the worse, for Mary was always present to lend decorum. Hazlitt has portrayed, with even more than his usual felicity, one of those Wednesday evenings, in his essay, *Persons One Would Wish To Have Seen.* To miss this is to cut a huge cantle out of the sum total of enjoyment. His jests, says Hazlitt, "scald like tears." It is a notable tribute, by a man who was himself a master of phrase; and it illuminates the problem of Elia's charm better than any other brief comment. Lamb was an incorrigible jester, but he never replies to us with a fool-born jest. Even in his most casual jokes there is usually a wise touch of philosophy, and almost always a memorable phrase.

If it is in his letters that we see Lamb most clearly,—and this is probably the case,—we find in them ample refutation of his overemphasized "gentleness" of nature. Wordsworth, it is true, in a poem written after the death of his friend, called him "the frolic and the gentle"; but Lamb had long before protested vigorously to Coleridge against being gentled. "For God's sake," he wrote, "don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print. . . . Blot out 'gentle-hearted', and substitute 'drunken dog, ragged head, seld-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering', or any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question." This in 1800, when Lamb was but twenty-five. There was nothing effeminate about such a man. That perfect essay, *Dream Children*, reveals not a single false note of sentiment; and one of the most robust of modern writers, Kipling, had it in the back of his mind when he in turn glorified the love of children in his masterpiece, *They*, a tale of ghostly radiance which raises the short story to a higher power.

But this is to stray a bit from Lamb the letter-writer. One can best appreciate his genius in this field by comparing Stevenson's epistles. The latter are uncommonly good, but seldom or never as good as his essays and stories. One does not feel of Lamb, on the contrary, that he deliberately saved his best things for pub-

lication. It is true, however, that when he was writing the Elia essays the effect upon the volume of his correspondence was striking. His letters from 1820 to 1825 were like angels' visits, short and far between. It is in the twenty years before he turned Elia that he scattered the largess of his familiar correspondence with a prodigality like that of nature. And how completely spontaneous he was! Lamb never worried about losing his dignity; *otium cum indignitate*, he said, was good enough for him. The remark is characteristic. And it was some of this *otium* that he lavished on his letters before he actually turned author at forty-five, after many abortive experiments and a few modest successes. His humor in his correspondence is essentially the same as in those famous Elia essays.

If Lamb had written nothing but his letters, he would still have been entitled to the admiration and the love of future generations. And it was long before he did write anything else which instantly commanded public attention. The jokes which he contributed to *The Morning Post* in 1802 and 1803 at sixpence each were often labored and seldom worthy of him; it was galley toil for such a spirit as Lamb. His verses were few, though, as *The Old Familiar Faces* attests, far from negligible. As a critic he led, in company with Hazlitt, the romantic revival. His comments and selections, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets About the Time of Shakespeare*, were the work of an eager and delicately gifted pioneer. They opened long forgotten fields to the public of 1808. During the previous year, moreover, he and Mary had published the admirable *Tales from Shakespeare*. And for ten years before that he had been struggling with manuscript of various sorts: a novelette, *Rosamund Gray;* a poetical drama, *John Woodvil*, which contains one excellent forest scene; an essay, *The Londoner*, in *The Morning Post*, first of a series never carried out; and an inglorious farce, *Mr. H.*, the suspense in which turned out to be the suppression of the plebeian name of Hogsflesh—an anticlimax properly disapproved by the audience. "Damn 'em, how they hissed!" said Lamb. "It was not a hiss, neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness." The madness ended, how-

ever, in the sane reflection that he was not a dramatist; and thereafter he devoted himself to the rambling and intimate personal essay, a form in which he was admirably fitted to succeed.

The credit for discovering Lamb's possibilities as a magazine contributor belongs in part to his good friend Leigh Hunt, but in much greater part to the brilliant and ill-fated John Scott, who died as the result of a duel in 1821, only a year after he had assumed his duties as editor of *The London Magazine*. It was Hunt who induced Lamb to contribute to his short-lived quarterly, *The Reflector*, during 1810 and 1811, a mirthful paper on *Inconveniences Resulting from Being Hanged*, the famous critical paper on Shakespeare's tragedies, and a first draft, later revised and reprinted in *The London Magazine*, of *A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People*. In 1814 Scott printed in *The Champion*, which he edited for a short time, Lamb's article, *The Melancholy of Tailors*, an excellent preliminary study for the Elia papers. On the whole, it was probably fortunate that none of these early magazines and newspapers afforded Lamb an opportunity to become a regular contributor; for even in 1814 his genius as essayist had not thoroughly ripened. It was perhaps at the most fortunate moment, in his forty-fifth year, that Scott reëngaged him for *The London Magazine*, to which he contributed during the next five years about fifty papers of permanent literary value over the now immortal signature of "Elia".

It is unfortunate that we have no record of Lamb's relations with John Scott; they must have exchanged at least a few letters during the Elia period, but none has survived. Lamb's only reference is in a letter of 1825, to Bernard Barton: "Why did poor Scott die? There was comfort in writing with such associates as were his little band of Scribblers, some gone away, some affronted away, and I am left as the solitary widow looking for watercresses." In a postscript he adds, "I am fifty years old this day." Even such a brief and casual tribute shows the cordial and helpful relation between editor and contributor. Moreover, any man who could keep Hazlitt as a "regular" for a year, as Scott did, was a marvel of tact and friendliness.

It is particularly worthy of note that Scott did not always place Lamb's essay before Hazlitt's in the various issues of *The London*

Magazine from August, 1820, to February, 1821, when he died. He played no favorites, but "featured" whatever was most worthy of the front page. In January, 1821, Hazlitt's *The Look of a Gentleman* takes second place to Elia's *New Year's Eve;* but in February *On Reading Old Books* has the superior place and *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist* retires "to a prepared position". Hazlitt had also scored over his old friend in the December issue, when *The Pleasure of Painting* took precedence over *The Two Races of Men,* in spite of the fact that the latter is easily the more popular, in the ordinary sense, and would probably have been put on the first page by most present-day editors. *The London Magazine,* which perished in 1829, was never addressed to the multitude. It assumed in its readers a background of culture and a love of style. If John Scott had survived, it is quite possible that his magazine would have survived with him for many years. Lovers of Elia will not soon forget Scott's brief association with his most distinguished contributor. How much he stimulated and developed Lamb's genius we shall never know; but he was the man who brought and maintained the hitherto comparatively obscure essayist before his appreciative public.

Even to-day, however, Elia does not command so large an audience as, say, Mark Twain—a humorist and philosopher of quite a different complexion. Lamb does not address himself so directly to what Whitman called "powerful, uneducated people". Those who love his essays love them intensely; but there are many who do not love them at all. It is on the whole much easier to tell why Elia is disliked than why he is liked. He compliments his reader too much. He is full of recondite allusions, scraps of Shakespeare, shadows of Sir Thomas Browne, Fuller, Burton, and the Bible. He is continually using Scriptural forms for humorous purposes. He employs curious Latin derivatives such as "sciential apples" of Eden, "relucts" at destiny, "arride and solace me." He is subtly whimsical both in thought and expression; to use his own term, he is guilty of a thousand "whim-whams". He is probably the most obscure of English humorists; yet his obscurities are always worth exploring. He has the imagination, and often the phrase, of a poet. Whole essays are sometimes poetic. It is difficult to decide when he is serious

and when humorous. Carlyle utterly misjudged him; Wordsworth, being destitute of a sense of humor, probably did not more than half understand him. The famous comptroller of stamps whose phrenological development he wished to examine—after the worthy citizen had asked some exceedingly foolish questions—must have thought him a madman. One can still hear the blessed laughter of the gods, including Lamb himself, which followed that immortal incident at Haydon's dinner. No, Elia was not always intelligible; and never to stupid people. As he said himself, in the preface to the *Last Essays*, "He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. . . . Few understood him; and I am not quite certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred." And again: "He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. . . . He was too much of the boy-man."

It is indeed his possession of the unquenchable spirits of youth which explains many of his traits and whims of style. These he shares with most genuine humorists. It is probably a trait of all genius never to surrender ignominiously to old age. Did not even Wordsworth, grave and reverend person, praise the youth as nearest to the divine? Did not Hazlitt write a remarkable paper on *The Feeling of Immortality in Youth*? Authors whom the gods love never grow old; and many of them never reach old age even in actual years. Lamb himself died at fifty-nine; Shakespeare, Thackeray, and Hazlitt at fifty-two; Stevenson at forty-four; Burns at thirty-seven; Keats, one of the most gifted of all, at twenty-six. Lamb was already nigh unto fifty when he wrote *Poor Relations*, but it is full of purely boyish quips and, to poor Crabb Robinson, boyish cruelties. Yet it is full, also, of learning and wisdom; for Lamb was essentially a wise man with a remarkable sense of humor and of humorous phrase. He has left behind him, in his works, the high spirits of youth joined to the wisdom of age. He has fulfilled the French proverb, *Si jeunesse savait!*

Such a man can never be in the crude sense a popular writer. He does not condescend to his reader; he requires sympathetic discernment. He rides the good horse Imagination at a break-neck pace, expecting us to follow. The archaisms of his diction are not in the vocabulary of the mob. They are a perverse and stiff-necked generation that know not Sir Thomas and the *Urn Burial*. The stately rhythms of the King James Version are lost on them. Descriptions of sun-dials put them out; they are for the ponderous embowelments of clocks. Lamb is not for such readers. They may enjoy his most intensely personal essays, full of alluring autobiography and innocent of vanity; but they will never climb his heights and look into his promised land. It is only the true disciple who really enjoys Lamb's best papers and passages. If I were to choose any one as a test, it should be *A Quaker's Meeting*. It is not fairly representative of his humor, for it contains very little; but that little has all of his finest subtlety—such phrases, for example, as the description of the uniformity of the Quakers, from their garb and stillness conjoined, a uniformity "tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—'forty feeding like one.'" The essay has a peacefulness of atmosphere that falls like dew on the troubled spirit. It is that perfect art which conceals itself. Where, outside of the King James Version, or of Sir Thomas Browne, can we find such rhythm, such gentle sliding of sounds like waters pouring from a hillside spring?

No one can doubt, after reading such an essay, that it is great literature. Yet the editors of a recent volume of literary selections for the use of college students calmly omit Lamb and Hazlitt and proceed to justify the omission by the remarkable assertion that to encourage a pupil "in pleasant rambles with Elia or Hazlitt through the by-ways of literature is to put a weapon into the hands of those critics who condemn the English teacher as a pedant or a dilettant and to hasten the exodus of college men from the Liberal Arts course." The thing to do, say these exponents of liberal culture, is to study authors who present "a logically connected programme of ideas"! Study Huxley, study Mill, study Godwin, study Paine—all of whom are represented in this volume—but don't study Lamb! In other words, don't study literature.

Unlike Hazlitt, who proclaimed himself a good hater, Lamb was not a lover of recrimination or even of legitimate criticism. His critical papers, though often admirable, are few. He did not enjoy pointing out men's defects; and a literary judge cannot avoid this. Arnold did not try to avoid it; he reminded us that excellence is not, as the lady from Ohio thought, common and abundant, and that to maintain severe standards is one of the critic's first duties. Lamb's critical essays, it will be observed, are chiefly appreciations. And everybody recollects his remark that he couldn't hate anyone whom he knew. He had that sweetness of nature which contemporary writers attributed to Shakespeare and which makes us curious to know more about Shakespeare's life and character. Fortunately we do know Lamb's, and to know it is a possession forever.

The contributions of Elia and Hazlitt to *The London Magazine* begin a new era in periodical literature. Not only were their papers much longer than those of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, but they were essentially different in kind. They were much more warm and intimate, more personal and colorful, richer in imagination and emotion—in a word, more romantic. The carefully restrained and slightly tepid lucubrations of Addison show the caution and the distrust of "enthusiasm" which mark the characteristic works of the first half of the eighteenth century. Addison almost never takes us into his confidence. And even warm-hearted Steele does not reveal anything like the whole of his personality in his magazine papers. There is that indispensable quality, variety; but there is a certain thinness. In both Lamb and Hazlitt, and again in Thackeray and Stevenson, there is depth—often a depth that suggests the "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries" in the bed of old ocean. There is intensity of emotion, too, as in Hazlitt's *My First Acquaintance With Poets* and Elia's *Dream Children*. There is indubitable originality, as in Lamb's suggestion of a grace before Shakespeare and a devotional form for a moonlight ramble. And there is a new kind of satire, neither Swiftian nor Addisonian, in *Imperfect Sympathies*, which without bitterness subtly and almost mercilessly impales those Scotch editors, particularly the editors of *Blackwood's*, who had included Lamb in the Cockney School of English writers and

who had hounded poor John Scott to his death. I suspect that Elia was quietly avenging Scott, for the essay was published in August of 1821, only a few months after the fatal duel, and its title in *The London Magazine* was *Jews, Quakers, Scotchmen, and Other Imperfect Sympathies.* "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen," says Lamb, "and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair." Men like himself, he adds modestly, have minds "suggestive rather than comprehensive":

> The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. . . . He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary.

Even when he is treating a thoroughly popular subject, such as *A Chapter on Ears*, Lamb is not broadly popular in workmanship. He begins with the brisk journalistic sentence, "I have no ear," but he soon wanders off into imaginative metaphors such as "volutes to the human capital" and "indispensable side-intelligencers", and ends with a whimsical description of "that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe". This classical allusion is hardly adapted to the education of such readers, now a host, as are innocent of Greek and Latin mythology. In *The Two Races of Men*, with its ludicrous analysis of borrowers and lenders, he is nearer to the average of humanity; but here also he indulges in subtleties of phraseology. One of his choicest jests, however, is not caviare to the multitude: that on his old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., "who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble." This has all the simplicity and inevitability of perfect art. So, too, has his epigram, in conversation, that we are ashamed of the resemblance of monkeys to ourselves "on the same principle that we avoid poor relations".

In his volume of miscellaneous prose there are about half a dozen papers which had appeared in *The London Magazine* over the signature "Elia" but had not been reprinted in the two volumes of Elia essays: a *Letter to an Old Gentleman Whose Education Has Been Neglected*, *A Vision of Horns*, *Unitarian Protests*, *The Gentle Giantess*, and others. These may be called the Elia Apocrypha; and they cannot safely be overlooked, for in most cases the reason for exclusion was not lack of merit. *The Gentle Giantess* celebrated a living subject, a Mrs. Smith, of Cambridge, whom Lamb delicately transferred to Oxford, changing her name but not concealing her vast bulk. The description, in Biblical English chiefly, of her sufferings in hot weather, and of her ingeniously contrived ice-cellar, which gives her leaner friends face-aches, is near the top of Elia's fun-making. It is truly literary farce, almost as full of cunningly wrought phrase as the *Quaker's Meeting* or *Oxford in the Vacation*. The *Essays of Elia* are incomplete without this bulky addition. One wickedly thinks how easily this heroine would have broken a bench at the Quaker meeting or gloriously participated in the banquet of roast pig. Her back may be "broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam", but it is not an apocryphal back. It is as genuine as gospel. This gentle burthen should be plucked out from the imperfect sympathies of its miscellany of comrades and set in the canon. It is full of Lamb's kindliness, as well as his genius. Even in its perception of the oddest incongruities it is never malicious. Like all of its author's essays, it reveals his amused tolerance of this earthly scene, his philosophic pregnancy of phrase, his unpredictable attitude to revered conventions, and above all his undefeated youthfulness and charm of spirit. "A spirit communicated is a perpetual possession." It is this that we possess as we close the *Last Essays*, remembering that Elia was the brave and quiet optimist who for nearly forty years in the wilderness had tenderly ministered to the mind diseased of his sister Mary, living with her, to use his own quaint phrase, "in a kind of double singleness" until death drew him away. Such a rare spirit is above ordinary criticism.

HARRY T. BAKER.

SOME MYTHS AND ARTS OF JAPAN

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

THE Japanese are famous for their capacity for adopting and adapting the customs and arts of other peoples. It is this power that has made possible to them the rapid assimilation of Western ideas and civilization, which is going on to-day, though so new is the process that here and there one finds strange misfits—such as the use of the foreign nightshirt as a street costume among the lower classes in hot weather. Such little errors will disappear in time. No better proof is needed than the fashion in which Chinese architecture, gods, literature, ceramics, music and all the other arts of civilization have undergone a nationalization that leaves them with a distinct and separate charm of their own. As in Europe, the Church was the great teacher and propagator of foreign ideas. Learning and beauty grew up under the shadow of the Buddhist temples and pagodas, just as they clustered in the West about the cloisters and high towers of the cathedrals.

So accustomed are we to our own art and civilization that we scarcely realize how varied are the sources from which they sprang. We acknowledge a great debt to Rome—broken gifts saved for us in the stately arms of the bishops. But do we often remember that our alphabet goes back at least to the Egyptians? Do we appreciate the meaning of the fact that nearly half the words we use have a Latin derivation? That we owe our numerals to the Arabs? How many people know that the custom of shaving the heads of the monks originated with the priests of Isis in an attempt to imitate the sun and its rays, and that the high headdress of the bishops was once the open-mouthed fish head worn by the Babylonian clergy? Whence sprang all the customs of the Church? They are far older than Christ. They have a history more remote than that of Rome. In our literature, what is the debt of the Elizabethans to Theocritus, who first sang that pastoral they in turn learned from the Italians?

Through all our lives run strange threads of the past, but we are too accustomed to them even to recognize them as strange and thrilling too. Perhaps the only reason that the Japanese have borrowed more obviously than we lies in the fact that their Rome is still vital across a narrow sea from them, while ours had the destroying centuries like a wall between us. And India, their Greece, still sent forth its mystics and missionaries when ours was waiting, its spontaneous genius changed to ornate formalism, a sealed treasure for the mailed hand of the Crusader.

It is because India, China, and Japan flourish side by side that we can trace connections between them more easily than those between us and long dead nations. Nor are Greece and India the ultimate sources of inspiration for East or West. The influences grow less distinct, but we can discern strange fusions. We remember that Alexander led his armies into India and returned to Greece with many native craftsmen; that Greece had known much communication with Persia, and had been profoundly influenced by Egypt, a country which in turn had traded and warred with the nations of the East. Behind Persia loom the almost mythical empires, Assyria, Babylonia, with their winged animals and huge temples. There, were conquering nations which took slaves and assimilated cultures, which sent their emissaries into far places. We think that the world has grown small only since we invented the railroad, the steamboat, wireless telegraphy and the cable. Yet it has always been small, not for the individual indeed but for the nations. Siam has legends of a "prince of Rome", and even in comparatively modern times the Spaniards expelled the Mohammedans from their borders and set forth exploring to the uttermost ends of the earth, only to find the Moros (or Moors), as they called them, a Mohammedan people, settled in their new territory of the Philippines. The Aztecs used the Mongolian chronological system. The primitive art of the Pacific, whether in America or Asia, or the islands of the sea, is almost identical, The curling beam ends of Scandinavian architecture are remnants of the hooded *naga* heads that rear upright from the roofs of Siamese temples to-day.

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As one enters the Japanese temples only the more obvious relationships are noticeable to most of us. There are the Buddhas and Boddhisatvas sitting on their lotuses in utter composure. Usually they are clad in a robe with very simple folds, showing the bare breast. They have lost the ornamentations of southern Buddhism, where the saints look like dancing girls mincing forth in their jewels. The type of face is finer than that of the Chinese Buddhas; more spiritual, in better proportion. Almost every one is a work of art, beautiful on lacquer and gilding, placed behind an offering table which has none of the tawdriness that too often detracts from the effectiveness of a Chinese temple. Here and there in the simplicity of the figures, in the effect of form under the garments, in the arrangement of the folds, in the type of the face, one suddenly has a swift recollection of the Greek, and with it a realization that the art of Northern India was a Græco-Hindu art that brought to China and Japan many of the old Greek traditions as well as the Hindu ornateness. In the museum at Kioto is a piece of fresco found in Western China startlingly like the paintings in the catacombs. It shows the face and breast of a man, with long straight nose, Occidental eyes, a mouth hidden under a close red beard of the same tone as the wavy red hair above the broad forehead. There are also some stone heads that might be put in any collection of Greek antiquities without fear of detection, at least from the amateur.

But while the Greek influence remains evident, the groundwork is of course Hindu. The pose of the Buddha, the curls of the head, the mark above the brow, the symbolism of the hands, all came from India, though most of the ornamentation, the crowns and jewels and elaborate robes, have been sacrificed by a severer artistic taste. Sometimes in the temples, but more often in caves and weird haunts of nature, the Japanese preserve the Hindu type of God, deities far older surely than Buddha but appropriated by Buddhism for its own uses, as Christianity took over the gods of the North under the title of saint. In the darkness of some cavern one will see a figure with many arms brandishing symbolic weapons, dressed with Hindu jewels and fluttering ribbons. Sometimes there is only one head, sometimes three, six, or eleven like the skull-wreathed Thibetan gods one

sees in China. Almost always the place chosen is strange and unusual—suitable, the Japanese seem to feel, for outlandish deities. Kwannon is the great exception, for her images are often found in the temples. She has two distinct forms in which she appears. The Hindu form is the more common; the Thousand-Handed Kwannon, the Horse-Headed Kwannon, and all the rest, crowned and bedecked and repulsive, like a sort of queen spider. The many hands are supposed to be armed against evil, the many eyes looking for wrong-doing. The same applies to the temple guardian demons who brandish weapons at the doors of the temples. No amount of philosophy, however, can cover the fact that the figures were originally primitive and ferocious and the symbolism only the cloak of later times, put on in the tremendous synthesis of the local religions with the abstract conceptions of Buddhism, when any god or goddess might find a place in popular esteem by being considered as an earlier or later incarnation of the Buddha.

It is strange that the Japanese have on the whole preferred this conception to the modified Chinese form of Kwannon wherein she is represented as a beautiful woman in long robes of white, carrying in slim hands a willow twig and a vase, from which she pours forth the water of life. Like the Virgin Mary, she is the great intercessor between gods and men. Her mercy is boundless. Like the Virgin, also, she is especially the patroness of those upon the sea. She is all-wise. In the councils of the Chinese Pantheon (a curious mixture of the emperor of Heaven and his court, Buddha and his saints, Confucius and Laotze and their philosophers, with a dash of dragon kings to lend variety) it is she who always gives the best advice. It is she who interposes between the sinner and his punishment. Very often there is a kneeling child near her, and in paintings she is represented with a dove flying towards her, holding a rosary in its mouth. Looking at her, one believes the assertions of the writers who declare that the higher forms of Buddhism (she is connected entirely with what might be termed the "high church") are greatly modified by the Nestorian Christianity which at one time flourished in China, as Marco Polo bears witness. There is no more gracious figure in the East than that of the white

Kwannon, with her drooping form, high white headdress, and gentle face. Yet perversely enough the Japanese, even when following the Chinese tradition, are prone to add the slight curling mustache of the Buddha to the mouth of the lady goddess.

The Chinese influence has profoundly modified the conception of the Buddhas, suggesting the way to simplicity, introducing new robes, developing the architecture of the temples. Just as one finds the almost pure forms of the Hindu gods, one comes across a few entirely Chinese figures in long robes of state, holding the wand of office upright in their hands. But these are very rare. For that matter so are the statues of Japanese deities, for in the national religion, Shintoism, the gods were not represented but only their symbols, the most common of which is the mirror which represents the sun and the sun goddess Amaterasu, the ancestress of the imperial house of Japan.

The majority of the temple Buddhas and the wayside Jizus present no one national achievement but a combination of them all. They are born of a Hindu-Græco parentage, schooled in China for centuries, and now wedded to Japanese æsthetic simplicity. Thus in the temples and by the road one may study the tale of influences and counter influences. One may see borrowings from other lands preserved intact by the natural conservatism of religion, or, more often, adapted to the tastes of the people. As one might expect to find, the gods form the most attractive and obvious picture book of the race's æsthetic history.

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Japan is full of tales and legends that challenge comparison with the folk lore of the West; there are fairy maidens of the seas who take their lovers to glorious palaces under the waves where every day is a hundred years in length, and at last yield to their entreaty to revisit their homes, giving as a last gift the fatal box that must not be reopened. There are the youths who go forth to fight the dragons, which have been devastating the land, and which they slay, aided only by the young maid of honor—but here we get a touch of Japanese sternness that our legends will have none of—who cuts her throat to loosen the muscles when she finds that she is unable to play the flute by which the dragon is to be lured from his den. There are tales of friendly animals

and a hundred others, that remind one of the ancient stories of one's childhood, whether they were borrowed one from another or sprang from the same obscure source.

The same question of source occurs in regard to the sacred animals of the East, whose parallels we find in our own legends, imported perhaps at some unknown date. King of animals in the Orient is the dragon. It is the emblem of the Chinese emperors. It is the ruler of all waters; it is the guardian of the buried treasures of the earth (that is why the Chinese are so unwilling to disturb it by digging mines); it is the master of the clouds. Dr. W. E. Griffis quotes an account of nine young dragons that is too characteristic of Oriental fancy to suppress. The first among the young dragons loves harmonious sounds, and therefore the tops of most temple bells are cast as a curved dragon; the second "delights in the sound of musical instruments, hence the koto or horizontal harp, and the tsuzumi or girl's drum, struck with the fingers, are ornamented with the figure of the dragon; the third is fond of drinking and likes all stimulating liquors, therefore goblets and drinking cups are adorned with likenesses of this creature; the fourth likes steep and dangerous places, hence gables, towers and projecting beams of temples and pagodas have carved images of this dragon upon them; the fifth is a great destroyer of living things, fond of killing and bloodshed, therefore swords are decorated with his golden figure; the sixth loves learning and delights in literature, hence covers and title pages of books and literary works show his picture; the seventh is renowned for its power of hearing; the eighth enjoys sitting, hence easy chairs are carved in its image; the ninth loves to bear weight, therefore the feet of tables and hibachi are shaped like his feet."

At least the quotation gives some idea of how much the figure of the dragon is used. It often appears in literature. Miss Peake has translated an anonymous Japanese poem of the feudal days, a Samurai speaking to the dragons on his sword hilts:

> Within my treasure-house a casket lies,
> And shut therein two dragons writhe and moan;
> As I keep vigil in the night alone
> My spirit is tormented by their cries.

Be still, my swords. Alas! not yet, not yet
The day of action dawns; ye need not fear,
Moment by moment it is drawing near.
Be silent. Do you dream that I forget?

Perhaps we never stop to realize how strange it is that among the saints there is room for one to win his place by the reputed actual saving of a lady from a dragon. And yet this is the story of Saint George of England, and considered in no allegorical light by the mediæval church. The wealth-hoarding and slaughter-bringing dragons early trailed across the legends of Europe, bringing with them desolation and forming pretexts for love affairs between lorn damsels and heroes. The Eastern mind sympathized with the dragon and made it the emblem of rule. I know of only one instance where anyone attempted to destroy a dragon, for they were usually regarded as sacred and of incomparable power. The West, however, true to its temperament, preferred to tell of dragons conquered and slain by the wit of man. The dragon is almost the symbol of Nature in the East, and the different ways of meeting it seem to form an allegory of the Oriental mystic reverence of Nature and the European scientific conquest of it.

The second of the sacred animals is the kilin or kirin, which corresponds with our unicorn, believed in Europe to be the purest of animals, which could be captured only by a virgin. He prances beside the conquering lion on the English coat of arms; he had his place in the Church pageants of Rome. Returning to Asia we discover him as the portent of good fortune to earth, so gentle that he never steps on a live insect, nor feeds on growing grass.

No creature, except the dragon, is so often represented in Japanese art as the phœnix. Despite the fact that it is supposed to possess the head of a pheasant, the beak of a swallow, the neck of a tortoise and the features of the dragon and fish, it looks like our own representation of the bird, a graceful thing with sweeping tail plumage. Its five colors symbolize the Oriental cardinal virtues of uprightness of mind, obedience, justice, fidelity and benevolence. (It is curious how even in the virtues one can trace the idea of the superior and inferior and their mutual obligations—

uprightness of mind, justice and benevolence due from the superior, obedience and fidelity from the inferior.)

In our legends there is supposed to be only one phœnix, that dies on the funeral pyre to be reborn from its own ashes. Naturally the phœnix has thus come to stand with us for eternal life, and was indeed used by the old Church writers as a symbol of Christ, voluntarily offering itself to death, and rising into renewed life.

The fourth of the sacred animals is the tortoise, a symbol of long life; embroidered on wedding garments, painted on the wrappings of New Year gifts. In Chinese legend it is supposed to have borne upon its shell the basis of moral teaching and the secrets of the unseen. It is more revered in China than among the practical Japanese. When the fishermen around any of the seaports haul a large one in with their catch, they find a Chinese merchant to buy it (last summer one paid a hundred and ten yen for a tortoise caught near Yokohama). The Chinaman then carves his name on the shell, that the animal may know to whom it owes its life, and taking it out into deep water, allows it to go free, thus ensuring a prosperous long life for himself.

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These are but a few of the phases of the debt which Japan, like any other nation, owes to other peoples of the past, nations which obviously or obscurely have also been a source of inspiration to us. Often influences work in the most unexpected ways. To take a recent and unexpected example, one may quote the color prints, especially those of Utomaro, Hakusai, and Hiroshige, artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who have had a deep influence upon the use of line and the composition of the modern European poster school. The simplification of lines till only those essential to the central idea remain, was a heritage to the school of the color prints from earlier artists. But most of the composition, that seems so essentially foreign to European eyes, does not spring from any Chinese or Japanese earlier theory of art. There is a use of the perspective that has no place in true Oriental painting. The boldness of the composition differs from that of previous painters. Yet since 1636, with the extermination of the last Japanese Christians, the coun-

try had been closed to intercourse with the outside world, even its own sea-faring junks destroyed. How, then, to this hermit nation could there come any artistic impulse from thousands of miles away?

But Japan was not quite closed to foreign trade. When the last native Christians were holding out in a castle against many times their number, the Dutch merchants turned their guns upon the castle and battered the breach through which the besiegers poured, massacring men, women, and children. It was perhaps as a reward for this that an exception was made in favor of the Dutch merchants when the door of Japan was closed, and they were allowed to come to one tiny island off Nagasaki, to trade with the Japanese under humiliating restrictions. It was through these Dutch merchants that the Japanese artists learned something of Occidental painting. Some of them even tried oil paints but gave it up; they repudiated the realism of the figures, but accepted lessons in perspective and composition, so welding the new influence into their own art that the whole thing seems distinctly Japanese. To-day our artists are inspired by an art which drew its inspiration in turn from painters whom we have long ignored as having taught us all that we could learn from them. As in chemistry two substances will join and form a third and entirely different thing, so is the new in artistic progress rising constantly from combinations of the old.

The East and West have met more often than any man is wise enough to know. But never before have they come face to face as entire civilizations. Japan has assimilated the learning of China and much of that of India, but she was taught by the Church, and wisdom came slowly through the hands of the priests. Now false and true wisdom pour in upon her. The scamp and the saint thrust their knowledge before her. But though she has made a few mistakes in her choice, slowly out of the welter of new forces is emerging the ordered modern nationality.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

MEDIÆVALIST AND MODERNIST

BY JOHN M. S. ALLISON

In these days of frantic, almost fanatic, search for reform in letters as well as in world politics, one is so concerned with present day problems as to be inclined to neglect the past and to omit it from all consideration. Possibly we go even farther, and wilfully neglect it. The future with its unknown potentialities appeals much more to the minds and imaginations of our average contemporaries; and our emotions, worn as they are by an almost too intimate contact with the titanic forces in life, have led us to seek our knowledge and salvation in the future. Infrequently, if ever, do we look backward. We seem to have forgotten that the problems of to-morrow have frequently been those of yesterday, and we have become blinded to the fact that the master-minds of yesterday have often become the great minds of to-morrow. In other words, we have forgotten, blindly or wilfully, what is true history. We have ignored our past and denied our classical and mediæval heritage. And this spirit of forgetful and wilful denial has led us into strange paths. Rousseau has been out-Rousseaued; in trying to supply and apply remedies to our times we have been more scornful of seeking the advice of history than even Jean Jacques himself would have been.

To-day we are attempting to modernize our instruction, to modernize our learning, and with exactly the same results that we have already seen in the world of pictorial art. We are intellectual Cubists, Post-Impressionists or Dadaists. And yet we are unconscious of the fact, for we declare that we are being frankly and hopelessly practical. Our avowed purpose is to render practical the minds of our youth that are, as we all acknowledge, most impractical. But the tools that we use for such a process are extraordinary. We are seeking to discipline them with the considerations and theories of an age whose chief

characteristic is a lack of discipline. We teach them to contemplate the things that are daily before their eyes and to neglect the old. Modern history, modern literature, and, alas! modern philosophy, the social sciences and economics. That is our programme, and that to the exclusion of all else! Classicism and Mediævalism are tolerated, but that is all; and the toleration that we give them is much like that on which our Puritan ancestors prided themselves. It is the toleration of the ducking-chair. A study of the Classics or of the Middle Ages is a more or less harmless anæsthetic for discontented or troublesome dilettantes. It is an impractical and useless pursuit, best suited for the old-time professor with his long coat-tails and his baggy striped trousers. The neat and new professor of the soft collar and the practical bend will have none of it. Moreover, our attitude is much the same towards the university to which the obsolete type belongs. A college that requires—and alas! how few dare to do so!—a study of the Classics, of the Greek State or of the Roman Empire, of Charlemagne or of the Scholastics, is dubbed an old curiosity shop; while we treat our classical collections or our mediæval manuscripts in the very same way that we treat antiques. They are very venerable, quite valuable, but are destined to be shut up in the stuffy darkened parlor that is opened only on solemn occasions for weddings, baptisms and funerals. So far ultra-modernism seems to have led us. In reality, however, it has taken us much farther and has led us to commit many errors of judgment and frequent acts of intellectual dishonesty.

Of these, the most blasphemous has been the habit of calling the Middle Ages "the Dark Ages". Our modern historians, for example, will summarize the period somewhat as follows: A time of abysmal ignorance, when the world was enveloped in an intellectual obscurity that must have rivaled the earth's darkness when the first great cloudburst descended upon us and sent Noah's ship out upon the greater deep. That is enough, for we must hurry on to more important and to more fertile fields, to the great modern world (that we behold in ruins to-day). Such treatment of the past has become almost general in this our modern era of enlightenment. It is not simple dishonesty, it is

superficiality to the *n*th degree; but worse even, spare the word, it is a mark of intellectual inefficiency. To break with the past! That is the slogan in school and in college. Yet, do we ever ponder, I wonder, upon this strange fact? Without the Middle Ages, you and I would not be here, our universities would be things unknown, our Gothic structures would be unconstructed and our fundamental principles of liberty would be without foundation.

After all, it was the Middle Ages that gave us these, and it is the antithesis of the Middle Ages that would destroy them. It is true, the Middle Ages meant groping in darkness, but it was not the groping of a man alone, for the mediævalist possessed faith and enjoyed the discipline of a reasonable authority that guided but did not limit too much his wanderings. The Middle Age man was our intellectual as well as our physical progenitor. But with the callousness of youth we deny his worth. In our pride at having invented steam engines, sawmills, movies and phonographs, we have forgotten that the mediævalist accomplished a more fundamental work for us. He it was who defined the basic principles of construction, who transmitted principles of learning, of poetry and of free government. And he it was who even gave us God, at least the God whom three-quarters of the Christian world know as God to-day. The mediævalist did not invent these things, as some would like to say, but he received them from an earlier civilization that was fast disappearing. Unlike us, he acknowledged the sources of his own history and of his civilization. He acknowledged his debt to the past. These gifts of a fading world he assimilated with long and tedious labor, and he gave to us the fruits of his efforts. All of them we enjoy to-day, but many of them we seek to destroy. And as to their origins, we callously ignore them.

We are told that we cannot study the human organism intelligently without a preliminary and careful survey of its origins. Can we then any more study the organism called human society without having acquired at least a speaking acquaintance with its origins? Who will be so bold as to teach philosophy and omit the Scholastics; who so foolish as to study modern English government without a careful analysis of the twelfth and thirteenth

centuries? And yet, that is what we are coming to; we are seeking to explain a gigantic structure without the slightest knowledge of certain fundamental laws of physics.

But there are those who are not so extreme as the ultra-modern educator. They will acknowledge the truth of the plea for the past, but they adopt an attitude almost of indifferentism. They compose the group called "*Que faire?*" The study of the Middle Ages is so dull, and we are so far removed from it, that we cannot enter into the feelings and emotions of the past. Quite so; but, after all, does not that depend upon four things, the attitude of the teacher and that of the listener, the nature of the book and that of the reader? History, whether written or spoken, is not all Ploetz's *Epitome*. A bare and meagre outline of the Merovingian kings would bore one to tears. The purely mechanical story of those countless Barbarian "invasions" after 375 would dampen the ardor of the most sincere-minded enthusiast. Charles Martel is a bore if we know only that he defeated certain Mohammedans who folded their tents and stole away in the night. But when we read of the remarkable letter supposed to have been written by a group of very angry clergy to a Carlovingian prince, in which it is related that when preparing to translate the body of the great Major Domus the spectators were nearly overcome by a smell of burning sulphur and the sight of a horrid dragon emerging from the sarcophagus, and that on the same night a worthy religious saw in a vision the soul and body of Charles burning in hell to all eternity, then our curiosity is aroused. We become interested. We want to know why such pious persons may have felt so bitterly about so great a man as Charles, and we come to study history.

If we put the facts, dry and dull, before the spirit and life of an age, or to the exclusion of that spirit and life, then we cannot but find history dull. The trouble is that we have drawn the breath of life from the past, when in reality it lives still and moves about us in a thousand ways and under a thousand different guises, from histories to literature, from architecture to painting. We have made mummies of our more remote historical figures. We commit the blasphemy of trying to apply psychoanalysis to Saint Joan of Arc instead of trying to see her as the men of those

glorious days beheld her. We think of mediæval kings as wooden or graven images with glassy eyes, seated upon mosaic-like thrones. We imagine mediæval saints as impossible creatures set in stereotyped stained glass windows with uncomfortable axes lodged in their craniums, or with arrows sticking into various vulnerable parts of their anatomies, and all the while with the most seraphic of expressions upon their insipid faces. No one cares about such a saint. If we conjure up the picture of a mediæval scholar, it is that of an old man, yellow-skinned and unclean, who is computing impossible and impractical problems as to how many angels can stand on a mediæval needle-point, and is finding his entire theory thrown somewhat out of balance by the rather disturbing possibility that members of the angelic host may not possess feet.

Lost in such conceptions we forget that Louis IX, called St. Louis, had a vile temper; or that St. Francis was not simply a mendicant friar but also a troubadour, and that on his deathbed he called on his monks to cease their mournful litanies and sing him a topical song. We forget that St. Thomas Aquinas not only proved the existence of God by the Great Reasons, but that he wrote as well the most beautiful of Latin religious verse. We forget that during the later Middle Ages something very like warfare was fought between what resembled very closely capital and labor. In other words, we, the successors of the mediæval schools, have lost touch with our forefathers. We have forgotten the romance, the worth, the wonderful growth and tremendous advance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We have lost sight of all but the bare corpse of the past.

Happily, this is not true of all of us. From within the fold and from without, there are still a few who are trying to point out to us the real way before it is too late and before we become lost in the very Stygian blackness that we attribute to the Middle Ages. The means for our own intellectual regeneration and refreshment, and for the instruction of those under us, are still at hand. Some are just at hand. Lavisse, Fustel de Coulanges, Male, Sabatier, Luchaire and Henry Adams are modern names. Gibbon *malgré tout*, Montalembert, Freeman and a host of others still live in their fascinating works. If the past is to live

and to become alive for us, it must be through these men and their like of another age, through Commines, Joinville, Gregory of Tours, the Troubadours and Chroniclers, and not through the textbook.

Perhaps, after all is said and done, the day of the textbook on mediæval history is over, but not the day for real literature of and about the Middle Ages. Textbooks are not literature; very infrequently are they history. Possibly, even, it is the textbook that has brought us to our present state. A little learning is a dangerous thing, that is a truism; but we should recall another, a little learning is a very dull thing. Now the chief purpose of a textbook seems to be a little learning through the distribution of predigested knowledge. Predigested knowledge, like predigested food, is tasteless and never by any possible chance interesting. The textbook, then, may have bored us and thus it may have played its part in bringing some of us to our present errors. But, since we have such ample material of another sort at hand, why not discard the textbook? Then, and then only, shall we be advertising what wares the mediævalist has to offer. Then only shall we teach man of his real worth and of his necessity for ourselves in our own necessity. The past is of more value if joined to the present, but the present means nothing without the past.

JOHN M. S. ALLISON.

THE MULTIPLE ORIGIN OF MAN

BY W. H. BALLOU

THAT men and associated animals arose in different parts of the earth at different times, whenever and wherever conditions favored such evolution, was the conclusion of Louis Agassiz, after a life of tireless investigation.

A study of the works of Darwin, Cope, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel and others, reveals the fact that, in advancing their respective theories of origin and descent, they drew heavily upon the data of Agassiz, but perverted them to support their own hypotheses.

Darwin's theory of Evolution, in brief, traced all life back to a primordial, one-celled creature. This idea of the descent of man—or rather, ascent—was supported and elaborated upon by the investigators whom I have named, and various others, down to a recent period. The only factional split concerned the doctrine of natural selection. "It may be that we shall have reason to depart widely from Darwin's interpretation of the effective principles at work in the origin of species," says Dr. L. L. Woodruff of Yale University. "We can no longer accept Darwin's theory of the origin of species," declares Professor William Bateson, the English biologist.

Gradually, vast collections of fossils were made, to obtain which practically most of the surface of the globe has been scraped. Eagerly, palæontologists, zoölogists and anatomists scanned every specimen obtained for "missing links".

During the past twenty-five years, no links having been detected, a new doctrine was set up. "Side-line ancestors" were substituted for "missing links". Genealogical trees were drawn from time to time, progressively, as it were. On the whole, it is rather amusing to scan these varied trees. The main stems, below man, are left as bare as the proverbial bone, clear down to Monad and Monera. Far out on the branches are labeled the "side-line ancestors", which are supposed to have sprung from

hypothetical links on the main stems. All of these trees now wave in the breezes, as dead as the wind-swept barrier of firs on the crest of the Rockies.

I think every palæontologist of the world now admits that not a single "missing link" has been discovered below man, and that we know even less concerning the origin of man than we thought we did formerly. Three insectivore "links" below man are now the subject of bitter controversy.

Side-line ancestors having failed to function correctly, a mythical theory in replacement was erected under the head of "common ancestor". Early birds, for instance, seemed to have been derived from the same stock as late reptiles, so the new theory ascribed their derivation to a mythical "common ancestor". There being no harmony on the matter of derivation of man from apes or apes from man, a mythical "common ancestor" restored peace between factions.

Mammal-reptiles were unearthed in South Africa, and immediately there followed the din of exclamations to the effect that, if a "missing link" had not actually been discovered, here at least was a genuine "common ancestor". Not even the stress of war work prevented intensive investigation by palæontologists, the world over, of fossil mammal-reptiles. It was rather unanimous, as a result, that *Gomphognathus* was nearest to the mammals in structure (Branislov Petronievics). Intensive explorations continued, and all the Great Karoo was raked over for further skeletons which would make the needed connections. No such connections were found, but the astonishing fossil remains of the Boskop Man (Broom) were unearthed, in practically the same type of rock strata as the Heidelberg Man of Germany. A mix-up followed. Professor G. L. Sera of Italy, an ardent follower of Agassiz, promptly scored one for the doctrine of Multiple Origin. Obviously, he concluded, the Boskop Man, a Negro, existed simultaneously with the Heidelberg Man, white, of Europe.

Mammal reptiles, however, were soon found to be dangling in the air. The gap between them and mammals, variously estimated as having a duration of from four to eight million years, shows no connective creature. Hypothetical relations only have

been established between mammal-reptiles and pre-reptiles and amphibia below them. No "common ancestor" having yet revealed himself, his place as a gap-filler has been effectually sealed.

To-day we have a new one which leads nowhere as to origin. Professor Charles D. Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, seems to have made the best use of it. It parades under the term, "parallel evolution". That there are parallels of evolution galore, no one can deny. Man, other mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians have many identical bones in common, with nearly identical functions. Instead, however, of these parallels proving a reptile or amphibian origin for mammals and birds, our newest tactics practically sidestep origin altogether and merely refer to the matter as "parallel evolution".

The puzzle of origin again harks back to where it stood when Darwin began to investigate. His theory and its successors hang on the clothesline, thoroughly aired and flapping in the breezes. "Parallel evolution" being a fact, all of us can accept it, even the layman and the orthodox clergyman. All can readily admit, for instance, that every human being has twenty-eight bones in his cranium, identical with those of reptilia and amphibia. Beyond that fact, no one need admit or deny origin, but merely stand pat or pick out his own ancestor. Why? Because, with all known data sifted, we do not know, if we believe in reptile origin, what type of reptile to choose as ancestral; or, if we believe, with Huxley, in amphibian ancestry, we do not know which amphibian to select.

I probably stand quite alone and solitary in my own conception of ancestry. To my mind, the dominant animal of every geological period was ancestral to man. This view will not hold with palæontologists, because each and all of them believe in generalized ancestors, while the dominant animal of every succeeding geological era was a highly specialized creature. Perhaps the whole mistake or error of palæontology rests on this very distinction. Perhaps a complete reversal would straighten out the matter of succession, of descent and of missing links. What I mean is this: Suppose we set up a genealogical tree, with the dominant animal of each geological period as a true

link; then, in every past age, we should have an ancestor as dominant in his time as man is to-day.

All past theories of descent having been abandoned for want of connecting links, we find ourselves just where Agassiz left matters, with only his doctrine of multiple origin with which to tie. Agassiz reached this conclusive doctrine after finding that different races of men were associated with different races of animals in different areas of the earth. Only the theory of multiple origin—in effect, that respective races arose or evolved where we find them in habitat—could explain things to his mind. Thus the black races and associated animals arose in Africa; the white races in Europe; the yellow races in Asia; the tan-colored races in South America; the copper-colored races in North America; etc.

Clark Wissler, for instance, in his *The American Indian*, finds no evidence that our Indians migrated from Asia or that the Asiatics were derived from our Indians. He also, alas, falls back on some hypothetical "common ancestor". A great expedition was planned for Tibet under Andrews in expectation of securing fossils which would prove the origin of man there. No sooner was the announcement made than English scientists scoffed. They argued that the oldest fossils of men have been found in Europe, and that Europe is the place to look for the origin of man. True, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, believed to be the oldest fossil man, came from the extreme south of Asia, Java, but no one has determined whether the creature was a high ape or a low man. All we know about *Pithecanthropus* is what Dubois, the finder of the remains, gave out; who then sealed up the fossil and has hidden it for forty years. We do not even know whether he told the truth about the remains or not, and are doubtful because of his refusal to let anatomists have an opportunity to verify or disprove him. Recently he announced that simultaneously, forty years ago, he secured skeletons of a race of men in Java, existing about two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, probable descendants of *Pithecanthropus* of five hundred thousand years ago. The skulls of both sexes he describes as much larger than those of any known race. But why this late announcement, and why not show his specimens?

Even if *Pithecanthropus* was the most primitive man, it only goes to show, according to the theory of multiple origin, that he, the orang, and associated *faunæ* arose on a former continent now mostly sunk beneath the Pacific Ocean. Tibet is a long way from Java, and it is logical to premise that, if any human remains are uncovered there, they are his descendants. H. F. Osborn, however, has just announced the discovery of remains of Pliocene white men of a million years ago in southern England.

Hamilton Rice calls attention to certain tribes of natives in the Amazonas that in some instances appear to be more aquatic than terrestrial. He states that they spend much time in the water and are the most expert of known swimmers. They are human saurians, in fact, and can remain long under water. Associated with them are other land mammals that spend much time in and under water, particularly pigs, almost the last type of mammals which would be expected to lead a semi-aquatic life. The semi-aquatic species appear to prefer taking chances with crocodiles in water rather than with jaguars which infest the shores. The inference is that men, and other mammals, including monkeys, arose in the Amazonas from varied types of amphibia which preceded them.

The South American *faunæ*, as a whole, present the strongest data in favor of the theory of multiple origin. South America is wholly an archaic country. In no section has it reached what we term the Age of Man. In no section has it passed the first section of the Pleistocene era. In fact, most of the country and most of its *faunæ* are still of the Miocene vintage. Miocene times were those of a tropical to sub-tropical clime. Further, Gerrit Miller, Ameghino, Hasman and other palæontologists, who examined both extinct and modern mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes of South America, can find no relationship between them and animals elsewhere. All are exclusively and distinctly of South American origin, not migrants from North America, Europe, Africa or Asia. In North America, the fossil remains of the Vero Man of Florida, unearthed by Sellards, and the Rancha Brea Man of the tarpits and nearby caves of California, unearthed by Merriam, prove convincingly that they, or some of them, arose during or long before the Pleisto-

cene on this continent. We can safely take Oliver Hay's careful investigations for this against the world. He ranks as the foremost living expert on the subject.

American proponents of the single (Asiatic) origin theory have been cowed and led by the nose for years by a group of bureaucrats intrenched in Washington. These bureaucrats, now all discredited, have had free rein, at public expense, to decry every fossil find or human skeleton on the Western Hemisphere accredited to Pleistocene origin. They have attacked every scientist—Putnam, Ameghino, Sellards, Hay, *et al.*—who described their American human fossil or skeleton finds as prehistoric. They languidly pawed over such bones and learnedly dubbed them "modern Indian". They set the extreme limit of American human occupation at 1,000 years, and left the whole Western Hemisphere bare and bereft of any human beings for the prior thousands of years. They even spoke sadly of the good crops of foods of all types going to waste for want of human hands to gather them. Incidentally, the bureaucrats peopled America about a thousand years ago, and the rest of the world earlier, with men of Asiatic origin, drifting across the oceans in canoes, or on grass rafts, or from continent to continent by foot on land bridges. Doubtless it escaped their attention that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of customs officials, Asiatics are still pouring out of the Mongolian Well and overflowing the world on modern liners.

The Archer M. Huntington Archæological Survey of the Southwest, Clark Wissler, Director, with a corps of the ablest modern experts, has effectually crushed these bureaucrats, leaving them discredited and ridiculed, and turning into trash some costly monographs and beautifully illustrated and bound volumes, paid for by taxation of the American people and the funds of misguided philanthropists. In the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences,* Wissler and his cohorts have definitely fixed the period of the Basket-Makers of Grand Gulch, Utah, as that of 25,000 years ago. They find that the pueblas which the bureaucrats believed to have been constructed 700 years ago, were erected some 5,000 years ago, and the more ancient pueblas from 15,000 to 20,000 years ago. Every structure of American

prehistoric peoples that they have examined received several years of careful investigation, strata by strata, thus establishing the date of each kind of pottery, basketry, weapon and utensil. Back of the Basket-Makers, they have already produced evidence that beneath the pueblas at Aztec, N. M., are mummies of the ancestors of the Basket-Makers of at least fifty thousand years ago.

The invaluable studies of Louis Sullivan show that the bureaucrats woefully misconceived the whole subject in making any type of skull the index of its antiquity. Because American prehistoric skulls differed, the bureaucrats labeled them "modern." These wiseacres found no American skulls ape-like as those of the prehistoric men of Europe and Asia. Sullivan found among the large collection of skulls of the Galton Society, at the American Museum of Natural History, some modern skulls very near replicas of alleged first skulls. He has modern skulls that present all of the characteristics of the skulls of Neanderthal Man and other types.

The investigations of Spitzka show that a skull, prehistoric or modern, is structured according to the amount of thinking its possessor did, and the amount of knowledge he stored up in the *corpora striata*. Although the human skull reaches the limit of expansion with age, the brain goes on enlarging as long as a man continues thinking and storing impressions. The expanding fore-brain soon leaves the confines of the brain-case and flows over other parts and unoccupied spaces, often completely enveloping the cerebellum. If the Washington bureaucrats knew of such matters, they do not mention them in any of their monographs. In fact, they left the study of brains to other experts, confining their work to bones. Thus the whole structure of "modern Indian" falls to earth, carrying with it the whole list of proponents of single-origin theory. And now come Soddy, Joly and Strutt with the startling hypothesis that a superrace of men, a million or more years ago, inhabited earth, mastered radium, learned how to realize its energy, and migrated through space to a globe with better conditions for intellectual expansion. Soddy thus accounts for traditions for which no other origin is discoverable.

Henry F. Osborn, the successor of Cope and Marsh, seems to take the most broad and open-minded view of matters palæontological, whether pertaining to prehistoric man, other mammals, or reptiles. You find him, in his works, frequently apologizing for former mistaken conceptions of structure or functions of some type of extinct animal, due to incomplete skeletons. He gives you at once the benefit of later knowledge from completer skeletons. Dr. Osborn is at the parting of the ways. He took an expedition into the north of Africa and brought out a great collection of *faunæ* of extinct forms from the Libyan Desert of Egypt entirely new to him and to the world. After long study, he can find no relationships for these forms either in nearby Africa, Europe, Asia or America. They merely evolved and finally became extinct where he found them. He does not say so, or even incidentally mention the fact, but he thus presents the strongest evidence for Agassiz's theory of multiple origin.

Modern races of man have been analyzed from every possible standpoint, with no evidence of single origin yet forthcoming. Blood tests show differences; likewise hair tests, pigment tests, gland tests, muscle tests, skin tests, nerve tests, and tests of all parts of structures and their functions. Pigment cells differentiate in races of men or lower animals so much that when the black man migrates from Africa he stays black, no matter how many centuries he and his descendants remain away from their original habitat. The white man cannot color permanently in the tropics or tropical jungle. The Asiatic retains the slant of eye and his peculiar facial musculature and somatic differences outside his native heath for to-day and forever. No race has ever been able to change by migration its color, structure, and somatic features, however scholarly or adept in new language it may become. If such has not been accomplished in 7,000 years of recorded history, it could certainly not have been achieved at any other age of the world—in remotest prehistoric times. Only the cosmopolitan white races have accomplished a melting-pot in America. Miscegenation has not transformed either black or red men's descendants into white men. Nigrescence ever clings to them and their progeny. Blood tests at once show the continuance of color strain in descendant progeny, as

has been proved time and again in court actions. Agassiz found that miscegenated descendants, after returning to Africa, reverted to the black type; or to Indian type if the original Indian had intermarried with either a white or black person. So, we have no black Dutchmen arising in South Africa, or brown Englishmen in the tropics.

Agassiz's theory accounts for all of these things in a common-sense way. Let us assume that Monad and Monera were the beginnings of animals and plants. Why confine their original habitat to Asia? Why not admit in a common sense way that one-celled organisms were originally universal over the globe? On that basis, the processes of evolution could be considered as progressing more or less simultaneously everywhere. One form would evolve into a higher form at all favored localities alike. Thus, finally, man would evolve from forms below him equally everywhere. The process might, of course, be slower in some localities than others. The very first man to evolve might appear either in Asia, Africa, Europe, or America, according to favorable conditions of food and climate. Such is the common sense view of the whole question. As a matter of fact, the oldest fossils of four-legged land creatures, ancestors of man, are found in Illinois and Ohio. To stick to the nonsensical idea that evolution must first have taken place in one area, and that all men and lower animals radiated thence, is not common sense, nor is it scientific. That mammals and reptiles do not migrate from their habitats to-day strongly suggests that they never did disperse in the past. Birds, fishes, seals, some bats, etc., have seasons of migration, but always return to their habitat and exact favorite spot in it.

Nor is it essential to hold that life evolved on this earth. Is it not more reasonable to admit that life is universal throughout space, on planets fitted for it, and during a period which includes the whole Infinite of time? That being so, small forms of life, such as one-celled organisms and even some many-celled types, could easily reach this globe, borne on wandering bodies.

There is ample proof, succinctly stated by Lord Kelvin, that there was an era when the earth was in such a position in space

that climatic conditions were favorable to living organisms arriving here on meteorites. He also found that living organisms, flourishing in the long, warm tails of comets, were landed when the earth was enveloped in such tails. Hahn, who examined cross-sections of chondrites with a microscope, found just such fossilized organisms. The great litholite which fell near Knyahinya, Hungary, proved a veritable mine of fossil forms. Hahn tabulated them as organic sponges, corals, crinoids, etc., small, but perfect in internal and external structure. He thus established the universality of life in space. The inference is, that living forms could arrive as well as fossil types.

Evolution will be checked up and established only when we consider that this little bit of an earth is only one of a billion worlds with, perhaps, animal and vegetable life. Human conceit has too long assumed that all the orbs in space exist only for the delectation of mankind. What monumental, egregious egotism! How belittling to the Creative or Formative Power of the mighty Universe!

Scientists make sabotage of evolution when they assume, as most of them do to-day, that because the lower jaw of man and associated mammals alone is movable, he could not have evolved from reptiles. Birds and reptiles have both jaws movable, by means of a hinge, or quadrate bone. The monkey wrench that they throw in the wheels of evolution is this: What became of the quadrate bone if man descended from reptiles? Perhaps the first men did retain the quadrate bone for a time and had both jaws movable. How long would they retain it if food and other conditions required a fixed and solid upper jaw and skull? Out of seventy-two reptile skull bones, man has got rid of forty-four, has he not? Then why could he not have thrown overboard the quadrate or fused it into other bones, such as the ear bones, incus and stapes, including the double arch of the reptile skull?

Look at the rudimentary tail with which a human being is born! It takes the first twenty-six years of life (McMurrich) for man to fuse these eight caudal or tail bones so that he can comfortably sit down. In France, recently, a new series of caves were opened. There Cro-Magnon artists had painted on the walls pictures of other existing tribes, and these tribes had long

tails. Surely, eliminating a long tail was as hard to accomplish as getting rid of a hinged jaw, yet it was accomplished far more perfectly than the former task, which is not yet completed. The late S. W. Williston put it in this way: "Progress to higher types consists in reducing the number of operating parts in an organism. The most perfect human machine is that with the fewest parts, and each part highly adapted to the special function it has to subserve." This is also true of any machine. A certain motor, for instance, has 2,800 operating parts. Recently, I examined another, which uses crude oil for fuel, mulsifying it into steam, for use of trucks, etc., having only twenty-six operating parts. Naturally, its power is ten times greater than any other motor engine.

Answering the eternal question of laymen, it may be asserted that new species *are* being constantly evolved. Probably birds and mushrooms have contributed the largest number of new species. One-celled organisms are universally evolving into many-celled types. We know positively that the structure of man is in a state of gradual evolution (Walter) and the old process of getting rid of or replacing undesirable parts is continuous. Nature is everywhere and at all times emerging from the lower to the higher, and every species is engaged in bettering its condition. Such is the kernel of evolution, the perfecting of parts for the better performance of functions, the discarding of useless and impeding parts.

The doctrine of instinct is not only played out, but that person is crass who tries to resurrect it or keep it before the public.

This is the Age of Brain. Brain is the endowment of every existing creature, and by its thinking process, however limited, every creature is improving its status and its relationships with every other creature. Man leads and must continue to lead, although insects and protozoan worms are making terrible inroads on his numbers, ever holding down his attempted increase of population. Instinct, which is merely another term for nerve energy, expired with the Age of Reptiles. Brain that thinks came in with the evolution of mammals and birds. We know positively that the gulf of intelligence between the modern horse and the extinct hipparion is as great as between modern super-

men and extinct palæolithic men. We know that the intelligent modern dog represents a vast advance on the extinct *Oxyæna*, and that the wolf of to-day baffles even the shrewdest of hunters, taking sheep and calves at will and avoiding traps, poisons, and firearms. We know that the brain of the teleost fish, *Morymus*, is heavier in proportion to its body than that of man. We see amiable, intelligent lions performing in theatres. We see the zebra, once thought untamable, now in peaceful harness. We know of elephants, endowed with eight pounds of brain, wise as men with seventy ounces. How long will it be before mammals, which have a perfected thorax for making sounds, achieve the increase and spread of genio-glossal muscles under the tongue of man and acquire speech? All must agree with Dr. Frederick Soddy, of the University of Oxford, that, if a method of disintegrating uranium into radium can be found and of releasing the energy of the latter, all that we now consider impossible can be accomplished by a super-brain.

W. H. Ballou.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

DEBUSSY RECONSIDERED

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE greatest of French composers has been dead for four years; he has become, among his own people, a classic; yet there are no signs, outside of France (nor many there), that he is valued for what he really was as a music-maker: a tone-poet of the highest order, who knew how to speak of "first and last things" with power and profundity, with an eloquence that, in its way, is incomparable. No composer had ever discoursed upon the pathos of life and death, the undertones of the human soul, and the wonder of the created earth, quite as Debussy did. Yet he is still fatuously spoken of—and by many who should know better—as a "miniaturist", a "cutter of cameos", while the tremendous Fourth Act of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and the music of dawn in *La Mer* stares these reckless falsifiers in the face!

We do not often have an opportunity to hear in New York the major works of Debussy. The piano pieces (especially the weaker ones of his last phase), a few of the less exquisite songs, and the marvellous but not wholly representative *Après-midi d'un Faune*, are ever with us. But the Debussy of the greater works,—*La Mer*, *Ibéria*, *Rondes de Printemps*,—the Debussy of *Pelléas:* these come seldom to lift our musical seasons out of their rut of Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Wagner, Puccini, Verdi, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Especially do we hear too seldom the prime orchestral scores of Debussy—*La Mer*, *Rondes de Printemps*, *Ibéria*. The first, especially, that extraordinary evocation of the sea, is played by our orchestras only once in a blue moon. It is a curious fact that, although it was written seventeen years ago, it had never appeared on a programme of the Philharmonic Society, for example, until a visiting guest conductor from Holland, the great Mr. Mengelberg, performed it last month. Yet *La Mer*

is an indubitable masterpiece—one of the dozen transcendent examples of nature-painting in music.

Debussy completed the score in 1905. He began it in 1903, the year following the production of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Thus it stands between his *chef-d'oeuvre*, that unique achievement of the post-Wagnerian lyric-drama (1893–1902), and the three *Images* for orchestra: *Gigues*, *Ibéria*, and *Rondes de Printemps*, which date from 1907–12. *La Mer* and the three *Images* were thus the final symphonic expression of Debussy the master. The genius died; the man survived—Debussy lived for six years longer. The music that he produced during those last years of his life was only intermittently distinguished and characteristic. There were brief revivals of the sinking flame; but, for the most part, the music of that closing chapter is tragically inferior to the work of his great period—the period that, beginning in 1892 and ending about 1912, brought forth a succession of masterworks: *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, the string quartet, the *Nocturnes*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *La Mer*, *Ibéria*, *Rondes de Printemps*, among the larger scores; besides such songs and piano pieces as the *Proses lyriques*, the *Chansons de Bilitis*, *L'Isle joyeuse*, *Cloches à travers les feuilles*. Then the quality of his writing began to decline. It became formularized, arid, vacuous, feeble, banal. It is painful to look through the 'cello and violin sonatas, the *Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons*, the *Berceuse héroïque*—painful to look through these, and to recall the tone-poet of *La Mer* and *L'Isle joyeuse*.

La Mer is therefore to be classed among those of Debussy's works which sprang from his imagination at a time when it was fertile and distinguished, when his command of beautiful speech was easy and triumphant, when his art was most nearly flawless. For those who are contentedly at home in the region inhabited by Debussy's Muse (there are still some, apparently, who persist in responding to her invitations with stiff "regrets"), *La Mer* stands with *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, *Ibéria*, and *Rondes de Printemps* as one of that small but incomparable group of orchestral tone-poems in which Debussy said new and enchanting things in an unforgettable way.

The three orchestral "sketches" are without a programme,

argument, preface, motto, or other aid to the fancy except the mighty words that designate the piece as a whole, and the subtitles of the different movements:—I. *De l'aubre à midi sur la mer* ("From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean"); II. *Jeux de vagues* ("Sport of the Waves"); III. *Dialogue du vent et de la mer* ("Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea"). The three divisions of the work are bound together by partial community of theme. The characteristic portion of the chief subject of the first piece—the phrase declaimed by muted trumpet and English horn in the twelfth measure, after the vague and mysterious opening—recurs in the final movement; and the solemn and nobly beautiful theme for the brass that seems to lift the sun into the blue just before the dazzling close of the opening piece, is heard again in the magnificent finale.

This music is a sustained incantation, of infinite subtlety and magic; a tonal rendering of colors and odors, of mysterious calls, echoes, visions, imagined or perceived; a recapturing and transcription, through the medium of a necromantic art, of "the most fantastical sports of light and of fluid whirlwinds"—but of lights, shadows, sounds, odors, that have been indescribably alembicated in the creative processes of the tone-poet.

Debussy had what Sir Thomas Browne would have called "a solitary and retired imagination." So, when he assumes to depict in his music such things as dawn and noon at sea, sport of the waves, gales and surges and far horizons, he is less the poet and painter than the spiritual mystic. It is not chiefly of those aspects of winds and waters that he is telling us, but of the changing phases of a sea of dreams, a chimerical sea, a thing of strange visions and stranger voices, of fantastic colors and incalculable winds—a phantasmagoria of the spirit, rife with evanescent shapes and presences that are at times full of bodement and dim terror, at times lovely and capricious, at times sunlit and dazzling. It is a spectacle perceived as in a trance, vaguely yet rhapsodically; a supramundane thing, a possession of the spirit. This is a sea which has its shifting and lucent surfaces, which even shimmers and traditionally mocks. But it is a sea that is shut away from too curious an inspection, to whose murmurs or imperious commands not many have wished

or needed to pay heed; a sea whose eternal sonorities and immutable enchantments are hidden behind veils that open to few, and to none who attend without, it may be, a certain rapt and curious eagerness.

Yet, beneath these elusive and impalpable overtones, the reality of the living sea persists: the immemorial fascination lures and enthralls and terrifies; so that we are almost tempted to fancy that the two are, after all, identical—the ocean that seems an actuality of wet winds and tossing spray and inexorable depths and reaches, and that uncharted and haunted and incredible sea which opens before the magic casements of the dreaming mind.

Listening to this spacious and nobly rhapsodic work, at once ample and exquisite, you may wonder again, for the thousandth time, that the contemporaries of Claude Debussy should so bravely have incurred the laughter of posterity by describing as "a painter of aquarelles" the composer who expressed the souls of Golaud and Arkel and Mélisande; who filled his *Rondes de Printemps* with the green tides of May, with the freshness of orchards and gusty skies, and the lovely merriment of dancing and singing children; who, in *La Mer*, captured the rhythms and colors of the sea, leaving us a picture of sunrise over lonely waters that stands apart in tonal impressionism for breadth and splendor of imagination.

One of the fairest and most acute of critics, who, like all of us, had a blind spot, declared that the French master wrote only "music of the distaff"; he missed "the masculine ring of crossed swords". Surely it is late in the day to retort to such a comment that tragic power in any art is not to be measured by the degree of its external clamor. It was many years ago that Maeterlinck reminded us that the psychology of outward action is, in art, "elementary and exceptional"; that "the solemn voice of men and things, the voice that issues forth so hesitatingly, cannot be heard amidst the idle uproar of acts of violence. And therefore will the true artist place on his canvas a house lost in the heart of the country, an open door at the end of a passage, a face or hands at rest," and by these images will thus add to our consciousness of life.

The tragic power, the communicative intensity, of Debussy's

art, issue from a uniquely piercing intuition of interior processes—the invisible life of the soul, the dream within the dream, the secret voices of woods and waters; like Tristan, he hears "the voice of the light". His is a world where, "even in the swaying of a hand or the dropping of unbound hair, there is less suggestion of individual action than of a divinity living within." He is forever remembering the enchanted valleys of the spirit's immemorial life—

> . . . the grass beyond the door,
> The sweet keen smell,
> The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

He makes us aware of the falling of veils at the signal of some mysterious cadence of the swallow's flight. His music is full of those swift, silent intimations that transcend the spoken word. It bridges the gulfs of human separateness, and, hearing it with sensibility, we have intercourse with the souls of the living, who have never died; and like the visionary of the *Phaedo*, we "see the moon and stars as they really are".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE establishment of the Permanent Court of International Justice involves one of the most striking ironies in the history of the world, in the adoption of a distinctively American principle by an organization in which America has no part. The dominant characteristic of this court, which differentiates it from all other international tribunals, is that it is a court of justice, the judgments of which will be rendered according to the prescriptions of international law. The Permanent Tribunal which was created by the first Hague Peace Congress, and which did admirable work in the settlement of international controversies, was in name and in fact a Court of Arbitration, and its proceedings differed from those of other arbitral bodies beginning with that at Geneva in 1872 only in being based upon permanent rules and conducted by a permanent body. The United States cordially participated in the creation and conduct of that court, as the best that could then be had, and made use of it more, probably, than any other nation. But this country was never fully satisfied with it, and at the second Hague Congress the American delegates earnestly urged the transformation of it into a court of justice. This plan was defeated by the opposition of Germany, and the tribunal remained a court of arbitration. The United States adhered to its principle, however, and President Taft largely substituted the word "justiciable" for "arbitrable" in the lexicon of diplomacy. Much of the opposition to the League of Nations was based upon the fact that it contemplated the disposition of controversies by the Council, a political body, instead of referring them to a court of law and justice—a point which was very effectively made by Mr. Harding before his election to the Presidency. When finally the League, into which the United States did not enter, proceeded to the creation of a court on the precise plan which this country had advocated, it secured as its chief adviser the same distin-

guished American jurist who as Secretary of State had formulated the plan which our delegates, under his instructions, had presented at the second Hague Congress; and Mr. Root thus had the satisfaction of putting into effect his own policy of fifteen years before. Despite the fact, therefore, that this country is not a member of the League of Nations, and that the American member of the court, Dr. John Bassett Moore, was chosen purely on his personal merits and in no sense as an official representative of our Government or nation, the court must be regarded as predominantly American in its inception and organization, and the establishment of it as not one of the least of this country's contributions to the welfare of the world.

Instead of Genoa, Boulogne; the former being deferred to a more convenient season. Hair-splitting discussion as to which nation conceded the more and which gained the more in the conference between the British and French Prime Ministers would be of little profit and less taste. The outstanding facts are: That the cordiality of the *entente* is restored; that for twenty years France is to have the backing of Great Britain for protection against another incursion of the Huns; that Poland is to be protected by these Great Powers against being crushed by Germany and Soviet Russia; and that France maintains that policy of fine moderation which has commanded the sympathetic approval of her innumerable friends: For all of which, thank God! There is now the best possible assurance of peace in Europe, and a prospect that before long France will be able without imprudence to effect that reduction of her military forces which she sincerely and passionately desires. We are not of those who affect to regard with pious horror and execration France's maintenance of an army of 600,000 men restricted solely to defensive purposes, and at the same time smile benign approval upon Soviet Russia's army of 1,500,000 confessedly and boastfully intended for aggression and foreign conquest. Neither can we see eye to eye and feel heart to heart with those souls who hold that no matter how much the ravaged victims of the World War may suffer, the criminals who caused the War and perpetrated its infamies must by all means be spared even so much as a little

inconvenience. What was effected at Boulogne will immeasurably improve the circumstances and prospects amid which the Genoa Conference will finally meet.

A new and gratifying precedent is set in the election of Madame Curie to the French Academy of Medicine, the first of her sex to be thus honored in the more than a hundred years of that institution's existence. The *Académie de Médecine* must, of course, be distinguished from the *Académie française*, otherwise known as "the Forty" or "the Immortals". There is no connection between the two. But the body to which this illustrious woman has been chosen is second in dignity and authority to no other of the kind in the world. Its antecedents date from the reign of Charlemagne, who founded a school of medicine in the Louvre, and during the last century the foremost scientists have coveted election to it as a supreme distinction. One of the most agreeable features of the incident was that Madame Curie was elected not at all because she was a woman or because of any propaganda for "recognition of the sex", but solely because of her transcendent achievements in science. The five other candidates who withdrew from the contest the moment her name was proposed might, indeed, be supposed thus to have acted through courtesy to a woman, yet their chief motive probably was their recognition of her worth as superior to their own; and it was a characteristically French performance to express that recognition in the most graceful manner.

Cardinal Ratti has become Pope of Rome in circumstances of exceptionally felicitous and auspicious nature. From all that the world is permitted to know of the occurrences within the walls of the Vatican, he appears to have been chosen with a minimum of conflict among the Electors. For the first time, too, there was no external secular Power to interpose a veto against any candidate, the last privilege of that kind having lapsed with the fall of the Hapsburgs. Pius XI succeeds to the Triple Crown, moreover, with the external relations of the Vatican in a more satisfactory state than they have formerly known since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government. The course of the

Vatican in the War, to which Cardinal Ratti contributed no small part, induced something much like a rapprochement with the Quirinal; amicable diplomatic relations were reëstablished with France; and the woes which have befallen the Eastern Church, particularly under the savagery of Soviet Russia, have undoubtedly impelled many members of that communion to turn at least expectantly toward Rome. The earliest acts of the new Pope indicate a wise and benevolent purpose to maintain these fortunate conditions, and to extend them so far as it may be possible.

An illustration of how quickly some purblind propagandists suppose the deviltries of Hyphenism and the lessons of the War can be forgotten is afforded in the calling of a "Conference of Racial Groups Opposed to Anglo-Saxon Influence at Washington". Translated into the speech of the man in the street that meant, of course, a conference of Hyphenates opposed to one hundred per cent Americanism. The organizers and leaders of the gathering were men of notoriously pro-German sympathies and utterances during the war—themselves being of German origin—and their appeal was made directly to those of their own and other races who seem to regard America as a sort of Tom Tiddler's Ground on which not only to pick up money but also to exploit all manner of alien interests and causes. The real animus of these people was frankly disclosed in a recent publication of representative character at Berlin, which, referring to the considerable proportion of Germans in parts of the United States, expressed the purpose "to weld this *Deutschtum* into a political nation", and to "demand" for it "self-determination and autonomy", and boasted that the United States would soon discover that in the last twenty years it had not been able to transform all immigrants in the national melting-pot. Extravagant as it may seem, that is of course merely a revival of the schemes and ambitions which the German Emperor and his Government confessedly cherished a score of years ago, and for the promotion of which Prince Henry of Prussia was sent on his visit to the United States. This revival may suggest that its promoters resemble those described by the elder Pitt, "who, after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors, con-

tinue still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity." Yet, considering how much it would have been to the advantage of civilization and humanity for us to recognize that former deviltry when it first arose, it will be well for us to keep alive the spirit in which Mr. Gerard once replied to a German swashbuckler who boasted of the number of Germans in America and what he thought was the consequent weakness and timidity of the United States.

The death of Sir Ernest Shackleton removed from our visible contact one of the world's finest spirits. His achievements as an explorer exceeded in extent, in daring and in valuable results those of most of his contemporaries; his additions to the map of the Antarctic world and to scientific knowledge of those regions were very great. But greater and more splendid than his achievements was his soul, as exhibited in the serene and unshaken fortitude with which he faced the most appalling difficulties, dangers and disasters that could befall him in the most inhospitable and hostile lands and waters, in his unfailing loyalty and generous self-sacrifice toward his companions, and in the simplicity and modesty with which he bore himself in the moments of his greatest triumphs. If the arduous, costly and sometimes tragic adventures which men make in forbidden regions, concerning which shallow minds thoughtlessly demand "For what good?"—if these had no other results than to develop or to exhibit to the world such qualities of manhood as his, they would not be in vain; they would be abundantly worth while.

Mr. Henry Ford was not long ago quoted as defining History as "bunk", and present-day writers and controversialists seem to be bent upon making his words true. They are, at least, treating it as though it were "bunk". Mr. Wells was bad enough, with his egregious misstatements and his sense of proportion gone crazy. But a host more rush in, some writing as if to out-Wells Mr. Wells himself, and others raging against the histories that have been written and telling how they should have been written and how they would be if only they, the critics, had time to take a day off and perform the job. The trouble seems to be that the

really competent historians, in striving to set forth truthfully the annals of mankind, have failed to grind this man's axe, or to exploit that man's favorite fad, or to cater to the other man's pet prejudice. Out of all the sound and fury there may come the great good of a general realization of the supreme importance of history-writing, history-teaching and history-understanding. Other things are more important to enable a man to transact business, pursue a trade, or practice some profession. To make the individual apprehend the true philosophy of life, to make the citizen justly appreciate his country and serve it most loyally and efficiently, and to make the nation realize its true place in the world and its rights and duties in relation to its fellow nations, there is no other one study that approximates history in importance; a fact which marks the man who wantonly falsifies it as guilty of a peculiarly gross disservice to the human race.

Great wars have generally been provocative of intellectual and especially literary activity, and have been followed by the writing and publication of many books of a high order. The World War was assuredly, during its progress, the inspiration or at least the occasion of a literary output quite unprecedented in volume. The major part was of course of merely fugitive interest, though there were not a few works in each department of literature which were instinct with classic genius and which will survive to be read again with profit and delight by future generations. Now we are reaching, indeed have reached, a time of readjustment in literature as well as in business and in politics and Governmental finance. It is being, consciously or unconsciously, determined to what extent the War has affected, or shall be permitted to have affected, the intellectual life of the world and its exposition of itself through literature. Just as in the economic reorganization of the country three parties are to be considered, capital, labor, and the public, so in the readjustments of our literary standards three indispensable factors are to be considered, the authors, the publishers, and the readers. And sympathetic coöperation among the three is as necessary in the one case as in the other, if we are to have both material prosperity and a new golden age of letters.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE TRAGIC SENSE OF LIFE. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch. London: Macmillan and Co., Limited.

When one says that Miguel de Unamuno is perhaps the most original philosopher writing to-day, one does not mean to use *originality* in quite the usual sense. Intellectually, there is nothing strikingly new in Unamuno's work; it simply reflects the generally anti-rationalist tendency of modern European thought, a tendency of which Pragmatism is one phase and Bergsonism another. Unamuno's originality lies somewhere about the junction of the intellectual element with the feeling element. Hence it is his personality that holds one, and he reminds us in turn of all the great individualists—of Emerson, of Carlyle, of Samuel Butler, of Walt Whitman, even of Montaigne. His words are racy with feeling; he seems to drag his ideas whole out of the welter of experience. His book, *The Tragic Sense of Life*, is powerful because it is profoundly human.

Unamuno is never weary of emphasizing the conflict between reason and life, between the heart and the head. "Everything vital is anti-rational, not merely irrational, and everything rational is anti-vital. . . . A terrible thing is intelligence. It tends to death as memory tends to stability." The rationalist consolation is not a real consolation: there is no life in it. Leave out life and you leave out all; so that pleasure for pleasure's sake and duty for duty's sake come to mean nearly the same thing. "The merely and exclusively rational man is an aberration and nothing more. . . . The tragic history of human thought is simply the history of a struggle between reason and life—reason bent on rationalizing life and forcing it to submit to the inevitable, to mortality; life bent on its own vital desires."

What especially characterizes Unamuno is his continual stress upon the idea of immortality. The feeling for immortality (not the concept of it) he seems to consider the really central element in the human soul. "Is it possible for us to give ourselves to any serious and lasting work, forgetting the vast mystery of the universe and abandoning all attempt to understand it? Is it possible to contemplate the vast All with a serene soul if we are conscious of the thought that a time must come when this All will no longer be reflected in any human consciousness." And immortality must be no empty notion: "I dread the idea of having to tear myself away from my flesh; I dread still more the idea of having to tear myself away from everything sensible and material, from all substance." Thus there is in all this writer's thought a kind of fleshliness and materialism, which carries with it its own morality.

It is as if a man should suddenly stop in the midst of his most important and pressing concerns and say to himself, "Now what do I, the real man, the whole

man, really think and want?"—and should find that all his interest revolved round the two ideas of life and death. Conclusions arrived at by some such process of self-questioning Unamuno expresses with a robustness and a complete sincerity that give to many of his sayings a powerful stimulus, an almost painful interest. Just this note of earnestness has hardly been heard before.

The book as a whole is a bit incoherent; it resembles in form one of the prophetic books of the Old Testament; it is, after all, difficult to formulate, except in the vaguest terms, Unamuno's final philosophy. But the harsh, downright, and penetrating assertions with which the book is filled, its mere outcries, may find entrance into one's mind and suddenly alter one's whole point of view. And the point of view that Unamuno violently forces upon us finally is this: that the tragic conflict between heart and head is not the obstacle to ethics, but the very foundation of ethics; ethics is the product of this struggle. We come out with the robust doctrine that all virtue is based upon "uncertainty, doubt, perpetual wrestling with the mystery of our final destiny, mental despair, and the lack of any solid and stable dogmatic foundation." Try to base virtue upon certainty, and it ceases to be virtue; base it on dogma and it becomes fanaticism.

All this is Unamuno's profoundly human, distressingly sincere version of James's Pragmatism—a "will to believe" energized by deep instincts. "Conduct, practice," avers the author, "is the proof of doctrine, theory. 'If any man will do His will,' said Jesus, 'he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.'"

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, whatever may be one's philosophical attitude, to miss reading this book would be as great a loss as not to have read *Sartor Resartus*.

Secret Diplomacy. By Paul S. Reinsch. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The core of Mr. Reinsch's book is his criticism of secret diplomacy as it operated in the period of incubation of the World War. Compared with this, his earlier chapters are but leisurely and entertaining explorations of the past, satisfying curiosity, but not vitally affecting present problems. The conceptions of Machiavelli scarcely need rehearsing, and no reader acquainted with European history in the most general terms needs to examine the diplomatic methods of Talleyrand and Metternich in order to become convinced that secret diplomacy is a historical survival from the period of the absolutist state. Without disparaging historic research, one may say that these things, as treated by Mr. Reinsch, in a book intended for general reading, are of little more than antiquarian interest. For the purpose of producing broader convictions by building up a historic background, a method resembling that of Mr. Wells's celebrated *Outline* would perhaps be more effective than the somewhat detailed and anecdotal method adopted by Mr. Reinsch.

If it be true that secret diplomacy, *not only in Germany and Austria-Hungary*, but also among the Allies was one of the causes but for which the war might have been prevented, then nothing else relating to the subject is relatively of much importance.

Of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Reinsch writes: "Thus a minister, to whom national intrigue and duplicity were essentially foreign, who was trusted by his country and who wanted peace, was brought by the methods of secret diplomacy into a position where he had actually incurred the moral obligation to assist another country without having the power for peace which the ability to avow that relationship openly, to take the responsibility, and to confront Germany therewith would have given him."

If this be true, then England and France must share with Germany, in some degree, responsibility for the war!

Here is the point that needs the fullest discussion—a point on which previous diplomatic history throws comparatively little light. Profitably pursued, it would seem to lead directly into the broader question of the present conception of nationality. If secret diplomacy is a survival of the absolutist state, it is sustained to-day by a selfish and jealous nationalism, and it is with causes rather than symptoms that we should chiefly concern ourselves.

There would seem to be, therefore, an unconscious disproportion in Mr. Reinsch's book; yet the work contains much information and much clear statement. To the objection that delicate negotiations may be hampered by publicity, the author answers that we need more of Lincoln's faith in the plain people; and he encourages the belief that the discrediting of secret diplomacy and its gradual abandonment may be more effective in removing the causes of both war and international intrigue than persons rendered cynical by the results of the peace may be inclined to think. At a certain stage in civilization publicity becomes at once possible, necessary, and effective in order to secure the ends of society.

WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE? By Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

It is apparently hard for Americans to realize the extent of the calamity that has overtaken Europe as the result of the war and as a result of the peace. This difficulty of comprehension is in part due to that general "economic illiteracy" (an excellent phrase which Mr. Vanderlip has contributed to the current discussion) which we share with other peoples, and in part to the difficulty we experience in thinking internationally: the misfortunes of others may easily be minimized. However obvious it may be that immense destruction of life and property means dead loss to the world, and that economic anarchy must result from the arbitrary process of carving out political states without regard for economic boundaries, few of us realize that European civilization is threatened with destruction.

It is strange that Mr. Vanderlip should find it necessary, even in a book intended for popular consumption, to lay principal stress upon the evils of inflated currency, and that he should discover the remedy in a principle so broad as that of international good-will and coöperation. Yet so it is. And because it is the only international agency that seems capable of bringing some degree of international coöperation, the League of Nations, Mr. Vanderlip believes, is one of the few curative forces now in operation.

It is largely, however, because Mr. Vanderlip speaks with authority; it is because, having thoroughly studied the condition of Europe and having penetrated the complexities of facts and figures down to the simple truth, he can sweep away illusions with a decisive gesture, that his book is of great value.

In brief, every nation in Europe faces a serious economic crisis. England, whose prestige is greatest, is not exempt. Because of the stagnancy of foreign trade, her whole economic system is menaced. "I am aware that this sober view of the English situation," writes Mr. Vanderlip, "is shared by few Americans. I found that it came as a surprise to the people of the Continent." If the terrible embargoes on trade are not removed and England's customers are not rehabilitated the British Isles may experience tragedy. France, despite the unique character of her investing public, and her consequent ability to float loans that would be impossible elsewhere, is on the verge. The economic condition of most other European countries, and especially of the so-called succession states of Central Europe, is pitiful. Continuous inflation of currency appears to afford the only escape from immediate anarchy, and the remedy is as bad as the disease. Responsible and far-seeing statesmen are caught in a vicious circle and cannot escape. Italy, it may be surprising to learn, has on the whole acted with most prudence, and has fared best; and it is in Italy that Mr. Vanderlip finds greatest signs of the working of those spiritual forces which may lead to regeneration.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact about Mr. Vanderlip's book is, after all, this: that it sees salvation for the world in a combination of economic common sense and spirituality! The one is impotent without the other. This point of view has seldom, if ever, been so effectively expressed. Of course, a plan is necessary, and the carefully worked out scheme for the establishment of a Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe which Mr. Vanderlip proposes seems the best remedy yet suggested for the worst evil that afflicts Europe, and the most effective and feasible form of American participation in European problems. Another vital suggestion is that the debts of European countries to the United States be used to establish credits in those countries for the purpose of financing projects of rehabilitation. Ultimately the United States would be repaid, much more surely than it could be under any other plan. It is not nature that is to blame for present conditions; it is human nature. "The people of Europe could be bountifully fed, well clothed, and could live on a high plane of material comfort, if there could be reasonable cooperation between racial and political groups."

LOST VALLEY. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Harper and Brothers.

About the only faults one has to find with Mrs. Gerould's first novel are, as might be expected, technical faults. The novel has the spirit of great fiction in it, and the impression made by the best parts of it is deep and permanent. In the description of Lost Valley and its decadent inhabitants, in the situation of Madge Lockerby, a girl in whom the intellect and high spirit of the old Valley stock survive, though that stock has decayed all around her, there is grimness with beauty, a contrast that is genuinely human of spiritual elements with sheer ugliness. To include in one's vision of human nature the spiritual element, without indulging either in spiritualized sentimentality—which is the worst kind of sentimentality—or in the easy fatalism that tempts many a realist into inhuman ways, is an ability that few possess. Mrs. Gerould handles her materials with a restraint that recalls the manner of William Dean Howells when he wrote with most power and least circumlocution.

The story of Madge Lockerby is the story of a good woman—which means that it is a much harder story to write than is the story of a bad woman. Of all the things that have to be realized in fiction, moral strength is perhaps the hardest to depict adequately. Firmness of line in the portrayal of a virtuous character is rare. It is worthy of note, in these days, that the principal actor in this story is not Lost Valley, but Madge Lockerby; and in a day of ferocious Main Streets that eat up men's souls it is refreshing to be assured that a human being, however trammeled by circumstance, may after all possess some effective initiative. A good humanist, will perhaps admit readily enough that nine-tenths, at least, of our ordinary actions are impulsive, habitual, and more or less predetermined; but he will leave a margin for the human soul to struggle in, and sometimes he will let the struggle be successful. Nevertheless, he must have the proportion right. He must make due allowance, and a large one, for brute circumstances and inherited proclivities, and he must estimate the force of instincts and impulses as impartially as the veriest realist.

In a large part of her story Mrs. Gerould seems to achieve this just proportion,—this skeptical, yet human view of life hence she attains a larger measure of conviction and a higher degree of interest than does many another novelist of to-day. You do not feel that she is going to drag Madge Lockerby out of her predicament by the hair of her head; it would seem perfectly consonant with the author's philosophy to let Madge drop into the bottomless pit; and yet there is a reasonable possibility that Madge may be saved, in part by her own efforts. She is not hall-marked for mediocrity or desuetude, as so many heroines are nowadays, by a few faint though accurate phrases of description at their first introduction. How often do we not sadly know on our first encounter with a fictitious person that a character described as he is described can never by any possibility rise out of himself!

There is much life, much vigor, and an austere beauty in the first part of Mrs. Gerould's book, while a delicate psychological tact determines the be-

havior of its people, simple as well as sophisticated. The main trouble with the story is its too unmanageable plot.

Madge Lockerby dwells with her Uncle Andrew, a worn, discouraged man, deriving a bare livelihood from an infertile farm; with Andrew's senile and sometimes violently insane old mother; and with the beautiful but feeble-minded Lola, her own father's illegitimate daughter, whom she maternally loves. A young artist, who comes to paint the valley, charms her and stirs her imagination. This is the real beginning of her inner struggle; but it is a struggle curiously complicated by circumstances. Lola is lured away by an organ-grinder with a monkey, and Madge finds the right clue just too late to rescue her.

The thing is well imagined and plausibly carried out, but Madge's Odyssey is, after all, an awkward episode. It takes the Lost Valley girl into many unfamiliar places—into the Italian quarters of Boston and New York. It enables her to make the acquaintance of a philosophic old Chinaman, who dwells in the neighborhood of Pell Street. The objection to all this is not that it is unreal, for it isn't; nor that it is devoid of significance, for it is pleasant and instructive to see how little Madge is "broadened" by all this knocking about, and how much she is deepened and steadied—just because she is Madge. The real objection to this part of the story is that it takes such a deal of *telling*. It wanders on almost in the familiar style of the conventional story for boys between twelve and fifteen years of age. Mrs. Gerould becomes so obsessed with the necessity of telling this part of the story that she even tells how the partner of Guiseppe, the organ grinder, was slain by falling on his own dagger in an attempt to murder Guiseppe, how Lola was unintentionally stabbed and mortally wounded as she attempted to save the monkey, and how part of the monkey's tail was accidentally cut off in the mêlée. That an author who has the good sense to let Andrew Lockerby hang himself off stage, and to permit Granny Lockerby to die without an audible groan, should feel obliged to relate all this, is remarkable.

Except for this episode—a thing so difficult to handle seriously and artistically—Mrs. Gerould's technique would be wholly adequate if she permitted herself to change the point of view less often and if she could refrain from appearing too frequently in her character as author to comment on the persons of her story.

SHAKESPEARE: A PLAY. By Clifford Bax and H. F. Rubinstein. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Two plays about Shakespeare have recently appeared—both daringly imaginative, both challenging in their determination to humanize a great figure even at the risk of degrading him, both testifying to a certain impatience with the Shakespeare of tradition and of scholarly interpretation. The young man of Stratford, the hero of the deer-stealing episode, the irrepressible wag who is

said to have written scurrilous verses about Sir Thomas Lucy, does not appear in either play. Neither does the shrewd man of business, the solid Stratford citizen, the merry companion of Ben Jonson, nor the man who wrote the will bequeathing his second-best bed to his wife. Truth to say, the playwrights in each case seem to have cared precious little about the historical record and the tradition (such as it is), and in both cases to have been almost unduly fascinated by the sonnets.

As to the legitimacy of such attempts, there may be different opinions—and opinions only. On the one hand, it is reasonable to feel that in the case of one concerning whom so little is known, the playwright had better keep his hands off. Let Shakespeare be known only through his plays—knowing the plays, we know the best of him, and apparently he would have wished us to know little more. On the other hand, it is possible to maintain that it is far more justifiable to write of one concerning whom little or nothing is known than to introduce into a drama a well-known historical figure, like Lincoln. On pragmatic principles, everyone is entitled to his own Shakespeare, as much as he is entitled to his own beliefs regarding the hereafter. To those who prefer some sort of living Shakespeare to the lay figure of the critics, both plays will be in varying degrees acceptable. Apart from this, the problem is simply to appraise the comparative success of each.

The *Will Shakepeare* of Clemence Dane is masque-like, sentimental, notably uneven in execution. It is not, as a whole, a first-rate drama, though it is vital enough in its way. The *Shakespeare* of Messrs. Bax and Rubinstein is the better *play*.

The reasons for this difference, as one perceives or guesses at them, are two-fold.

Both plays are, to be sure, romantic in their interpretation of character; and that is one's chief objection to both, so far as one has any objection: there is an evident disposition to *modernize* Shakespeare, to make him live for modern readers, by making him romantic. It has seemed to many critics that, of all the Shakespearean characters, Hamlet is probably the nearest to Shakespeare's real self. But there is little true suggestion of Hamlet in the *Shakespeare* of Bax and Rubinstein; there is even a hint of Werther. In his period of gloom and depression this Shakespeare contemplates a cowardly suicide, and has to be consoled and brought back to normality by his daughter Judith. It is a sentimental procedure which Rousseau would have reveled in. Think of Hamlet or Romeo being weaned from despair by domestic blandishments! But, on the whole, Messrs. Bax and Rubinstein have imagined along the lines of *dramatic reality* rather than sheer romance. Mainly, they have dramatized rather than *sentimentalized*. True dramatization produces an effect not far from reality, an effect which, when one makes allowance for the tendency of the theatre to exaggerate and simplify motives, may be regarded as an acceptable substitute for reality. Thus, from the dramatic standpoint, one can forgive the authors for making so much of the supposititious "dark lady" and the

unidentified "Mr. W. H." If the triangular situation is necessary to the play, then by all means, on with the play!

Actually, of course, the apparent progress which critics have noted in Shakespeare's plays, from youthful buoyancy through embitterment to some sort of hard-won serenity, is not necessarily different from what all of us experience in some degree in this miserable and naughty world. No dramatic situation, no intrigue, is needed to explain it, and the practice of drawing large inferences from the Sonnets, is, if dramatically justifiable, a biographical impertinence. Nevertheless, as aforesaid, on with the play! The play, as a play, is good.

Another factor that enters into the reality of the result is the judiciousness of the style. As Mr. A. W. Pollard remarks in his introductory note: "It is extraordinarily hard to make Elizabethans talk without their talk jarring on the reader who has even a slight acquaintance with Elizabethan English as incongruous and impossible. The talk in this play seldom jars." The reason would seem to be that the authors, resisting the temptation to indulge in a pseudo-Shakespearean, pseudo-poetic diction, have taken their cue from Shakespeare's prose passages—his fascinating and too little noticed prose passages. It is in these, often, that one finds that lucidity and restraint which offsets the effect of the "thick crowding fancies", and which is necessary to complete one's conception of Shakespeare's mind. Moreover, one cannot put the Shakespeare of the poetic passages into a play or a story; all that one could do would be, very crudely, to personify and dramatize his literary imagination.

WILL SHAKESPEARE: A Four-Act Drama in Blank Verse. By Clemence Dane. New York: the Macmillan Company.

As Mr. Bax and Mr. Rubinstein aim at dramatic reality, where truth is wanting, Miss Dane inclines to romance. The former appears to be the preferable alternative. Since the artist must have some principle or instinct to guide him—something that will help him out when first-hand knowledge or intuition fails—it is better for him to say, "Let us, at worst, be dramatic," than to say, "Let us, at all events, be romantic." Whatever is truly dramatic is at least human: the point of view of the drama is the humanistic point of view. The playwright is almost of necessity, many-sided, skeptical, a good judge of values in the ordinary sense.

Miss Dane goes distinctly farther than do Messrs. Bax and Rubinstein—decidedly too far, it may be thought—in representing Shakespeare as a kind of romantic, literary Dick Whittington, terribly conscious of his genius and of his destiny, setting off for London, in spite of his wife's entreaties, and brutally accusing that singularly sensitive and prescient woman of having deluded him into a marriage on the false plea of necessity. Shakespeare, as he goes out of the house, visibly bears upon his back the burden of all his future glories. He is, indeed, not merely a romantic Dick Whittington, but a romantic monster. He

talks, not as the Shakespeare of the Stratford period might be supposed to have talked, but as Shakespeare at the height of his career might be supposed to have expressed himself if he had learned nothing of tolerance, pity, or charity. He is as selfish as a young cub, and at the same time as deliberate as an old philosopher, and as confident as a genius with the bays already bound about his temples.

The truth is that he and his wife are really not persons of flesh and blood, but rather semi-allegorical figures representing the conflict of the eternal feminine with masculine genius. It seems almost a pity that this fable of love and fate and frustration should be linked to the author of *Hamlet*, who knew very well how to keep his feet on the ground, however his imagination might soar: a kind of abstraction and generalization of character, grandeur at the expense of an attenuated humanity, is the last sin of which we can conceive him ever guilty.

It is not without significance that one of the most thrilling passages in Miss Dane's play is that in which Anne, standing in the midst of the players who have come to take Will with them to London, finds herself surrounded by the shadows of Shakespeare's future creations. This excursion into symbolism has the true romantic thrill. In the shadowy region between dream and reality Miss Dane seems quite at home, and she manages the transition in Anne's mind from troubled perception to hallucination with real skill. There is a sort of metaphysical reality here, which has an effect of its own. Perhaps in every self the partition that divides the normal from the super-normal is really as thin as this scene suggests; and the intrusion of "shadows" and "shapes" into common life is by no means such an artistic error as is the misrepresentation of human nature.

The characterization in the play is, as has been suggested, very uneven. In the first act Shakespeare is little better than a cad, and Anne has nearly all the poetry to herself. That a woman of such literary gifts could not have made a place for herself in her husband's mind seems extraordinary, except on the supposition that Shakespeare was singularly incapable of appreciating poetic feeling in others. What really accounts for it is the modern romantic doctrine of love as a kind of demon. This "Shakespeare" is already suffering from the love imagined by Swinburne and Rossetti; he is afflicted with the romantic malady—Dan Cupid has nothing to do with his case.

Certainly, to the Shakespeare of the plays, love is a very potent thing, as it was to Chaucer—

"The god of love, a *benedicite* . . ."

But it is not an obsession. Ambition and jealousy drive men mad, but so does not love, though it may lead to the folly of an Antony. Romeo's case is perfectly intelligible on purely human grounds; it is a simple illustration—naïve, if you will—of the old, old tragedy of true love frustrated. But it seems to one that Shakespeare would have been no more capable of elevating to the dignity of fate a romantic flirtation like this imaginary Shakespeare's affair

with the "dark lady" than he would have been of writing those lines of Francis Thompson which describe the poet as fated—

> "The impitiable dæmon,
> Beauty, to adore and dream on."

He seems to have understood both love and beauty too robustly to persist in an effort to embrace the shadow of either.

What, again, can be said of the propriety of making Henslowe, that man of business, talk to Anne in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the clown in *Twelfth Night*? One does not so much refer to his habit of addressing her as "Madonna"—though this is almost a mannerism of Olivia's clown—as to the character of his wit, which Shakespeare's contemporaries would have recognized as stage wit.

In the end the difficulty of bridging the gulf between modern romance and Shakespearean passion appears to become extreme. Shakespeare, having accidentally caused the death of Marlowe in a scuffle provoked by the presence of the "dark lady" in Marlowe's room, is brought before the Queen; and Elizabeth philosophizes him out of the dumps and into a grim working mood with a refined pessimism that our best modern pessimists could hardly excel. Thereupon Shakespeare, with a heart as bleak as only the thoroughly disillusioned romantic heart can be, sits down to compose *As You Like It!*

At times, Miss Dane's play shows life and passion; but as a whole it is less Elizabethan than romantic and more poetic than human. One does not get genuineness by importing a modern mood into a former time as if it were a means of understanding the past. Rather one understands oneself and one's own time better by trying to understand those who lived before us in the light of the ideas that they themselves entertained. Miss Dane seems to say that the Elizabethans, whatever they said or did, were really romanticists, pessimists—in short, moderns, without realizing the fact. One thing, at least, seems pretty certain: When Shakespeare left Anne to go to London, he either supposed that he was doing her no wrong, or if he thought otherwise, thought poorly of himself. Rousseau had not yet invented the doctrine that genius may do about as it likes.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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AMERICAN IDEALS AND TRADITIONS

BY LINDSEY BLAYNEY

THE spirit of unrest so prevalent in the United States to-day is a source of apprehension to many of our citizens. Viewed from the conservative standpoint, this restlessness might well give rise to misgivings. A part of this uncertainty, however, examined in the perspective of world history, may also afford grounds for national self-congratulation. No one who has had the opportunity to learn the views of certain elements of our population will be inclined to minimize the unhealthful spirit actuating a no inconsiderable portion of our citizenship, nor its indirect, but unfortunate, effect upon a part of the youth of our country. But in our very human disinclination toward changing conditions, are we not confusing the results of two quite different movements? Indeed, a part of this very general feeling of uncertainty is a welcome sign of the times: for it is due in no small measure to the more or less acrimonious, but illuminating, debates upon the foreign policies of our Government from which have resulted a growing recognition of America's responsibilities toward the world at large.

There are many grave domestic questions demanding solution at the hands of the people of the United States. And yet, viewed in the light of world history, whatever may be the final verdict pronounced upon them, their effect upon human development will be largely local and transitory. There is, however, a great national question in process of solution almost unobserved by the American people, the results of which, expressed in terms of

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human achievement, may alter profoundly the spiritual outlook of the nations of the world. The attitude of this republic toward world issues, if our people remain true to the fundamental ideals of our past, bids fair to work great changes in international morality and to influence human destinies long after our other "big issues" have been forgotten.

The late war has given a new significance to the word "Americanism". It has been misused so grievously, however, that as a rallying cry it is beginning to lose force. For under its ægis most contradictory movements have ranged themselves, differing widely in their aims and methods. Much apprehension might be avoided, and much unrest and uncertainty be allayed, if the scattered threads of our national hopes, endeavors, and achievements could be woven into a somewhat more substantial fabric of American ideals, even though in the process it might appear now and again that violence was being done to some popular traditions. For old ideas and prejudices die hard; and there are still many who feel that the tendency shown by the people of the United States in recent years to interest themselves in matters not peculiarly their own is a departure from the ideals of our forefathers; that even our participation in the Great War was a surprising and transient reversal of our political ideals of the past. Fortunately, however, the idealism of a nation, unlike its styles, is not a garment of morality nor of materialism which can be assumed or cast aside at will, however much the recent history of the United States might seem, to the casual observer, to prove the contrary.

Till quite recently we were considered by the Old World to be a nation of "mere money-makers", practically devoid of higher idealism. At this we need not be surprised. For as a people we are just emerging from adolescence, a period marked by all the inconsistencies, hesitations and experimentation common to the transition from youth to maturity. Hence in part this uncertainty, all the present-day controversies as to what really are the ideals of our nation, what "Americanism" means, and all those bitter discussions which, disconcerting though they be, are nevertheless fundamentally healthful. They mark the spiritual awakening of a people slowly coming to a realization of their national

and international obligations. The late war will be credited with this broadening of American vision and with having worked an almost magical transformation in the moral fibre of the nation. This would be regrettable, if it were true. National idealism, unlike political expediency, is not the very questionable product of a sudden moment of national stress. It is the synthesis of the aspirations of an entire people arrived at through a process of long and slow development. "American idealism", so-called, is not a thing of yesterday, European opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was a time to be sure, indeed a good long time, when only a discouragingly small part of the American public could have been interested even passingly, much less aroused, by arguments appealing to national humanitarianism or national ideals. But in those days the American people were on the defensive, and rightly so. The population of the struggling Colonies, and of the no less weak States which succeeded them, however certain they may have felt of their soul's salvation by reason of profound religious conviction, were far less sure of their political salvation, due to no lack of hard common sense. With the vision of land-hungry and power-covetous European states watching their every move from the East, and with the uncertainties of the vast wilderness upon their frontiers to the West, the men of the infant republic did well to make "safety first" a cardinal principle of political life. European diplomacy and international intrigue taught the new nation to take no chances in the game of politics. The Monroe Doctrine as it was evolved in 1823, far from being the exhibition of national selfishness it has been considered by the nations of the Old World, was an eminently proper declaration of principle wholly justified by the exigencies of the hour. But reasonable and just as was this American doctrine in principle, it had in practice two widely distinct and far-reaching results: From it dated our exaggerated reputation abroad for national selfishness, and our over-confidence at home in the wisdom of continued national isolation.

For many years well informed Americans have been surprised and rendered indignant at the accusation of cupidity and selfishness directed against us by the Old World. Our writers have at

times attributed it to foreign envy of our growth and prosperity. This is, however, not wholly just. Foreign knowledge of the idealism of a country must necessarily depend largely upon two principal sources of information; upon the theoretical ideals of the nation as reflected in its translated literature and upon its practical ideals as translated into the foreign policies of its government. Our young literature, attracting but little international notice, exercised but small influence in introducing the profounder reaches of the American soul to the European man in the street. Nor, on the other hand, was the Monroe Doctrine, as viewed abroad, calculated to win admirers for our practical political idealism. Was it therefore to be wondered at that, the influence of literary America being negligible, our reputation for selfishness, due to our national policies, became all too general?

Only those who have resided abroad, and who have been in the position to read in the daily and magazine press of Europe, and to learn in heart to heart talks with its citizens, of the profound misconceptions harbored by the people of the Old World regarding the idealism of America, can fully appreciate the feelings of surprise and regret which these excusable, but unjust, opinions awakened in the hearts of Americans in those days. It was said that we were "selfish and self-centered", "chasers after the Almighty Dollar", "worshipers of the God of Gold in the Temple of Mammon"; that we were "boastful, brawling and brazen"; that America was "the land of get-rich-quicks", the "land of opportunity and of ignorance", of "hypocritical piety" and of "shameless political corruption". In a word America was regarded as being practically devoid of higher idealism. Was it surprising then that even better informed Europeans, almost at the dawn of the twentieth century, saw "ulterior motives" behind our war with Spain? Americans in Europe, who heard and read these things, suffered. They realized that these opinions, founded to be sure on a certain amount of seemingly clear evidence, were nevertheless cruelly false. They hoped and longed for the day to come when Europe would awaken to a full realization of the big heart of the people of the United States. But so deep-seated was the conviction that we were a selfish and self-centered people that even the freeing of Cuba and the return of the Boxer Indem-

nity to China failed to convince Europe of our sincerity. The Old World believed that the "wily Yankee" must have had something up his sleeve to make it worth his while to dispense generosity on so large a scale.

Rather than harbor any resentment against pre-war Europe on account of the erroneous opinions it held regarding American ideals, should we not rather pause and ask ourselves what notion we had formed of our own characters say a quarter of a century ago or even less? Will it not be found that we entertained somewhat the same opinion concerning ourselves? Did we not pride ourselves upon our isolation? Did we not congratulate ourselves upon our apathy toward the larger problems of the world? Did we not deem it an almost typically American virtue to be able to close our minds and our hearts to the responsibilities and worries of "outside affairs"? We cannot reproach Europe so severely when we become aware that the opinion it entertained of us was not so entirely different from the estimate which we had unconsciously formed of ourselves. But our critics, as well as we, were wrong, and that too fundamentally. For, far from being materialists and selfish self-seekers, the people of the United States have always exhibited strong idealistic leanings. Could it well have been otherwise? The men and women who first came to these shores were largely idealists. This nation was conceived in the minds of idealists. The outstanding events—the turning points of its history—were prompted by idealists, and each of these several events carried a highly idealistic message to the nations of the world. These are broad generalities but they are true.

Our pioneer forefathers who crossed the seas to face the unknown dangers of an unknown world, who threaded the forest covered wilderness and launched their frail barks upon uncharted seas, and who in the midst of all this worshiped God according to the dictates of their consciences, were they not, in overwhelming majority, idealists? And even though some of them may not have been of idealistic temperament, and though many who followed in their wake later toward the forests and plains of the West may have dreamt at first more of material gain than of spiritual profit, yet the hearts of even such as these could not have failed in the end to attune themselves to the idealistic harmony of

nature in the presence of the spiritual charm of sombre forest and silent stream. These men and women of early America, who built their little cabins in some remote forest clearing in the very lap of generous Mother America, and who reared their children in the fear of God and in respect for the law in the midst of the inspiring grandeur of primeval nature—like all adventurers into the material or spiritual unknown—were storing unconsciously in their hearts great funds of idealism unto the day of crisis or of opportunity. We cannot refuse to credit a considerable proportion of the idealism of America to these later "natural" idealists who became merged with the earlier political and religious idealists into a nation which, despite temptations to the contrary, was and remained at bottom an idealistic people? And yet, strange as it may seem, with all these contributing forces of idealism woven into the warp and woof of our character, the United States became known nevertheless as a materialistic nation and, stranger still, came dangerously near believing the allegation to be true.

The fact that the unfolding of a great, isolated, national organism progresses quietly and normally, with no sudden demands of moments of national stress upon the moral and idealistic reserves of the nation, does not indicate that dynamic idealism is lacking. The sleeping volcano is often the more dangerous. This is as true in the spiritual as in the physical world. It was no less true in the spiritual development of the United States. Unheralded and unremarked, the days of crisis and of opportunity finally arrived for the opening of the flood-gates to the pent up reservoirs of the spiritual forces of the nation. Imperceptibly American idealism began to make itself felt as a great contributing force to the advancement of mankind.

As is the case in almost all great movements, its beginnings were modest and obscure. It received its greatest impetus from the enlarged opportunities inherited by the children and the children's children of those God-fearing pioneer settlers whose lives, while more circumscribed, had been none the less inwardly rich. The spirit of ready coöperation, mutual helpfulness, generous hospitality, sane frugality, and simple piety, characteristic of the early settlers, became blended in their descendants into remarkable manifestations of a spirit of broad and wise philanthropy.

When many years ago the need was felt, and the call went forth, for schools, colleges, universities, charitable organizations, scientific foundations, hospitals, libraries and museums, it was not the rich alone—as Europe and even too many Americans have believed—but the men and women of modest and even scant means who, in obedience to an inherited impulse, gave whole-heartedly of their hard earned substance to help their fellow men. While Europe was speaking cynically of our selfishness, greater endowments for philanthropic purposes than the history of the world had ever known were being established by the generosity and ready spirit of helpfulness of the American heart.

All of this did not happen in a day. So gradual and natural indeed had been the process that neither we nor the Old World realized its prophetic significance. And, stranger still, we who traditionally refused to interest ourselves in the affairs of the European Occident poured, with seemingly limitless prodigality, millions upon millions into the distant Orient in unselfish missionary and philanthropic enterprise, and stood ready even to protect our interests there, if necessary, by military force. All this but goes to prove that it was compelling political and military exigency, not selfish national ideals, which made us apparently an isolated, self-centered, and selfish people.

The gradual unfolding and widening of America's spiritual horizon necessarily had its effect upon the political outlook of the nation. Here too the change was so gradual and natural that it was scarcely noticed either at home or abroad. It was but a quarter of a century ago that we went to bed one night, secure as we thought behind our impregnable, Chinese-like wall of political isolation, only to be awakened the next morning by the roar of Dewey's guns in Manila Bay heralding the message, startling to ourselves as well as to the world, that the United States of America had become a great world Power with colonial possessions and new political interests and responsibilities in distant parts of the world.

Not the Great War, as many have thought, but the war with Spain made us a world Power.

In the Spanish-American War the veritable but latent idealism of America broke forth with irresistible force and in direct refuta-

tion of the oft-made assertion that "all wars are government made". The war with Spain was not willed by President McKinley, nor by his associates, but was demanded in countless petitions and clamorous appeals by the American people of all classes in the name of justice and of human rights at a moment when the Government hesitated to take the grave step. And when the war was brought to a victorious conclusion, this "selfish" American people withdrew from Cuba without a thought of reward or compensation, thereby adding through disinterested idealism a new and rich jewel to the bright diadem of young republics of the world. But before so doing, America transformed Havana, at the sacrifice of the lives of courageous American medical men, from a veritable pesthole into one of the most healthful cities of the world. In Panama, in Venezuela, and again in the Philippines, the true spirit of disinterested helpfulness and of generous humanitarianism was eloquently exemplified by the people of the United States. When the story of American administration in the Philippines shall have been finally recorded, brilliantly illumined by the long and illustrious roll of honor of the American men and women who laid down their lives voluntarily for the best interests of an alien people, no finer chapter of American history will have been penned, nor more conclusive evidence adduced of the fundamentally humanitarian character of the American mind and heart. And again, what a strange form of national "selfishness" it was which prompted the people of the United States, unsolicited, to return to China the large sums due as indemnity for the Boxer Uprising that they might be used by the Chinese people for educational purposes! This simple and unostentatious act began a new chapter in the history of the international relations of peoples. The so-called "selfish" American had moved the whole world a great stride forward toward the ultimate goal toward which men have long been striving—international coöperation and good-will.

These changes in the vision and outlook of the American people —changes more apparent than real, for they are not new but a part of our unseen heritage of idealism from out the past—have brought, of course, new duties and responsibilities in their train. We could not avoid these manifold responsibilities if we would,

and surely we would not if we could. For already the gaze of China and of other more or less helpless nations of Europe as well as of the Far-East is fixed upon the Stars and Stripes as the symbol of international justice and good-will—the harbinger of the coming of a new and happier day for the lesser and more peace-loving nations of the world. The idealistic stand taken by a Democratic President at the Peace Conference at Paris, and the efforts toward world peace made by a Republican President in connection with the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, but bear out the contention that American idealism is not only nothing new, but that it is neither sectional nor political but national in its scope.

It cannot be too emphatically insisted upon that the United States was not drawn into the dizzy vortex of international life by the Great War. We were already inextricably involved in it. But so gradually and naturally had it all come about that our nation as a whole never realized the slow but sure grindings of the wheel of destiny. The entry of America into the Great War was not a species of interruption in the normal flow of its idealism, but was the irresistible on-pressing of the great current of "will to human service" which had its source in the ideal of mutual helpfulness of our pioneer ancestors, grew into splendid proportions in all forms of philanthropic endeavor in the century just closed, and has but grown in magnitude and in influence from those days till the present.

Many Americans, to be sure, not realizing the profound significance of the great undercurrents of our national life, have hoped that the wide rift occasioned by the war in our dyke of exclusivism would be merely temporary. They have failed, however, to profit by the lessons of world history. It must not be forgotten that each great nation which has in turn been drawn into the arena of world affairs, has never been able to extricate itself until its race as a great world Power had been run; until it had played the rôle on the stage of history which the hand of Destiny had marked out for it. Orators have preached, and prophets have warned, but history teaches that no man, nor body of men, has ever been able to make the wheels of national history turn backward. They may be slowed down for a moment, apparently, but

reversed, never. And yet there are political prophets in our own day who believe that it is possible to dam the flood of international waters which poured through the great breach in our dyke of exclusivism through which sailed our ships and our men into participation in world affairs during the Great War. They are out of touch, however, with the realities of accomplished facts and unconscious of the mighty force of the tidal waters they dream of stemming. They appear not aware that long before the late war many another opening had been forced in our dyke of isolation—commerce, investments, colonies, and all the manifold interests, responsibilities and intanglements inherent in, and inseparable from, great national prosperity and power. He who would attribute the entry of the United States into the recent war, without desire for financial, political, or territorial gain, to a sort of temporary exaltation or aberration of the national mind, has failed to note the most characteristic, though little recognized, element of the American temperament which may one day be of incalculable advantage to the human race. What the world now terms "American humanitarianism" is but the American spirit of philanthropy at home translated into our international relations. Far from being something "new" and "dangerous", it is but the spirit of the American "will to human service" following the flag abroad.

The isolated position of the United States for almost a century brought with it a subconscious feeling, shared by some even to-day, that we were a sort of "chosen people" to whom the usual laws of national development somehow were not applicable; that for some reason history in our case would not repeat itself. We failed, however, to note one great and infallible law of national growth. We disregarded the teaching of history that a nation which has, spiritually speaking, something in its national heart worth giving to the world, must sooner or later burst the bonds of its frontiers, be they mountain or sea, and pour forth its accumulated heritage of spiritual blessings for the common advantage of the peoples of the world. Nor must the converse of this law be forgotten; that a nation which remains permanently secluded behind its frontiers possesses in all probability little that is worth while giving to the world. When the spirit that was Greece

reached its apogee, it overflowed the confines of Hellas and poured itself forth, a great flood of artistic idealism with which to bless mankind. Rome has bequeathed to posterity the traditions of a vast empire. But there had been many a great empire before the Capitol became the seat of world-wide dominion. The spiritual heritage which Rome left as a monument of its moral worth—its legal mind codified into a great legal system—transcended even its imperial frontiers and has endured in other great legal codes till our own day when Rome as an empire is but a memory. The art that was Greece and the legal temperament that was Rome reflect the idealism of great peoples who had something within their national souls worth giving to the world, and whose spirit, therefore, broke the bonds of national frontiers and became the common heritage of humanity. This is the supreme test of a truly great people.

Are the people of the United States truly great? Great we are in material things: great in world power. But what when, like the other great political entities of the past, our nation too "goes West"? What will have been our national contribution to the sum total of human happiness, which, in last analysis, means "spiritual" happiness? With the eyes of the world centered upon us, the mighty colossus of modern political history, can we point to any non-material achievement which will be termed by a grateful posterity the spiritual bequest of the United States of America to the sum total of highest human good? In art, literature, law, and science our achievements, while commendable, have not been outstanding. In none of these fields of human endeavor have we assisted man to take a great onward and upward step on the slow and toilsome journey toward his ultimate destiny; in none of these departments have we given to man a spiritual asset which will go far toward lifting him above the commonplace realities and sordid selfishness of everyday life. In a word the highest idealism of the United States has not yet expressed itself in immortal terms in any of these fields.

It will perhaps be seen, however, from the outstanding events in our domestic and international relations recounted above, and from the high rôle which we are at this moment playing, that the United States of America may after all have made one contribu-

tion of supreme importance to the spiritual advancement of mankind; a gift which, while it issues more nearly from the heart than from the head, may nevertheless take its place one day among the few truly great national contributions of the past. If we but remain true to the traditions which inspired the hearts of our American ancestors and became translated in the hands of their descendants of yesterday and to-day into deeds of service, justice, mercy and human coöperation, no fear need be felt but that the historian of the future will pronounce national humanitarianism —the will to disinterested human service—the original national contribution of the United States to the higher idealism of the world. There was art, to be sure, before Greece, legal systems before Rome, and humanitarianism before the birth of the United States. But art became great art first in Greece, because Hellenic idealism was profoundly artistic; legal procedure became a great legal system first in Rome, because the idealism of Rome was essentially legal; the spirit of philanthropic endeavor became world-wide humanitarian service first in America, because the idealism of the United States has been and is preëminently humanitarian. We cast no aspersions upon the artistic taste of other nations in assigning a supreme place in art to Greece; nor would we, by the same token, draw any invidious comparison in the field of humanitarianism when we recognize the simple historical fact that the United States of America is the first great nation of the world to make the spirit of disinterested human service the measure of a nation as well as of a man. Just as there has never been a race in the veins of whose individual citizens the spirit of classic art flowed so irresistibly as in the citizen of Athens, so there has never been a nation in the blood of whose individual citizens the spirit of philanthropy and will to human service pulsated so strongly as in that of the citizen of the United States. Greece gave to the world supreme beauty in art. May we not hope that history will record that the people of the United States gave to the world supreme grandeur in service?

The exalting of humanitarianism and philanthropic impulses to distinctively American national virtues might appear to some to be a displacing of the ideals of liberty and freedom, so long regarded by us as peculiarly American traits. It would be assum-

ing too much, however, to claim the love of independence as the contribution of the United States to the advancement of mankind. We must not value our ideal of American independence less, but appreciate our national virtue of humanitarianism more. The spirit of license abroad in the United States, the growing insistence upon "independence" of thought and action, the tendency of certain movements to reawaken medieval religious intolerance, all these unfortunate reflections of political and spiritual unrest and uncertainty, can be overcome if we realize more profoundly that true "Americanism" is not exemplified by exhibitions of reckless independence but by a spirit of coöperation for the common good. We must learn that the independent and defiant attitude toward men and measures is not the spirit of the nation. That every movement which tends to drive the wedge of discord deep into the national heart is un-American, unpatriotic, and a blot upon the national flag. That our nation is big in achievement, big in hope, but biggest of all in the inspiring "will to service" —philanthropic and coöperative service at home and disinterested human service abroad. That the supreme achievement of America has been to stand for fair-play, to close its heart to a remarkable degree to selfish promptings, and to contribute generously in an exalted spirit of disinterested service toward the forwarding of the ideal of international comity and good-will.

LINDSEY BLAYNEY.

NAVAL POLICY AND THE NAVAL TREATY

BY REAR-ADMIRAL W. V. PRATT, U. S. N.

PREVIOUS to the present agreement to limit their naval armaments, now entered into by five Great Powers, the only existing case of contractual reduction of armaments was that of the Disarmament Agreement of May, 1902, between the republics of Argentina and Chile. Friction between these two countries, more or less actively expressed, had existed since 1897. The agreement entered into by them through the good offices of Great Britain was effective in reducing the tension existing at the time the treaty was made. Though the treaty was not renewed, amicable relations have since existed. Articles I and II of the treaty provided that the two Governments should not take possession of the warships which they were having built or make any other acquisitions, and should reduce their respective fleets according to a reasonable proportion between them. The two Governments also promised not to increase their maritime armaments during five years, without eighteen months' notice in advance; this agreement not including any armaments for the purpose of protecting the shore and ports, but each party being at liberty to acquire vessels for that purpose.

It is thus seen that the great experiment now attempted has historical precedent. To be thoroughly successful the purpose of our present agreements must be transmitted to future generations, otherwise that purpose is lost, and a sacrifice may have been made in vain.

The Naval Treaty, signed by the five Great Powers gathered in Washington to consider Far Eastern problems and a limitation of armament, has a very direct bearing upon the naval policy which this country should, in the future, pursue. The outstanding policies of the United States, to wit: That of "no entangling alliances", the Monroe Doctrine, and the Open Door, particularly the last, must in the future, and so long as the Naval Treaty runs,

be greatly influenced by agreements just entered into. The material backbone of these agreements is the Treaty on the Limitation of Naval Armaments. It is the foundation upon which all of our international policies, now permeated by that atmosphere of better understanding arrived at through the results of this Conference, must be based.

In a great measure results have been accomplished by agreeing to scrap almost entirely the great building programme laid down in 1916 at a time when the fate of Europe hung in the balance, and the United States felt that she must be in a position to safeguard her interests in case Germany should prevail over the Allies. The day of that need having passed, the United States willingly gave up its great naval programme and asked the other nations to meet her in the same spirit. In point of fact, we made the greatest sacrifices. It was just and fair that we should. It was the United States that called the Conference, and her contribution could in no wise be less than that of the other nations sitting with her. Actually the United States scrapped some thirteen new ships with the money spent upon them, in addition to many older ships already built. Let us review the conditions of the treaty.

The United States has, under the terms of the treaty, retained eighteen capital ships, her cruisers and submarines, and the right to build five aircraft carriers. Two of the aircraft carriers may be converted from the capital ships which otherwise would be thrown away. The auxiliary ships necessary to support the fighting fleet in an efficient condition also have been retained under the terms of the Naval Treaty.

It was due to no fault of the United States that the terms of its original proposal were not established carrying a reduction through all types of combatant craft. So long as the discussion focussed upon the solution of Pacific and Far Eastern questions, it was not difficult to arrive at solutions which made the 5–5–3 ratio possible. It was only when the problems strayed from the Pacific to Continental Europe that complications arose, making it difficult to arrive at answers which would satisfy both the purpose of the proposal and the national needs of Powers whose interests seemed to demand solutions other than those suggested by the proposal. For these reasons the contemplated reductions in the

cruiser, destroyer and submarine types were not accomplished, and the 5–5–3 ratio does not apply to these types of ships. However, the main object, which was to effect a reduction in the capital ship tonnage and to establish ratios commensurate with national naval interests, has been accomplished. Likewise the second object, the establishment of aircraft carrier tonnage, ships inferior only in size to the capital ship, was also accomplished on a 5–5–3 basis and in a ratio commensurate with the capital ship tonnage.

The abolishment of competitive building in capital ships and aircraft carriers and the establishment of a naval holiday for ten years, during which period no capital ship tonnage may be laid down, have in themselves accomplished the major purposes of the Naval Limitation Treaty, for these ships, taking three or four years to complete, are the best measures of a nation's floating naval strength.

Under the terms of the treaty the United States, of its capital ships intended to be scrapped under the original proposal, may complete two. The completion of these two ships is essential to bring our Navy to the ratios fixed. Likewise two battle cruisers may be converted to aircraft carriers, and this is important to round out our fleet to its proper proportions so that the essential tasks of training, without which no Navy can be called fit or efficient, may be undertaken. The United States is also permitted to carry to completion the ten scout cruisers now on the ways and building and this should be done, as we are in this type of ship quite behind the actual navy of Great Britain and also behind the proposed navy of Japan.

We are also permitted to complete the submarines now under construction which are of an improved type, capable of performing their tasks with the fleet in a manner which previously has not been possible. These submarines are on the average over 90 per cent on their way towards completion. They serve to replace many of the older craft which age has made obsolete.

In addition to these combatant craft, the United States is permitted to build such small craft, such as gunboats and river police boats, as may be necessary to protect the interests and lives of our nationals abroad.

Article XIX of the Naval Treaty puts a stop, within certain defined limits, to further expansion and fortification of naval bases in the Pacific. The principal point to be noted is, that the establishment of the *status quo* in fortifications and naval bases is an attempt to maintain the spirit of good understanding arrived at through an amicable settlement of the Far Eastern problems, and through the elimination of competitive building and of any aggressive tendencies which might be attributed to us by other Powers. The outlying fortified points of both Japan and the United States have been rendered offensively harmless. The right further to fortify is no longer possible, nor in the future may the great fleets of the United States seek the shelter of fortified harbors within the Philippines, assured that they are so impregnable that they will remain safe havens of refuge and of supply when our fleet, bent on other missions, is absent from their protection. For the defenses of these advanced positions we must rely now upon the spirit of good understanding entered into through the offices of this Conference. Japan has done the same with her outlying positions. The active defense of our Philippine possessions, if such ever becomes a necessity, must now rest entirely upon the back of our floating naval establishment, geographically placed many thousands of miles away.

The Far Eastern agreements arrived at have a very distinct relation to the Naval Limitation Treaty.[1] Any further reduction of our Navy below that of the standard set, by whatever means it may be accomplished, would be in effect to stultify the purposes which the Conference strove to achieve. Important as is the Naval Limitation Treaty in removing friction, yet if it is to live as a vital and not as a spent effort, it must rest on the foundation of the Four Power Treaty. The severing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the new relationships established have made limitation of naval armament possible. The Four Power Treaty might stand alone; but the spirit, motives and results of the Naval Treaty could not carry on in the coming years of the future without the support of the Four Power Treaty. As the Naval Treaty is the material, so the Four Power Treaty is the moral

[1] They will be effective just in proportion as our naval force, augmented by the recent good understandings reached, is effective.

backbone of the agreements which have been reached by the Conference.[2]

Without going into too great detail, it is sufficient to say that Great Britain under the terms of the treaty may build two 35,000-ton capital ships. When completed, these ships will be the last word in modern naval architecture. She may also lay down two aircraft carriers of 33,000 tons each to match the two which we are permitted to convert from two of our battle cruisers. Other than this, Great Britain has for the present no extensive naval building programme, nor is any necessary, at this moment, to preserve equality in strength with the United States. In light cruisers, flotilla leaders and in modern cruisers generally, Great Britain ranks ahead of the United States, and it may be a long time before we are in a position of equality with Great Britain in cruiser types.

Japan has no capital ships to complete to give her the tonnage allotted, but she has the right to convert two of the ships, which otherwise would be scrapped, into aircraft carriers of 33,000 tons each. In addition to these two ships, Japan has a contemplated programme of light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, which is quite extensive.

France and Italy have no great programmes in capital ships, but it is their avowed purpose to bring their navies up to date by replacing, under the terms of the treaty, the older capital ships as soon as may be practicable. Each has also submarine, destroyer, and light cruiser programmes sufficient to care for their national needs.

These facts, while not indicating any aggressive tendencies on the part of the nations involved, denote a desire to make efficient those navies which are apportioned to them under the agreements entered into in the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments.

Naval policy is the system of principles and the general terms of their application governing the development, organization, maintenance, and operation of the Navy. It is based on, and is

[2] International law is the sea law which in war governs the relationships between different sea Powers. It is difficult to make, either by treaty or by imposing the wishes of one nation upon another. It comes into being through universal assent, extending over long years of tradition and sea practice. The Submarine Treaty has a direct bearing on Naval Policy. The more nearly this treaty accords with the rules of existing international law, the more probable it is that in a future war its articles will be generally subscribed to.

designed to support, national policies. It comprehends the questions of numbers, size, type and distribution of vessels and stations, the character and number of personnel, and the character of peace and war operations. It follows the flag the world over. To meet the situation as it to-day exists, a comprehensive naval policy should divide itself under four main heads, namely:

Education.—By this is meant not only that essential education which must be carried on at all times within the Service, but instruction outside of the Service proper to enable the public to know the relation of its naval forces to the maritime and international interests of the country and the purposes for and the way in which a naval force should be organized and operated.

Intercourse with Foreign Powers.—One of the great results of this Conference has been to inaugurate a better understanding between the parties to the Conference. It is imperative that the good understanding now inaugurated should be perpetuated. It is important that this understanding be extended to those nations which have not participated in the Conference.

Training.—Training is the performance of those duties essential to keep a naval force thoroughly indoctrinated and efficient in the operations it might be called upon to perform, both in peace and war. Training makes the boy who passes through the school of the Navy a self-disciplined, efficient man.

Maintenance.—The maintenance of the material and personnel factors of a naval organization should be kept in such efficient condition that they readily can be used in case of national need.

The training of the fleet to perform those duties which it might be called upon to undertake in war and must undertake in peace, is the purpose on which the organization of the fleet must be based. In general it may be said that the fleet is organized to perform the four following tasks:

Scouting.—To obtain and transmit the information necessary to the efficient conduct of the strategic and tactical features of a campaign.

Attack.—The actual operations through which a certain definite objective is obtained.

Control.—The retention and administration of objective points which have been won by the attacking force.

Supply.—All those other auxiliary activities which enter into and form so large a part of any campaign.

With the fleet thus organized so that training and maintenance become the essential features of internal naval policy, it is practicable to utilize the fleet for the other two purposes indicated, namely, education and intercourse with foreign Powers. Thus, by organizing the naval establishment so that its internal policies are sound, we are able to utilize it for any other purpose which, in time of peace, the country may deem to be necessary.

The organization of the shore and base establishments is in itself a gigantic task. To summarize briefly, it may be said that the purpose and aim of every shore and base establishment must be to make more efficient the fleet which it serves. Without home bases the fleet cannot be repaired, docked, or supplied, and those craft, which during peace must of necessity be laid up, have no place in which to be berthed. The advanced base is to the overseas fleet what the home base is to the fleet operating on its home coasts.

While the active fleet must be dependent upon the shore and base facilities for repair, supply, docking, and a certain amount of maintenance, and can in no wise be thoroughly efficient unless the shore establishments are properly located in a geographical sense and efficiently operated and administered, yet the fleet itself has tasks to perform in order to render it capable of carrying out the nation's policies. It must train to shoot and steam economically, and must consequently engage in those operations without which our naval organization afloat would be only a collection of independent units acting indiscriminately without efficient coordination under responsible leaders.

It is not possible to carry on efficient training unless an adequate number of the various component units be gathered together and work side by side as team mates. Under the proposed Treaty there are left to the United States eighteen battleships, or six divisions of three ships each, which must constantly manœuver and work together in order to form the nucleus of an efficient fighting force.

While the battleships form the main body and the heart of the fighting force, the cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine forces,

aircraft carriers and aircraft furnish the legs and arms, and adequately to protect and support the main body it is necessary to have an adequate number of these combatant types. And yet this compact body is not in its most efficient condition unless it is in turn aided by its scouts, which must give the fleet the information necessary to carry on intelligently its training problem, or in war strategical or tactical operation. In time of peace the cruiser force is that body from which divisions and units can most quickly be detached and sent on foreign service to perform any duty, including that of showing the flag and of bringing our naval representatives in closer touch with those of other nations. For long and continuous scouting services, it is essential to have an adequate number of long range, sea keeping submarines, which must be additional to the submarines held for defense. For coast and base defense training problems, there are required the appropriate numbers of mine layers, sweepers, aircraft, submarines, and supporting ships. To subsist and maintain our combatant forces afloat there are required the essential fleet adjuncts, such as repair ships, supply ships, fuel ships, mother ships for destroyers and submarines, hospital ships and fleet transports.

To keep this naval establishment ready requires men. No matter how perfect the material may be when laid up, it will not remain efficient unless it be moderately operated and trained in definite tasks, any more than will a merchant marine be smart and efficient unless it be manned by men born and bred to the sea. No better training school for the youth of our country exists today than our Navy.

Although a better understanding has been arrived at, it cannot be the will of this nation to allow its naval establishment to disintegrate to a condition where the 5–5–3 is a name only and not a living fact, and this will be the case if our Navy afloat cannot carry on work similar to that outlined above. The great mission of the Navy is to support the Flag. It may accomplish this either by giving weight to the nation's diplomacy or by force of arms. The thirteen American capital ships scrapped in accordance with the Washington Conference more than justified their brief existence by the weight they gave to American diplomacy. It is difficult to see what would have induced Great Britain and Japan to

accept the invitation to this Conference had it not been for the leading position America had taken as a naval Power; and it can almost be asserted that they would not have accepted the 5–5–3 ratios had it not been for our Naval preponderance. We must not lose sight of the fact that it was the power of our Navy that put the American proposal through. This fact must be accepted; or otherwise we refuse to believe the story which recorded history tells us, or fail to realize that sea power is responsible largely for the spread and maintenance of civilization over the world.

Article XXI of the Treaty for a Limitation of Naval Armament calls for a conference of all the contracting Powers which shall convene as soon as possible after the expiration of eight years from the coming into force of the present Treaty. It is to be hoped that when the contracting Powers meet again in Conference they will find the United States in as strong a position as it was when this Conference met on November 12, 1921. Through its naval establishment alone this will not be a physical possibility, for of its own volition the United States has given up the naval supremacy which it was gaining for the sake of the better understandings that have resulted; but having determined upon a 5–5–3 ratio and upon a policy which stands for a Navy second to none, it is fitting that the United States should come to this Conference with a naval establishment as strong as the ratios agreed upon will allow it to be.

At the close of the Great War, the United States met with her associates in an attempt to find a formula which would solve the questions of future wars, and settle the immediate problems caused by this. The proposal made at Versailles could never free itself from the war clouds which surrounded it or from the pressure of local national needs and aspirations. At Washington the United States made the first and greatest sacrifice. The response was immediate. Great as was our money sacrifice, it was as nothing to the sacrifice made by this country when she gave up her dream of naval supremacy for the sake of better international relationships.

Sixty years ago the United States turned down another page of sea history, when her great maritime fleet of stately ships was swept off blue waters by the advent of the dingy tramp; when the

men who trod their quarter decks, of a breed than whom maritime history knows none better, turned their eyes from the tall spars and from the ocean they loved to the Great West. Those who love the sea, to whom she speaks as does a mother to her child, who find in her fiercest moods only the manifestation of sublime power—those men know what surrender of sea power means.

Thinking naval men, as a matter of pride, regret the sacrifice made in yielding world naval supremacy, yet from a broader point of view they welcome the results accomplished, if they be carried on into the future. No class of men realize more clearly the relations existing between sea power and national world power, or are more willing to subordinate naval aims to the country's wishes; but until that time arrives when the ideals for which our country stands are world ideals, until international frictions cease, until moral suasion is its own sanction and law is self-enforcing, this country can no more afford to allow its gray guardians of the peace to disintegrate as did its stately clipper ships, than can a great city afford to give up its guardians of the law.

W. V. Pratt.

MENTAL TESTS FOR IMMIGRANTS

BY ARTHUR SWEENEY, M.D.

RESTRICTION of immigration has always been a fruitful source of controversy. It has many angles, and opinions differ, largely because of the lack of a common viewpoint. All opinions agree upon certain basal facts. These are, that we need immigrants to develop our resources, and that some means must be found to keep out those who are manifestly undesirable. Controversy centres about the latter, and although various expedients have been tried, none have been wholly successful. As a consequence we have been overrun with a horde of the unfit. The principal trouble with our restrictions has been that we have had no adequate means of determining who are the unfit. While we can measure objectively the physical qualifications of the immigrant, we have had no yardstick with which to form an accurate estimate of his intellectual and moral side, as well as of those other intangible qualities which are essential to good citizenship.

The psychological tests, which in the army developed heterogeneous millions of men of all grades of intelligence, education and social qualities into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen, has furnished us with the necessary yardstick to measure the desirability of the immigrant. The same test will reveal to us, with relative precision, those hidden qualities which will demonstrate the fitness of the intending immigrant for citizenship in this country, and will exclude those who are unfit. The army tests rated men according to their mental age, and classified them into groups. The educational and industrial capacity of these groups was determined, and they were assigned to positions according to their ability. The performance of these men during their months of service in their various duties corresponded very nearly to their psychological ratings, and confirmed the accuracy and value of the tests. The tests revealed the intellectual endowment of the men, and also, to a large degree, determined the

other qualities of a soldier, such as initiative, reliability, adaptability and obedience.

The tests are equally applicable to immigrants. It is feasible to determine the value of the immigrant by his intelligence, for all other faculties and qualities hinge upon this. If he does not possess a certain minimum of mentality, it is safe to predict that he will not be adaptable to the conditions of his new environment, and will not possess those qualities which are essential to good citizenship. If he cannot comprehend, by reason of his mental limitations, the obligations and duties which citizenship imposes, he cannot be other than a burden upon society. Fitness for citizenship is determined best by ability to comprehend its meaning, as well as the advantages that come from it.

The examination of immigrants at the port of embarkation is feasible, inexpensive and simple, and will give results much more accurate than any other method. It is practical to examine groups of two or three hundred at one sitting, in less than one hour. All that is required is a staff of two or three trained psychologists at each port at which large numbers embark. The fact that the immigrants are illiterate or unable to understand the English language is not an obstacle, as the form of test known as "Beta" is designed to meet such conditions, and requires neither education nor knowledge of language for its comprehension. It is entirely objective. In this test the immigrant is asked to supply the missing parts of pictures, to trace his way through mazes, to count cubes variously arranged, and other simple tests that do not require verbal directions, but call only for observation. This is not easier than the "Alpha" test for those who can read and write, and gives results of equal value.

Those examined for the army were grouped according to their mental age as follows:

D − Very Inferior, 7 to 9 years.
D Inferior, 9 to 11 years.
C − Low Average, 11 to 13 years.
C Average, 13 to 14.5 years.
C + High Average, 14.5 to 16 years.
B Superior, 16 to 18 years.
A Very Superior, 18 + years.

The need of some means of excluding the unfit that shall be more effective than past measures is forced upon us by the revelations of the army examinations. In our army 360,000 men of foreign birth were put through the test, with the startling result that 45 per cent were found to be below eleven years of mental age and were grouped in the inferior and very inferior classes. This fact is startling enough, but fades into insignificance when we interpret it as relating to the countries from which most of our immigrants come. The table given below is self-explanatory. (See *Memoirs of National Academy of Sciences, Vol. XV.*)

It will be seen that the percentage of foreign born who are found to be in the D and D minus classes, with a mental age of less than eleven years, is 45.6 per cent. Of the 360,000 recruits of

	A	B	C+	C	C−	D	D−	% D & D−	% A & B
Poland	..	0.5	3.1	19.5	7.3	43.5	26.4	69.9	0.5
Italy	0.2	.6	2.3	24.4	9.1	40.	23.4	63.4	0.8
Russia	0.4	2.3	4.8	22.1	10.5	40.	20.4	60.4	2.7
Greece	..	2.1	2.1	36.7	15.7	35.1	8.5	43.6	2.1
Turkey	0.4	3.0	5.7	34.4	14.7	30.4	11.6	41.6	3.4
Ireland	1.2	2.9	8.4	29.	18.6	26.2	13.2	39.4	4.1
Austria	1.7	1.7	6.7	32.3	20.	27.5	10.	37.5	3.4
Norway	0.6	3.5	8.9	36.	25.9	21.8	3.8	25.6	4.1
Belgium	..	0.8	11.6	39.2	24.	18.6	5.4	24.0	0.8
Canada	3.3	7.2	15.4	25.8	28.4	15.4	4.1	19.5	10.5
Sweden	1.3	3.0	12.6	37.0	26.8	17.1	2.3	19.4	4.3
Germany	3.3	5.0	17.6	31.8	27.8	11.7	3.3	15.0	8.3
Scotland	4.8	8.2	25.4	19.2	28.8	10.9	2.7	13.6	13.
Denmark	0.6	4.8	16.2	32.4	33.	12.8	.6	13.4	5.4
Holland	5.0	5.7	21.4	25.	33.7	8.5	.7	9.2	10.7
England	5.6	14.1	24.0	12.4	35.4	6.	2.7	8.7	19.7
Average Foreign Born	1.1	2.9	7.3	26.6	16.5	30.8	14.8	45.6	4.0
Average White Draft	4.1	8.0	15.2	23.8	25.0	17.0	7.1	24.1	12.1

foreign birth upon whose examination the above figures are based, 164,160 were of such low intelligence that they graded in occupation lower than the common laborer, and were those whose work required continual supervision. In the army they were not considered to be good soldier material, but were largely assigned to pioneer battalions for work that required muscular rather than mental strength.

Equally interesting and suggestive is the low percentage of the higher intelligence group of A and B, reaching only four per cent. This group shows the small percentage of intelligent people of foreign birth as compared with the percentage of 12.1 found in the general white draft, composed of all recruits in the army except the colored races. Certainly it is evident that the number of immigrants capable of understanding the duties and obligations, as well as the opportunity for progress, which our citizenship entails is alarmingly small.

It will also be found that immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe is more undesirable than from other parts of that continent. We can gauge the desirability of immigrants by the relative proportion of those in A and B classes, and by the number in D and D minus. We cannot seriously be opposed to immigrants from Great Britain, Holland, Canada, Germany, Denmark and Scandinavia, where the proportion of the higher groups is above 4 per cent and reaching a maximum of 19 per cent, as in the case of England. We can, however, strenuously object to immigration from Italy with its proportion at the lower end of the scale of 63.4 per cent; of Russia with 60.4; of Poland with 69.9; of Greece with 43.6; and of Turkey with 41.6 per cent. The Slavic and Latin countries show a marked contrast in intelligence with the Western and Northern European group. It is largely from this source that the stream of intelligent citizenship is polluted. So long as this emptying of undesirables into this country continues, there is decreasing hope of improving the standard of our citizens.

As a result of our previous negligence in selection of immigrants, we have populated this country with hordes of the unfit, who are unadaptable to our requirements of citizenship. The census of 1920 reveals that out of a total white population of 94,820,915,

the number born in foreign countries was 13,712,754. If we apply to this latter number the ratings as to intelligence found by the psychological test in the army, 14.8 per cent of foreign-born being in D minus class, the number would be 2,029,484. Those rated as Class D (30.1 per cent) would number 3,927,538. This brings the total of these two classes, who are rated as having a mental age of eleven years or less, to 5,957,026. It would be interesting if there were some figures showing what proportion of this large number took some part in industry and production, and what proportion were dependent, criminal or worthless; but there are no present adequate means of determining these facts. The presumptions being that the higher the intellectual status the more efficient the human machine, the inference follows that this large portion of our population are little fitted to work or vote, and tend to become burdens upon society, either as dependents or misdemeanants.

A significant fact in the report of distribution of our immigrant population, is the tendency for the larger portion, although mainly rural in their foreign homes, to become urban in this country. This is shown by the fact that over one-third of foreign-born immigrants have settled in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, States that are industrial rather than agricultural. The herding together of a large foreign population in cities cannot but tend to racial grouping in which the language and customs of the race are preserved, and to make Americanization a slow and difficult process. It is not hard to find communities in this country in which the English language is to the inhabitants a foreign tongue, and in which habits of thought and conduct are widely variant from those of neighboring communities. This is a condition which militates against the development of those characteristics which are requisite for citizenship. They are dwelling in this country, but are by no means a part of it. They cannot understand our high purposes and they can neither vote with discrimination nor properly conform to our laws.

It is apparent that there is a startling discrepancy in the number of immigrants who are of high intellectual capacity. This may be due to the fact that their mental gifts enable them to

succeed in the competition of life in the old country. It is not wholly because conditions in Europe are so unfavorable that the lower groups cannot make a living, but rather because their mental unfitness prevents them from prospering in the old country as it does in the United States.

Who are the unfit? The groups at the lower end of the psychological scale are the undesirable. They are distinctly subnormal, and as such cannot react favorably in their new environment. They are wholly unadaptable. It is impossible without a psychological test to determine who belong to these groups. One cannot recognize the high grade imbecile at sight. Many of them are physically perfect, and show upon their faces no trace of the stigmata usually associated with feeble mentality. Notwithstanding the popular impression that the physiognomy reflects the condition of the mind, it is seldom possible to make a correct diagnosis of mental defect from the facial expression. It is poetic to talk of the eye as the window of the soul, but it is by no means to be relied upon as a practical test.

The group classified as D minus, representing a mental age under nine years, is distinctly feeble-minded. The three recognized grades of imbecility are: The low grade, with a mental age of three to five years; the middle grade, five to seven years; and the high grade, seven to nine years. In the army classification D minus may include some men as low as four or five years of mentality. The percentage of the D minus group in the general draft was 7.1 per cent. The percentage of this class among the recruits of foreign birth was 14.8, a little more than twice as many. Calculating the number of foreign birth in the army as 360,000, the number of D minus men was 25,200, a rather large handicap to the efficiency of an army. These figures do not, however, represent the average for the country at large, because the local examining boards were able to recognize and exclude from the draft many individuals who were obviously deficient. It is fair to assume that the proportion of high grade imbeciles of foreign birth among the general population far exceeds the 15 per cent that passed the local boards and were sent to cantonments.

This group is wholly illiterate. The test of illiteracy in the army was ability to read a newspaper or to write a letter home.

The amount of schooling obtained by D minus men was extremely limited. Only eleven per cent were able to go beyond the second grade. Of this small number many were promoted to higher grades because of the despair of the teacher, or because their age and physical development demanded their advancement. Most of them could get no further than the first grade, and a few passed to the second grade, at which point reading or writing cannot be said to be a practical accomplishment.

Adaptation to environment being accomplished by correct judgments of large and small problems of life, it can scarcely be said that the D minus class have any capacity in this direction. The formation of a judgment being dependent upon active perception, sustained power of attention and competent associative memory, it is impossible when these three faculties are deficient or absent to expect a correct judgment upon any other than the simplest and most objective of problems. Will power being the automatic consequent of judgment, it is scarcely to be expected that inhibition would be an active factor in their lives. To act or to refrain from action is with them largely a reflex. If the stimulus is a pleasant though ultimately a disastrous one, they react automatically, without ordinary emotional control, with results that may be very unfortunate. They think with the spinal cord rather than with the brain.

Marriage of the mental defectives is their most common and serious reaction. Like produces like, and many families of lesser notoriety than the Kalikacks and Jukes lengthen out the chain of paupers, criminals and imbeciles that fill our courts and institutions, and become a burden upon philanthropy. There is scarcely a charitable agency that has not for years upon its books helpless families resulting from marriages of imbeciles.

What is their status in industry? They are grossly inefficient. Their work is occasional and desultory. They are far below the grade of common labor. They cannot be depended upon to work without the closest supervision. Unable to read, or to understand the simplest directions, they usually are employed on the most commonplace of tasks. The necessity of providing for the future does not stimulate them to continuous labor, and they work only long enough to satisfy immediate desires, and are idle

until hunger or necessity again drives them to work. In every community are a few dependent families that cannot seem to get along, and are a constant burden and problem to municipal or organized charity.

Fortunately their criminal tendencies are of a mild kind. Their crimes are those of passion or false motive, since they have not sufficient mentality to plan complicated offenses or to premeditate serious crimes. Among the disciplinary cases tried by special and summary court martial, the offenses of the D minus group consisted mainly of such as disobedience of orders, insubordination or disloyal statements, and seldom arose to the importance of crimes of acquisitiveness (larceny, forgery, fraud), or to assault or murder.

The D class, representing a stage between imbecility and dull normality, was somewhat more useful, but little more dependable. They were in no sense soldier material. They composed pioneer battalions, with pick and shovel to build roads, to drive teams, and contributed only in a muscular way to the work of the army. Constant supervision of their work was necessary. Even simple tasks were beyond their powers if continuous labor was necessary. They wholly lacked initiative. Their educational possibility was limited to the fifth grade. Sixty-eight per cent finished their schooling at this point, and those who reached higher grades were promoted because of age rather than because of school accomplishment. Even if kept for years in a grade they made no progress. According to the army test, they were for the most part illiterate. Diminished power of attention, feeble perceptive qualities, and deficient associative memory, prevented them from acquiring more than the most rudimentary education.

Within the D class are included many who are called "simple", —not definitely feeble-minded, but rather subnormal,—who fairly well adapt themselves to a simple environment, but are unable to meet in industrial competition those of higher intellectual endowment. They are simple but inoffensive people of good character, honest, and contented with their surroundings. They endure hardship and deprivation without much complaint, are easily exploited by the more cunning, and are incapable of anything other than stolid acceptance of what fate brings to them. They

can comprehend only concrete ideas. Their minds do not rise to the level of the abstract, and all their problems are referred back to past experiences, upon which alone they form their judgments.

Men of the D class are physically well developed. A large number of them are attractive, and pass in the crowd as normal. Many, by reason of their emotional instability, are regarded on first sight as unusually quick and responsive. They laugh easily and are with equal ease moved to tears. It is practically impossible by inspecting the physiognomy or figure of a D class man to distinguish him from a higher intellectual type.

In this class belongs the moron, whose intellectual level seldom exceeds that of eleven years. The moron is marked by a low intellectual level combined with an emotional instability and lack of inhibition that leads to infraction of social customs and laws. He is a reflex arc, rather than a reasoning being. What gives him pleasure is the height of his ambition. He thinks not of to-morrow, but is content if to-day finds him well fed and his other appetites satisfied. He is regardless of the restraint of law, not so much through vicious intention as by the pressing necessity of gratifying his wants. He is the petty criminal, who steals or assaults for the satisfaction of his impulses, without much thought of the consequences. He lives in the present, unwarned by past punishments and heedless of the future. He spends with reckless hand the earnings of to-day without thought of the needs of to-morrow. His morals are limited by his instincts. He is, in times of stress, forced to depend on charity. In industry he has little place. His work is haphazard and only sufficient to supply immediate wants. He is the casual farm laborer, the tramp, the hanger-on in the slums of cities, the easy-going, care-free improvident, who, without persistence enough to be a common laborer or skill to acquire a trade, does the menial and degrading, though necessary, work of the world. Morons fill the workhouses and public institutions of the country. From 60 to 70 per cent of prostitutes are in this group. They marry and produce children in the proportion of two to one as compared with the higher intellectual grades.

How can it be expected that these of low intellectual grade can

become good citizens? To become a worthy citizen of this country only a few things are required, but they are essential. Understanding of the general principles on which our Government is founded is one of them. Respect for law and recognition of the rights of others is another. Is it possible that the feeble mentality of the D minus class can comprehend the beneficent principles on which our Government is based? Is it likely that the D class can recognize the advantages of our free institutions or can properly assume the duties and obligations which citizenship imposes? To what extent can these two classes exercise the duty of voting for our rulers? Unable to read books or papers, they cannot get in proper touch with their surroundings. Lacking in judgment and power of inhibition, they cannot properly comprehend the conditions of their environment, nor can they resist the forceful inclination to break the laws which restrain them from the gratification of their instinctive desires. Being constitutionally inferior, they are necessarily socially inadequate. They cannot conform to the normal customs of society. Creatures of transient and often violent emotions, they are swayed by the voice of the demagogue with consequences dangerous to orderly government. They are incapable of becoming good citizens by reason of intellectual deficiency, and they should be allowed no place in this country and no voice in its affairs.

We have talked much of the Americanization of the foreigner. Theoretically this means that we shall educate him in the methods of our Government, teach him our language, and familiarize him with those social customs which are peculiar to this country. We shall teach him patriotism, the significance of our flag, and prepare him to make an intelligent use of the ballot. This is an ideal that is in every way worthy. But how does it work out in practice? It can hardly be more than fifty per cent successful, because only half of the immigrants have intelligence enough to receive the education which we wish to give them. When we realize that by reason of their mental limitations one half of them cannot progress beyond the fifth grade in our elementary schools, how optimistic should we become over the prospect of teaching them civics, patriotism, or the wise use of the franchise? We cannot hope to make worthy citizens

of the subnormal, nor can we hope that they will ever be led in the use of their votes by any other than their emotions, too often played upon by the demagogue and crooked politician. The elaborate scheme of Americanization is abruptly halted by the no-thoroughfare of limited mentality of 45 per cent of our immigrants.

The parallel between the percentage of illiterates and the percentage of low grade intelligence is startling. It was determined by the simple test of inability to read a paragraph from a paper, or to write a letter, that 24 per cent of the recruits in the army were illiterate. It is not a mere coincidence that in the general white draft the percentage in the D and D minus classes were 22 per cent. It is very evident that these groups could not be otherwise than illiterate, since their mental equipment could not receive education higher than the fifth grade, and a large proportion of these were advanced in classes by reason of age and growth rather than by their school performance. Education can be received only by those who have the intelligence to receive it. It does not create intelligence. That is what one is born with. The intelligent can receive education only in proportion to their capacity. The D minus group cannot go beyond the second grade. The D group cannot pass the fifth grade. The C minus group finds its limit at the eighth grade. The C group can enter the high school, but cannot finish it, while the C plus group can finish the high school.

We must reckon always to have a high percentage of illiterates, no matter how excellent are our schools, for the two lower groups cannot become literate no matter how long they are instructed. A pint cup cannot hold a quart, nor can limited mental equipment absorb more than its quota of education. It is useless to clamor for education of the lower groups. They cannot receive it. What is of more urgent necessity is education of the higher groups to fuller comprehension of their environment, to greater realization of the duties and obligations of citizenship, and for the procurement of a higher degree of justice for the less intelligent, who are too often the victims of the selfishness and cruelty of those of higher mental endowment.

It is time to awaken to the necessity of protecting this country

from the influx of the worthless. Unless we do so we shall degenerate to the level of the Slav and Latin races, with their illiteracy, ignorance and consequent degradation. America is becoming Europeanized, not with the best but with the worst element of that continent. We cannot swim against the tide of foreign invasion unless it is checked and directed into less harmful channels.

We are being swamped with the offscourings of Europe. Those at the lower end of the intellectual scale have brought to us their social customs, their language, their political ideas. They cannot assimilate our ideals. Their adaptability to their new surroundings is limited. They cannot become citizens in the highest meaning of that word. They cannot enter into the spirit of American life. They add little except numbers to the body politic. They add to the burdens of State and municipality, and render more difficult and complex the administration of law and order.

We need immigrants. Our fields are hungry for cultivation. Our resources lie fallow, awaiting the laborer. We need immigrants, but not of the kind that comes to us in the largest numbers. We need those with intelligence, who are adaptable to the environment which we offer them. We need the honest, intelligent, hard-working and thrifty men, who are able to appreciate the opportunities which our free institutions afford and who are able and willing to assume and discharge the duties and obligations which citizenship imposes.

We do not need the ignorant, the mentally feeble, the moron. We already suffer from the presence of too many whose low mentality leads them into pauperism, crime, sex offenses and dependency. We have no place in this country for the "man with the hoe", stained with the earth he digs, and guided by a mind scarcely superior to the ox, whose brother he is.

> Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
> Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

We must awaken to the dangers which are increasingly threatening. If we wish to preserve to this country the ideals which inspire its founders, we must protect ourselves against the

degenerate horde whom we now heedlessly invite to come to us. We must view the immigration problem from a new angle. We must forget those sentimental bywords, like "a refuge for the oppressed of other nations", unless we want to be oppressed by the burden of ignorance and degeneracy which such a catchword invites.

Our immigration laws have not afforded and cannot afford us adequate protection against the undesirable immigrant. They are the outcome of the foolish policy of regarding the quantity rather than the quality of those who come to our shores. The literacy test excludes many of high intellectual capacity, who in the old country had no opportunity for education. We must apply ourselves to the task with the new weapons of science, rather than with an armament that is based on crude and imperfect comprehension of the problem. When bubonic plague, typhus or cholera threatens, we meet the danger with the perfect weapons formed for us by science. We must in the same manner meet the far more serious danger that threatens our body politic and our institutions.

It is not enough to guard only against the physically defective. We must recognize that the more imminent danger is from the mentally feeble. Prior to the Great War we had no standard by which we could measure a man's intellect. The exigencies of that conflict produced such an instrument, and it is now as easy to calculate one's mental equipment as it is to measure his height and weight. The examination of over two million recruits has tested and verified this standard, so that there is little of controversy as to its reliability and efficiency. The application of this new method to intending immigrants will enable us to select those who are worthy and reject those who are worthless.

ARTHUR SWEENEY.

FRANCE IN THE DOCK

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

It pains me to be obliged to write this article. I would never have thought that my country—a country that had undergone the horrors of the worst war in the history of the world, a country that had seen seven of its richest Departments reduced to ruins, a country that had sacrificed one million four hundred thousand men for the common defense of civilization, and which had been so moderate in reaping the benefits of its victory—should now be put in the dock, not by her enemies, but by her allies of yesterday. I would not, above all, have believed that this indictment could have found an echo in America, which I have ever considered a close sister of France; or that the voices of Americans could ever have harmonized with those of the Germans in this requisition.

Still, it serves no good purpose to blind oneself to the truth. We must see things, not as they should be, but as they are. The truth is of itself forceful enough to triumph over all passions and all interests.

First Indictment:—France Keeps a Large Army, Larger Than Before the War. This accusation, which has the greatest currency, took definite form in the United States Senate. Let us consider the figures:

In July, 1914, the French Republic had under arms on national territory—that is to say in France—736,000 officers and men, and in its colonial possessions—Algeria, Morocco, Soudan, Madagascar, and Indo-China—220,000, making a total of 956,000 officers and men. The first of this year (1922), the French Republic, according to the official figures of the Minister of War, had under arms both on French national territory and in the Occupied Area on the Rhine 570,000, and in its colonial possessions 220,000, making a total of 790,000 officers and men. This means a diminution of 166,000 men from the figures of before the War, or about 18 per cent. A new law is now being considered by the French

Parliament, which will cause every Frenchman to enter the service for a period of eighteen months until 1925; and for one year after 1925, instead of for three years as before the War. The number of men on active service in the French army—in France proper and on the Rhine—after the law is voted, will therefore be only 450,000 until 1925; and 330,000 after 1925. To this we may add the colonial troops—Algerians, Moroccans, Africans, and Indo-Chinese—for police duty, which will continue to amount to some 220,000 men. We will thus have for France and its colonies a grand total of 670,000 men up to 1925; and 550,000 men after that. This will mean an immediate reduction of thirty per cent from the strength before the War; and a reduction of forty per cent after 1925.

If we compare these figures with those of the British Empire and the German Reich, this is what we find: The effectives of the British Empire, as provided for by the budget of 1921–1922, including India, amount to 640,000 men. But this does not include the forces of the various Dominions. The French army in 1923—670,000 men in all—will therefore be much less than that of the British Empire including its Dominions. As for the German army, there are for the present the *Reichswehr*, amounting to 100,000 men, and the *Schutzpolizei*, amounting to 150,000 men, making a total of 250,000 men. The French army will therefore be greater than the German army up to 1925 as well as after. But we must not forget that the German army is merely a skeleton, upon which a larger army may be built on a moment's notice, and that it is remarkably well prepared and trained for war. Out of the 100,000 men in the *Reichswehr* there are, for example, not less than 41,877 non-commissioned officers, all veterans of the War; while the French army, renewed each year, will ever be an army of novices, with a mediocre training and with insufficient experience.

Here we have the facts and figures. One can thus see that this accusation is baseless on all points. The large French army is actually smaller than the little British army; and after 1925, if one deducts the colonial troops and those used for policing purposes, it will be but slightly superior to that of Germany.

Second Indictment:—France Spends an Immense Amount of

MONEY ON HER ARMY AND ON ARMAMENTS. This second accusation is derived from the first, and was also formulated in the United States Senate. Let us again examine the figures:

The credits granted to the French Ministry of War for the year 1922 (January 1 to December 31) amount exactly to 3,709,345,454 francs; namely, 2,960,875,269 francs for the ordinary permanent expenditures of the French army, and 748,470,185 francs for the exceptional extraordinary expenditures resulting from the hostilities in the Near East. In all justice it is right to deduct the 748,470,185 francs from the exceptional outlays, for, as the name itself indicates, these expenses will fall to zero as soon as peace shall have been reëstablished in the Balkans, and in Asia Minor. It is even proper to deduct from the ordinary permanent expenditures of the army the 438,000,000 francs which represent the cost of occupation in Morocco and the cost of the military services which are established there; 225,000,000 francs representing the cost of the French colonial troops in Indo-China, in Africa, and Madagascar; 158,000,000 francs representing the cost of the constabulary in France, and 1,700,000 francs representing the cost of the constabulary in Alsace-Lorraine. These deductions made, the French army will cost France exactly 2,139,485,269 francs for 1922; namely, about a twelfth part of the budget of the total expenditures of France, which exceeds twenty-five billion francs.

Her army and land armaments cost France 2,139,485,269 francs. Let us, if you will, convert this sum into dollars. The dollar to-day being estimated at eleven francs, this represents $194,498,660. Now, if we look at the American budget, we note that for the fiscal year of 1921–1922 (July 1 to June 30) the expenditures of the army exceeded $325,000,000, and that for the fiscal year 1916–1917 (the last year preceding the entry of the United States into the War) these expenditures amounted to exactly $358,158,361.

And, if we examine the British budget, we note that for the fiscal year 1921–1922 the expenditure on the British army amounted to exactly £106,315,000, or about $400,000,000.

France, therefore, spends less to-day for its army than America, and she does not spend half of what is spent by Great Britain.

Third Indictment:—FRANCE IS INCREASING HER EXPENSES EVERY YEAR, AS WELL AS HER ISSUES OF PAPER MONEY.

Figures will contradict this assertion as energetically as the two others.

The French budget in 1920 amounted to twenty-seven billion francs ($5,350,000,000 at par); in 1921 it amounted to twenty-six and a half billion francs ($5,300,000,000 at par); and in 1922 it amounts to twenty-five billion francs ($5,000,000,000 at par). It has therefore been decreasing steadily for the last three years, instead of augmenting as some charge. Each of these budgets has been covered by equivalent receipts. The 1922 budget of twenty-five billion francs has already in view nineteen billion francs to be collected in direct and indirect taxes, and six billion francs in the special tax on War profits and the liquidation of War stocks.

It is true that before the War the French budget amounted to only five billion francs ($1,000,000,000). But, as I have already explained in a previous article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the War has cost France the formidable sum of $56,130,000,000. France has been obliged to borrow both from her citizens and from other nations in order to meet this terrible financial bleeding. And now she is obliged to underwrite her budget before all else for thirteen billion francs ($2,600,000,000 at par) annually, to pay the interest and the amortisement of her debt. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs will rest upon the shoulders of France for many generations. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs was contracted for services rendered to civilization, and Germany will never pay a single cent on it, because the Peace Treaty stated that she should not be required to pay. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs will, on the other hand, accrue other billions soon, when the United States and Great Britain ask France to pay the interest and amortisement of what is due them.

As for the issue of paper money, it amounted to thirty-eight and a half billion francs ($7,650,000,000 at par) in 1919; but in the course of the year 1921 this issue was reduced by more than two billion francs, and is now but thirty-six billion francs ($7,200,000,000). The issue of paper money has thus been diminished by $450,000,000.

There is on the other hand a country in Europe whose expense budget has augmented to fabulous proportions, and where the in-

flation of currency has attained extravagant heights. Yet this country has intact all of its productive forces, and not one of its factories has been damaged by the War. This country is Germany! The budgetary deficit in Germany amounted to forty-nine billion marks in 1919; sixty-two billions in 1920; and one hundred and ninety billions in 1921. It is in Germany, too, that the issue of paper money, which on December 31, 1918, amounted to 32,300,000,000 marks, was more than 48,360,000,000 on December 31, 1919; 80,200,000,000 on December 31, 1920; and more than 110,500,000,000 on December 31, 1921.

So when, in America, one talks of a European country that continually augments its deficits and issues of paper currency, one is right when referring to Germany, but all wrong in thus referring to France.

Fourth Indictment:—France, in Wanting Germany to Pay to the Last Cent What She Owes, Pushes Her Toward Bankruptcy. This is the accusation most common in so-called international financial circles. Let us see what it is worth:

France, in virtue of the Treaty of Versailles, to which the representatives of seventeen nations—including America—affixed their signatures, is given the right to require Germany's payment, first, of the total reparations due on the devastation caused by the German army, and second, of the total War pensions due the widows, orphans, and disabled. After two years of study, the Reparations Commission fixed the total sum to be paid, at 218 billion francs, which was therefore due to France.

But at the Conference that took place in London in May, 1921, and on the energetic insistence of Mr. Lloyd George, it was decided that Germany's total debt to the Allies should not, under any circumstances, amount to more than 132 billion gold marks (about 158 billion francs at par). It was also decided that of this sum, France should have fifty-two per cent, or about 68 billion gold marks. At the rate of exchange current March 1, 1922, 68 billion gold marks amounted to something like 180 billion francs, or a reduction of almost twenty per cent on the actual debt as fixed by the Reparations Commission. If, as is quite probable, the franc continues to rise in value, the exchange value of the 68 billion gold marks will rise in consequence, and the actual sum due

France will further diminish. If the value of the franc returns to par, the 68 billion gold marks will represent only 85 billion francs. The reduction consented to by France is thus actually one-fifth of the original, and it is possible that it may be reduced by three-fifths. How many creditor nations are there that had after a terrible war, consented to such reductions for the benefit of the debtor nations, their enemies? Is America ready to make similar reductions for the nations that were yesterday her allies?

Out of the 132 billion gold marks that Germany engaged herself to pay in reparations on May 5, 1921, she has paid up to March 1, 1922, a little more than six and a half billion gold marks —that is, 1,200,000,000 marks in money, and the rest in kind, such as ships, cattle, coal, railroad material, etc. This represents in all $1,622,000,000. But, as the payments were first applicable to the reimbursement to America and England for what they spent to feed Germany after the Armistice (about $1,000,000,000), and then to the cost of maintaining the Armies of Occupation on the Rhine, which on March 1 last amounted to almost $1,400,000,000, France has not as yet touched a single cent of German money for its own reparations and pensions.

Yet as she could not permit her villages to remain in ruins, and as she had to repair her burned-out factories, her ravaged fields, her flooded mines, and pay the pensions of her widows, orphans and disabled, France has been obliged to advance the money to Germany. The sums thus advanced amount to 80 billion francs, to-day (about $6,500,000,000 at the average rate of exchange for the past three years). The payments were made as follows:

Reparations for the Devastated Area	$3,600,000,000
Pensions for widows, wounded and disabled	2,400,000,000
Interest on the sums borrowed to pay the above expenses	500,000,000
Total	$6,500,000,000

Thus France, which has seen seven of its richest industrial Departments ravaged, destroyed, and in some cases completely obliterated, has been able to find, since the Armistice, the force to supply from within the country itself the sum of six and a half billion dollars to dress her wounds, reconstruct her villages, and her factories, and pay the pensions of her widows, her wounded,

and her disabled. And Germany, which is absolutely intact, which has not so much as an inch of its territory destroyed, which has all its factories, and which can dispose of all its productive forces, has been unable to pay much more than one and a half billion dollars, of which only one-sixth was paid in kind.

For the past three years, the German Government has been spending money extravagantly. In 1921 it spent more than 250 billion marks. It has fairly rained money on its functionaries, as if it meant nothing at all. The employees of the railroads alone, which are owned by the Government, at the beginning of 1921 augmented their salaries by twelve billion marks. It has delivered itself up to all sorts of prodigalities in spending, the budget of 1921 including nine billion marks for the construction of cottages for workmen! It has voluntarily neglected its receipts: a railroad trip of 100 kilometers in France costs $1.75, and the same trip in Germany only costs 38 cents. It has deliberately permitted its citizens to export to Switzerland, and other foreign countries, their capital, their stocks and bonds, and their money. It has been very lenient in taxation, the tax per capita in Germany being only $13.88 while in France it is $45.62.

It is thus that the German Government is going bankrupt. It is going joyfully, hurriedly! Never have a people precipitated themselves to ruin with so much pleasure! Never have creditors looked on more complaisantly! Never have they shown themselves so indulgent to their debtor, as have the Allies in regard to Germany!

Fifth Indictment:—France Does Not Intend to Pay America What She Owes, and Wants the American Taxpayer to Pay for the Upkeep of Her Military and Civilian Institutions. This accusation was made verbatim by a United States Senator. Let us examine it.

The United States has loaned France exactly $3,151,506,337, which, according to an official document of the United States Treasury Department, was employed as follows:—

1.—Excess of French purchases in the United States over United States purchases in France.....	$455,545,147.59
2.—Loans used for the liquidation of debts in this country (U. S.) contracted prior to April 1, 1917.....	806,630,000.00

3.—Transportation and shipping	$154,878,700.59
4.—Interest	268,791,426.37
5.—Payment of maturing obligations	289,744,755.28
6.—Funds for relief work	143,137,042.12
7.—Purchase of silver	6,300,000.00
8.—Repayment of loans to England	1,026,479,265.85
Total loans	$3,151,506,337.80

It is but necessary to glance at this report, to note that of these three billions loaned by America not a cent crossed the Atlantic; and that all this money was spent in the United States. One cannot imagine anything more absurd or more untrue than the statement that "France wants the American taxpayer to pay her for the upkeep of her military and civilian institutions".

France will reimburse these three billions. She has always said that she would pay. She will be, according to the words of M. Viviani, as exact in the field of affairs as she has shown herself on the field of battle. She asks but two things: First, that she be given the time to pay. France has accorded Germany seventy-five years to pay her seventeen billion dollars for reparations. And second, that Germany shall not be encouraged to evade her just debts. The same day that the United States Senate proclaimed its intention to make the Allies pay their debts to the very last cent, Mr. Hoover's advisory committee declared that "the reparations must be readjusted". France knows what "readjustment" means. It means that the reparations must be further diminished, after they have already been diminished by twenty per cent. Thus we see our creditors rap at the strong-box of France, asking for payment, and at the same time wishing to stop her from collecting what is her due. A rather strange comprehension of logic and arithmetic!

The case rests here. I stated that I would give facts and figures. I have laid down the accusation and the reply. I will let the American people, whom I consider the most just on earth, return the verdict. France is ready to incline itself before all those who study and know the truth, but not before those who ignore it and pervert it.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

"YELLOW" AND "RED" TRADE UNIONS

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

Two new international forces of vast magnitude have appeared on the horizon of Europe since the termination of the war. The basis for these forces is the new position of importance acquired by labor during the war in all the belligerent countries. From the point of view of the numbers involved, these forces are greater than even the huge armies brought into being in the course of the war. From the point of view of their potential power, they have much more efficient means of affecting the most vital phases of the life of various nations than the armies ever possessed.

These forces are the two new international organizations, uniting the various trade unions of Europe, as well as of a number of countries outside of Europe. The first has its centre in Amsterdam, and is called officially the International Federation of Trade Unions, though it has been dubbed by its opponents the "Yellow" Trade Union International. It claims to speak for nearly thirty million workmen. The second has its centre in Moscow and is known officially as the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions, though its colloquial appellation is the "Red" Trade Union International. It lays claim to representing seventeen million workmen.

Apart from these bodies stands the American Federation of Labor, representing nearly five million workmen. For some time it was affiliated with the Amsterdam International. But it withdrew about a year ago, and is now more or less actively opposed to both the "Yellow" and the "Red" Internationals.

The magnitude which is claimed for the numerical strength of the two international bodies is a very forceful indication of the development of organized labor during and since the war. These two bodies, particularly so far as their magnitude, scale of operations, character and potentialities are concerned, may be considered a direct result of the war and its aftermath.

I

The war has had several very important effects upon the labor movement in all countries, particularly so far as those phases of it are concerned which deal with the trade unions, or so-called organized labor. It has been calculated by the International Labor Office attached to the Headquarters of the League of Nations in Geneva, that the membership of the various labor organizations in twenty countries for which statistics are available had more than trebled during the decade from 1910 to 1920, increasing from 10,835,000 in 1910 to 13,222,000 in 1914, and to 32,680,000 in 1920. Thus most of this increase came during the second half of the decade, i.e., since the beginning of the war.

The organized labor movement showed this stupendous growth not only from the point of view of the internal situation in the countries enumerated, but also from the viewpoint of its international activities. In this respect, the development of the trade union movement has been due also to very vital changes introduced by the war in the whole international labor movement, both in its Socialist and strictly labor aspects.

Before the war, there existed in Europe two international bodies, the Socialist International, which united the Socialist parties of various countries, and the International Trade Union Secretariat, the precursor of the present Amsterdam Federation. The spheres of activities of the two bodies were delimited with a fair degree of clarity. The Socialist International was concerned primarily with political problems, making directly for the establishment of Socialism, while the Trade Union International busied itself chiefly with economic problems, dealing with conditions of labor, etc.

The war broke up both of these bodies. The Socialist International went to pieces because the various Socialist parties which composed it gave up their international affiliations in order to support their various governments in the war. No attempt to reconstruct the Socialist International was made until after the war, when a conference of Socialists of both the Allied and the enemy countries took place in Berne.

The International Trade Union Secretariat—which, by the

way, reorganized itself shortly before the war into the International Federation of Trade Unions—was largely controlled by the Germans and also went to pieces when the war began. Two parallel attempts were made, however, one on each side of the battlefront, to establish some sort of unity. In 1916, an Inter-Allied Trade Union Conference was held in Leeds, and a temporary centre was created in Paris for the trade unions of the Allied countries. Some months later, a Central Powers and Neutrals Trade Union Conference was held in Berne, and a similar centre was created for the remaining group of trade unions. The reorganization of the International Trade Union Federation on the basis of a reuniting of these two parallel groups was not effected until the Amsterdam Conference, held in July, 1919.

But by the time that these after-war attempts were made to reorganize the Socialist and the Trade Union Internationals, there was already in existence a new force, placing itself in opposition to both Internationals. This new force, the most spectacular of the forces born of the war, was the Communist régime in Moscow, which during the first months following the war, was just beginning to project itself upon a world arena, and which succeeded very rapidly in effecting such a projection in the conditions of the war's aftermath. There was a vital difference, however, in the manner in which the Moscow leaders attacked the two Internationals, and this difference happened to be much more favorable to the Trade Union than to the Socialist International.

To the reëstablishment of the Second or Socialist International at Berne, the Communist leaders opposed the formation of the Third or Communist International at Moscow. All through 1919 and the first half of 1920, the efforts of the Communist International were directed towards the destruction of the Socialist International. The success achieved by Moscow in this regard has been very marked. The line of attack was two-fold. In the first place, agitation was carried on within the ranks of the separate Socialist parties comprising the International, having in view the gaining of their sympathies for the Moscow International. In the second place, efforts were made to force these component parties to withdraw from the Socialist International in the hope

of eventually getting them into the fold of the Communist International.

Moscow was successful along both of these lines, though not so much along the second as along the first. The Socialist International has lost most of its important parties, and is now virtually defunct. But these parties have not joined Moscow, either. Most of them have split, part going to Moscow for its international affiliation, and the other part joining a new body, the Fourth International, organized several months ago at a conference held in Vienna. These results are entirely in keeping with the whole experience of the Communist leaders: eminently successful in their destructive aims, they fail most markedly in all their efforts at constructive activities.

But entirely apart from this aspect of the situation, the three-line split of the International Socialist movement has had a very important effect on the labor movement. With the loss of prestige by the movement whose aims were principally political, the consummation of some of these political aims now devolves on the labor organizations themselves, and this fact lends a new coloration to many of their activities.

Busy with their internal problems and with their fight against the Socialist International, the Moscow leaders overlooked the growing importance and prestige of the Amsterdam Federation. Its creation in the summer of 1919 passed practically unnoticed in the communist circles. It was not until the summer of 1920, or almost a year later, that the Moscow leaders woke up to the importance of the new international formation. And in the meantime, the Amsterdam Federation had had time to gather sufficient strength to render it a more formidable opponent to the Communist International than either the Second or the Fourth Socialist Internationals.

II

The first marked appearance of the trade unions on an international scale was in the 'nineties of the past century, when unions in various industries began to form their own international organizations. These organizations continue to exist and func-

tion to-day. But in 1901, the trade union federations of some of the important European countries met for a conference in Copenhagen and organized the International Trade Union Secretariat, as a world centre and clearing house of the trade union movement. Another conference was held in Stuttgart the following year, and a third conference in Dublin in 1903. After that conferences were held every two years until the beginning of the war. In 1913, the Secretariat was reorganized and became the International Federation of Trade Unions. Karl Legien, secretary of the German Federation of Trade Unions, was elected International Secretary and served in that capacity until the war.

In the year of its formation, i.e., in 1913, the International Federation had twenty-one countries affiliated with it, each through its own trade union centre. The total membership was about eight million (7,394,461 in 1912). The dues were a mark and a half for each thousand members. The objects of the Federation, as defined by its constitution, were entirely economic in character, being principally as follows: the gathering of statistics and the preparation of reports; appeals and financial help to affiliated bodies; resolutions in favor of labor legislation; promotion of national unity in the movement.

The new International Federation, created at the Amsterdam conference in July, 1919, is not a continuation of the old. It is a new organization, with different aims, a much larger scope of activities, and nationally different leadership. Instead of monopolizing the executive body of the Federation, the Germans are not even represented on the Executive Bureau, which has charge of the Federation's affairs. At the time of its organization, the Federation represented fourteen countries, including the United States. It first officers, elected at the Amsterdam conference, were as follows: President, W. A. Appleton of England; Vice-Presidents, Samuel Gompers of the United States and Leon Jouhaux of France; Secretaries, Oudegeest and Fimmen, both of Holland.

According to the constitution of the Federation, these five officers constitute the Executive Bureau of the Federation. They must meet once a month and have charge of the conduct of affairs. Besides the Executive Bureau, there is also a Management

Committee, consisting of the officers and ten members from affiliated countries. The Committee must meet twice a year. The conferences of the Federation to determine policies are provided for biennially, but special conferences may be called in the intervals between regular ones.

The objects of the Amsterdam Federation, even as stated in the constitution, are much broader than those of the old Federation. They consist in promoting the trade union movement on a national as well as international scale, particularly in countries not affiliated with the Federation; in promoting the interests of trade unions in all countries, particularly through combined action on an international scale; and in providing funds for these objects. But while these stated aims of the Federation seem far enough removed from political activity, many of the acts of the Executive Bureau were from the start tinged with a distinct political flavor.

The difference between the old and the new Federations in this regard may be seen from the following comparison: In 1907, at a regular conference of the International Secretariat, the representatives of the French Confederation of Labor raised the question of the advisability of international trade union action against war. Their motion, however, was excluded even from discussion by reason of its being political in character. It was referred and transmitted to the Socialist International. During the very first year of its existence the new Federation, by action of its Executive Bureau, organized and carried out an unsuccessful international boycott of Hungary in retaliation for repressions against labor organizations there. The boycott lasted from June 20 to August 6, 1920, and was then given up. Moreover, resolutions were passed in favor of international strike action against war; of socialization and international control over the distribution of raw materials; as well as in favor of certain amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations and of coöperation with the International Labor Organization attached to the League of Nations.

There is no doubt that, to a large extent, these actions were dictated by the fact that in 1920 there was no Socialist International with sufficiently recognized prestige, as there had been in

1907, to which to refer questions of a purely political character. But however that may be, these actions indicated a very definite trend in the policies of the Federation. They led to three important events in the life of the Federation, all three of them occurring before the end of 1920. The first of these was that the American Federation of Labor withdrew from the International Federation, charging the Executive Bureau with violations of the constitution and with committing the whole Federation to socialistic and revolutionary policies. The second was the resignation of the President of the Federation, W. A. Appleton, presumably for similar reasons. The third was the convocation of a special conference of the International Federation in November, 1920, in London.

At this special conference the need of political activity on the part of the Federation was very clearly and emphatically presented. The opening address, delivered by Leon Jouhaux, the ranking officer of the Executive Bureau after the resignations of Appleton and Gompers, was devoted to the question of a struggle against what was defined at the conference as the "international reaction", and this struggle was placed before the conference as the principal purpose of the Federation at the present moment. The conference formulated a number of demands, which were later on incorporated in the First of May Manifesto of the International Federation.

In this Manifesto, signed by the Executive Bureau of the Federation, headed now by J. H. Thomas of England, the new President of the Federation, the workmen of all the countries were asked not only to abstain from working on May 1, as is customary, but also to see to it that "the labor manifestations should be more grandiose than ever before". The need for these demonstrations was stated as follows:

> Reaction becomes more and more insolent in all countries. The bourgeoisie protests with increasing energy against the just demands of labor. Persecutions against labor organizations on the part of Governments become more and more severe. The efforts of the representatives of capital toward subjecting Governments to their control become more and more insistent every day.

The workmen of all the countries were then reminded by the manifesto of the "White Terror" against labor organizations in

Hungary, Finland, Spain, etc.; of the failure of most countries to introduce labor legislation; of the apparent inability on the part of the League of Nations to solve the problems of economic reconstruction in Europe by a solution of the exchange question and an organization of distribution of raw materials, because of which there is a great deal of unemployment; of the insistent opposition on the part of the bourgeoisie to the socialization of the means of production. After enumerating all these accusations against the present order, the manifesto proposed that on May 1 the following demands be made by labor all over the world:

Socialization of land and the means of production.

The putting into immediate operation of the conventions worked out by the Washington Congress of International Labor Organization of the League of Nations.

Struggle against unemployment by regulating the system of distribution of raw materials.

International action against militarism and for universal peace.

It was because of the marked trend of the International Federation toward radical policies of this kind that the American Federation of Labor withdrew from the Amsterdam International. There were also other reasons of less importance. The relations that have existed since the end of 1920 between the American Federation and the Amsterdam International may be described as a series of negotiations for concessions on both sides. As far as the American Federation is concerned, the question of its affiliation with the international body has been a subject of discussion at two of its annual conventions, but it still appears to be far from solution.

III

The American Federation of Labor left the Amsterdam International because the latter is too radical. There is another great national trade union centre which is not affiliated with the Amsterdam body, its refusal dating back to the time of the establishment of the International. The Russian trade unions, controlled by the Russian Communist party, refused to take part in the Amsterdam Conference and denounced from the very start the

International created there. Their objections, however, are that the Amsterdam body is not radical enough. And while the leaders of the American trade union centre have made numerous efforts to compose their differences with the Amsterdam International, the leaders of the Russian centre have worked actively in opposition to it, even going to the extent of creating their own international trade union centre in competition with Amsterdam.

The "Red" Trade Union International was created at a conference held in Moscow in July, 1920, exactly a year after the Amsterdam Conference. Officially known as the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions in order to include Syndicalist as well as trade union organizations, the Moscow International claimed to represent at the time of its creation several countries and a total membership of 8,965,000 workmen. Of this number, however, 5,200,000 members were credited to the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions. Italy was credited with 2,000,000; Spain with 800,000; and the syndicalist minority of France with 700,000.

The International Council has been created with the avowed purpose of destroying the Amsterdam Federation, against which the same arguments are used as those that had been formerly applied to the Socialist International. The general term applied to the Amsterdam International is "Yellow," which in the communist terminology has come to be a term of utmost abuse. As the Communists apply this term and its antonym, "Red," everything in the radical movements that accepts the Communist interpretation of the social revolution, recognizes the dictatorship of the proletariat as an immediate contingency, and is willing to obey unquestioningly the dictation of the Communist International, is "Red;" on the other hand, everything that opposes this or refuses to accept this is "Yellow".

So, in stating the difference between the International Council and the Amsterdam Federation, the first manifesto issued by the Council declared that the two bodies "are on the opposite sides of the barricades: on one side is social revolution, on the other side, social reaction." The Amsterdam Federation was accused of being committed to a policy of "compromises with the bourgeoisie" and of playing the rôle of "an adjunct to the League of

Nations". In organizing the International Council, the Moscow leaders wanted to create a general staff of the international labor movement, which would be committed to a strictly revolutionary programme of an immediate social revolution in all countries. In their manifesto they announced that the distinguishing feature of their activities lies in the fact that "it is not peace, but the sword that the International Council brings the bourgeoisie of all countries".

There is, of course, a vital difference between the "Yellow" and the "Red" trade unions, and this difference is conditioned mainly upon their conceptions of the rôle of trade unions. The theory that underlies the Amsterdam Federation is that the trade unions are solely organizations of workmen, created to protect their interests and to impose their demands. Under these conditions, they should be entirely independent of any political parties. This applies equally to countries in which the means of production, such as the land, factories, etc., are in private hands and the employers of labor are individuals, and to countries in which these means of production have been nationalized, as in Russia, and the sole employer of labor is the State.

The Communist theory is opposed to this. It assigns the trade unions a dependent and secondary rôle in a Communist State. According to this theory, the trade unions, while they may consist of workmen belonging to different political parties, should be controlled and directed entirely by the Communist party, which should also control the Soviet State and the apparatus of political authority. This is the status of trade unions in Russia, and it is on this theory that the Soviet Government prohibits and severely punishes all strikes and other attempts on the part of trade union organizations to make or enforce their demands. In the international field, the trade union movement is similarly made subservient to the Communist International. A Communist writer, describing in the Moscow *Pravda* of June 1, 1921, the difference between the "Red" Trade Union International and the Communist International, states this difference as follows:

> The rôle of the latter is to guide the social revolution and later on to direct the establishment of socialistic forms on a world scale, while that of the former is to help bring the masses of labor, organized into unions, without which the

success of the revolution is impossible, on to the path of a struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat and also to train and prepare workmen for their tasks in the conduct of production after the political authority shall have been seized.

The principal task assigned to the International Council is to make every effort to break up the Amsterdam Federation by taking out of its hands its component trade unions. In doing this, the leaders of the Moscow Council have resorted to several means. They are working within the trade unions, trying to obtain there a decision against Amsterdam and for Moscow, and they seize every convenient occasion to attack the Amsterdam Federation in order to discredit it.

IV

Such in general outlines is the story of the two international organizations of trade unions. Both the Amsterdam Federation and the Moscow Council are continuing their work. The latter had its first world congress in July, 1921, at which, according to the claim made by its international secretary, Lozovsky, there were represented seventeen million workmen. But a large part of this number is made up of Syndicalist elements, which represent another tendency in the labor movement, entirely different from and opposed to both the independent and the Communist trade union theory. In order to complete the picture of the international labor movement, we shall say a few words about Syndicalism.

The theory which underlies the Amsterdam Federation conceives of trade unions as operating in conditions of politically organized States. They may and actually do work in coöperation with political parties, governments, and, internationally, with the League of Nations through its International Labor Organization. The Communist theory also conceives of trade unions as operating in conditions of politically organized states, though of a different kind and on different terms: subjection rather than coöperation. The Syndicalist theory, on the other hand, rejects entirely the idea of political organization. It wants workmen organized into industrial unions to control and manage not only

productive enterprises, but also all functions of government. The American Industrial Workers of the World, now affiliated with Moscow, are a fair illustration of the Syndicalist movement.

Barring the Russian trade unions, most of the organizations represented in the "Red" Trade Union International are Syndicalist or semi-Syndicalist in character. Even the Russian unions themselves have a very strong Syndicalist element. And there is a constant struggle between the Communist and the Syndicalist elements in the ranks of the "Red" unions, both in the Russion national centre and in the International Council. In this regard, the "Yellow" unions have a distinct advantage. All of the unions affiliated with the Amsterdam International are agreed on the fundamental trade union theory, and even the American Federation, which differs from the International on the matter of tactics, is wholly in agreement with it as far as the basic theory is concerned.

There is no doubt that the "Red" Trade Union International has far fewer elements of stability and far less chance of permanence than its "Yellow" rival. Torn by internal differences and dissensions and directed by the same arrogant and despotic individuals who direct the Communist International, it is undoubtedly doomed to dissolution together with its sponsor, the Russian Communist régime. The Amsterdam Federation, on the other hand, has every chance of permanency. And much in the history of the world, particularly of Europe, will depend on whether or not the Federation will continue its present rapid trend towards political radicalism. If it succeeds in solidifying the national trade union centres and in building up an effective international machine, the Amsterdam Federation will have in its hands a greater power for international action than any other organization in the world. To what purposes will it use that power?

LEO PASVOLSKY.

DEFINING THE INDEFINABLE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I AM well aware that literature, or even such an inconsiderable part of literature as this gay book on my desk or the poem on the printed page, as a whole is indefinable. Every critic of literature from Aristotle down has let some of it slip between his fingers. If he describes the cunning form of a play or a story, then the passion in it, or the mood behind it, eludes him. If he defines the personality of the writer, the art which makes all the difference between feeling and expression escapes definition. No ten philosophers yet agree as to whether beauty is an absolute quality, or simply an attribute of form, whether a poem is beautiful because it suggests and approaches an archetype, or whether it is beautiful because it perfectly expresses its subject.

And yet when the ambition to explain and describe and define everything is humbly set aside, there remains a good honest job for the maker of definitions, and it is a job that can be done. I may not be able to tell what art is, but I can tell what it is not. I may fail to make a formula for literature, but I can try at least to tell what Thomas Hardy has chiefly accomplished, define Conrad's essential quality, point out the nature of romantic naturalism, and distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. And if such things were ever worth doing they are worth doing now.

Only a prophet dares say that we are at the beginning of a great creative period in the United States, but any open-eyed observer can see that an era of American literary criticism is well under way. The war, which confused and afterward dulled our thinking, stirred innumerable critical impulses, which are coming to the surface, some like bubbles and others like boils, but some new creations of the American intellect. The new generation has shown itself acrimoniously critical. It slaps tradition and names its novels and poetry as Adam named the animals in the garden,

out of its own imagination. The war shook it loose from convention, and, like a boy sent away to college, its first impulse is to disown the Main Street that bore it. Youth of the 1890's admired its elders and imitated them unsuccessfully. Youth of the 1920's imitates France and Russia of the 1870's, and contemporary England. It may eventually do more than the 1890's did with America; in the meantime, while it flounders in the attempt to create, it is at least highly critical. Furthermore, the social unrest, beginning before the war and likely to outlast our time, has made us all more critical of literature. Mark Twain's *Yankee at King Arthur's Court* turned the milk of Tennyson's aristocratic *Idylls* sour. The deep drawn undercurrent of social thinking urges us toward a new consideration of all earlier writing, to see what may be its social significance. The "churl", the "hind", the "peasant", the "first servant" and "second countryman", who were the mere transitions of earlier stories, now are central in literature. They come with a challenge, and when we read Galsworthy, Wells, Sinclair, Dreiser, Hardy's *The Dynasts*, Bennett, we are conscious of criticizing life as we read. The pale cast of thought has sicklied modern pages. The more serious works of art are also literary criticism.

Again, there is the mingling of the peoples, greatest of course in America. Our aliens used to be subservient to the national tradition. They went about becoming rich Americans and regarded the Anglo-American culture as a natural phenomenon, like the climate, to which after a while they would accustom themselves. Their children were born in it. But now it is different. The Jews particularly, who keep an Oriental insistence upon logic even longer than a racial appearance, have passed the acquisitive stage and begin to throw off numerous intellectuals, as much at home in English as their fellow Americans, but critical of the American emotions and the American way of thinking, as only a brain formed by different traditions can be. Soon the Mediterranean races domiciled here will pass into literary expressiveness. It is as impossible that we should not have criticism of the national tradition expressed in our literature as that an international congress should agree upon questions of ethics or religion.

And of course the new internationalism, which is far more vigor-

ous than appears on the surface, favors such criticism. The war brought America and Europe two thousand miles closer, and the habit of interest in what Europeans are thinking, once acquired, is not likely to be lost. No American writer of promise can hope now to escape comparison with the literatures of Western Europe, and comparison means a new impulse to criticism.

Fundamental, creative criticism—like Sainte-Beuve's, Matthew Arnold's, Walter Pater's, like Dryden's, Brunetière's, de Gourmont's, or Croce's—will presumably come. The conditions, both of publication and of audience, are ripe for it now in the United States. But there is a good deal of spade work in the study of literature to be done first, and still more education of the reading American mind. One reason why Lowell was not a great critic was because his scholarship was defective; or, to put it more fairly, because the scholarship of his contemporaries, with whose knowledge he might have buttressed his own, was incomplete. And if a twentieth century Sainte-Beuve should begin to write for general American readers, it is doubtful whether they would accept his premises. Says the intellectual, why *should* he write for the general public? I answer that if he writes for coteries only, if he is disdainful of the intelligent multitude, he will never understand *them*, and so will not comprehend the national literature which it is his function to stimulate, interpret, and guide.

The spade work of criticism is research, investigation into the facts of literature and into its social background. The scholar is sometimes, but not often, a critic. He finds out what happened, and often why it happened. He analyzes, but he does not usually make a synthesis. He writes history, but he cannot prophesy, and criticism is prophecy implied or direct. Few outside the universities realize the magnitude of American research into literature, even into American literature, which has been relatively neglected. A thousand spades have been at work for a generation. We are getting the facts, or we are learning how to get them.

But before we may expect great criticism we must educate our public, and ourselves, in that clear vision of what is and what is not which from Aristotle down has been the preliminary to criticism. A humble but a useful way to begin is by definition.

I use definition in no pedantic sense. I mean, in general,

logical definition, where the class or *genus* of the thing to be described—whether best-selling novel or sentimental tendency—is first made clear, and then its *differentia*, its differences from the type analyzed, cut and assorted. But this process in literature cannot be as formal as logic. Good literature cannot be bound by formulas. Yet when a poem charged with hot emotion, or a story that strays into new margins of experience, is caught and held until one can compare it with others, see the curve on which it is moving, guess its origin and its aim, forever after it becomes easier to understand, more capable of being thought about and appreciated. And when the current of taste of some new generation that overflows conventions and washes forward, or backward, into regions long unlaved, is viewed as a current, its direction plotted, its force estimated, its quality compared, why that is definition, and some good will come of it.

Some general definition of that intellectual emotion which we call good reading is especially needed in America. Most of us, if we are native born, have been educated by a set of literary conventions arranged in convenient categories. That is more or less true of all literary education, but it is particularly true in the United States, where the formal teaching of English literature *per se* began, where, as nowhere else in the world, there was a great and growing population eager to become literate and with no literary traditions behind it. The student from a bookless home learned to think of his literature as primarily something to be studied; the teacher who had to teach thousands like him was forced to reduce living literature to dead categories in order that a little of it at least should be taught. Thousands of Americans, therefore, of our generation emerged from their training with a set of literary definitions which they assumed to be true and supposed to be culture. Only true definitions of what literature really is can break up such fossilized defining.

On the other hand, that large proportion of our best reading population which is not native in its traditions offers a different but equally important problem. How can the son of a Russian Jew, whose father lived in a Russian town, who himself has been brought up in clamorous New York, understand Thoreau, let us

say, or John Muir, or Burroughs, or Willa Cather, without some defining of the nature of the American environment and the relation between thought and the soil? How is an intelligent German-American, whose cultural tradition has been thoroughly Teutonic, to make himself at home in a literature whose general character, like its language, is English, without some defining of the Anglo-American tradition? Lincoln must be defined for him; Milton must be defined for him; most of all perhaps Franklin must be defined for him. I have chosen elementary examples, but my meaning should be sufficiently clear.

And the American critic—by which I mean you, discriminating reader, as well as the professional who puts pen to paper—is equally in need of the art of definition. The books we read and write are on different planes of absolute excellence or unworthiness. There is—to take the novel—the story well calculated to pass a pleasant hour but able to pass nothing else; there is the story with a good idea in it and worth reading for the idea only; there is the story worthless as art but usefully catching some current phase of experience; and there is the fine novel which will stand any test for insight, skill, and truth. Now it is folly to apply a single standard to all these types of story. It can be done, naturally, but it accomplishes nothing except to eliminate all but the shining best. That is a task for history. In the year in which we live—and it is sometimes necessary to remind the austerer critic that we always live in the present—there are a hundred books, of poetry, of essays, of biography, of fiction, which are by no means of the first rank and yet are highly important, if only as news of what the world, in our present, is thinking and feeling. They cannot be judged, all of them, on the top plane of perfect excellence; and if we judge them all on any other plane, good, better, best get inextricably mixed.

For example, consider a novel which at the moment of this writing is a best-seller. I mean Mr. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes.* This book is essentially the tragedy of a good and honest soul thrown by harsh circumstance into an environment which is bound to crush him. He has the wrong wife, he has the wrong business associates, the girl he loves is separated from him by moral barriers. If he breaks through these he injures irrepara-

bly his own sense of what is due to his God and his fellow man. His instincts of charity, humor, and love rebound upon him. He is too Christian for England, and too guileless for life. This is a worthy theme, and yet if we judge this novel on the highest plane it fails miserably. For Mr. Hutchinson stacks the cards. He gives his hero his way and his salvation, after much suffering, by a series of lucky accidents. He destroys the problem he creates, by forging an answer.

But this novel should not be finally judged on the highest plane. It is not a tragedy, it is a romance. It belongs on the plane below, the plane of stories told to meet the secret desires of humanity, which have little to do with reality, and are quite oblivious to fact. On this plane *If Winter Comes* ranks highly, for it is poignantly told, there is life in its characters, and truth in the best of its scenes. Definition saves us from calling a good novel great; it spares us the unnecessary error of calling a good and readable story bad because it is not a triumph of consistent art.

To see that a given book is good for *this* but not good for *that*, may be praised for its plot, but certainly has not character enough to get long life, is hard. But when the difficulty of adjusting standards is increased by the irresponsible hullabaloo of commercial appreciation, no wonder that sensible people estimate foolishly, and critics of standing are induced to write for publication remarks that some day will (or should) make them sick. For the publishers' "blurb" confuses all standards. Every book is superlative in everything. And the hack reviewer, when he likes a book, likes everything and applies Shakespearean adjectives and Tolstoyan attributes to creatures of dust and tinsel, or blunders helplessly into dispraise of scholarship, restraint, subtlety, taste, originality—anything that he does not understand.

There is no help except to set books upon their planes and assort them into their categories—which is merely to define them before beginning to criticize. This is elementary work, as I have said, which may lead the critic only so far as the threshold, and cannot always give the reader that complete and sympathetic comprehension of what he has read which is the final object of literary criticism. However, in an age when overemphasis has been commercialized, and where the powerful forces of print can be mo-

bilized and sent charging everywhere to bowl down contrary opinions, it is indispensable.

Scholarly books have been dispraised because they were not exciting; fine novels have been sneered at because they were hard to read; cheap stories have been proclaimed great because they wore a pretence of seriousness; sentimentality has been welcomed because it was warm hearted; indecency has been condemned for immorality; immorality has slipped through as romance; daring has been mistaken for novelty; painstaking dulness, for careful art; self-revelation, for world knowledge; pretty writing, for literature; violence, for strength; and warped and unhealthy egoism for the wise sincerity which is the soul of literature. In all such instances definition is the prophylactic, and often the cure.

Writers, most of all, need to define their tasks. I do not mean their technical problems merely, although I cannot conceive that a dramatist or playwright, who has his subject well in mind, can possibly be hurt by thinking out his methods with the most scrupulous care. Lubbock's recent book on *The Craft of Fiction* has emphasized an art of approach and point of view in the great novelists which was thoroughly conscious, even though they may never have tried to formulate it in words. I mean particularly the defining of their themes, their objectives. Many modern novels of the better class, and a great many modern poems, seem to me awash and wallowing like derelicts on the high seas. They are successful enough in this, excellent in that, but they get nowhere, because the writers had felt the emotion that made them, or suffered the experience, but never defined it in terms of all emotion, all experience, never considered its end. The three dots . . . of modern literature are significant. We break off our efforts, partly no doubt because we seek effects of impressionism, more often because imagination went no further. Near things are sharp and expressed with remarkable vividness, ultimate objectives are blurred; which is to say, they lack definition.

May the shades of Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson, and all great individualists protect us from bad definitions, and especially from rigid or formal ones! Bad definitions destroy themselves, for if they are thoroughly bad no one believes them,

and if they contain those pleasing half truths which a generation loves to suckle upon, why then after their vogue they will wither into nothingness. Such definitions are of the letter, and die by it, but stiff, clumsy definitions kill the spirit. To define a great man by a formula is to sink to the lowest practice of the worst class rooms. To define a tendency so sharply that it cannot flow without breaking the definition, is a lecturer's trick for which audiences should stone him. Solemn generalizations which squat upon a book like an ostrich on a goose egg and hatch out vast moral philosophies, are to be dreaded like the devil; as are, equally, the critics with pet theories, who, having defined them, make everything from a squib to an epic fit their definition.

Definitions which classify without margins are a special evil: the division into literature and journalism for example, with no allowance for interlocking; or the confident separation of all books into categories of good or bad. Wholesale definitions are also objectionable, where, having defined a poem as magazine verse, or a collection of articles as a magazine, or a book as a sex story, or a man as a journalist, or a tendency as erratic or erotic, you think you have said something. May the muse of clear thinking, and the little humorous gods who keep the sense of proportion balancing, protect us from these also!

It occurs to me, at the very end of this essay, that I have made but the same attempt to define definition. This, however, is as it should be. For definition, in the sense in which I am using it, like literature, has much of the indefinable. It is a tool merely, or better still, because less rigid, a means by which the things we enjoy and that profit us may be placed in perspective, ranged, compared, sorted, and distinguished. It is what Arnold meant by seeing steadily and seeing whole. It is the scientist's microscope that defines relationship, and equally the painter's brush that by a touch reveals the hidden shapes of nature and the blend of colors. It is, like these instruments, a *means* and not an *end*. Let pedants, scholiasts, formalists, and dilettantes take to heart this final description of literary definition.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

UNFURL THE FLAGS OF APRIL!

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Frail larch shadows glimmer liquidly
Edged with the tremor of bewildered rain;
The pines are stenciled lank and vaporously
In oscillating mist; roots writhe and strain
To one more cool wet grasp of earth: O Spring,
In hollows where the stealthy tumult hums
A vehemence of rich remembering,
Unfurl the flags of April! Beat your drums!

In every corner of the woods and valleys
Trembles the little talk of violets;
Gust after gust leaps out, flaps loose, then rallies;
The reed tastes fire, the white dove tenderly frets;
I walk on the brink of beauty shivering:
Unfurl your flags and beat your drums, O Spring!

SOMEWHERE, I KNOW

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Somewhere, I know, the sky at this bright hour
Is brighter than the long flash of the seas
Flung in a mellow curve against the breeze;
Somewhere, I know, one frail and wistful flower
Breathes to my heart more of the magic power
And pain of loveliness than all the trees
That shower ripe light on a thousand Hesperides
Leaving the stars ecstatic with the shower.

Somewhere, I know, there is an island's link
Of splendor beat and braided to the moon
Like blossom to blossom in an eternal June;
Somewhere, I know, there shines for me the brink
Of ultimate beauty, and may I thither climb
On the pale ladder of one immortal rhyme!

A GARDEN . . . THERE

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Spring comes singing everywhere,
  And all her radiant gifts bestows
Of primroses and violets fair,
  And every bud that blows.

But there's a garden in old France
  Where once Spring danced her minuet,
That now lies in a desert-trance,
  As if it would forget

The beauty of a haunting flower,
  Or blooming tree, or birds that sing,—
For war came in a fateful hour
  And slew the unborn Spring.

And now, O stony garden, there
  In France, where once such lilies blew,
Though Spring come singing everywhere,
  She will not come to you. . . .

MASEFIELD

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

On re-reading *Gallipoli* and the *Sonnets*

I thought on England in her tragic hour
  Of sacrifice supreme for human right;
  Beheld her bleeding, broken in the fight
With a massed tyranny's stupendous power;
And musing on far graves where lie her flower
  Of manhood, memory so dimmed my sight
  That I forgot the dawn that crowned her night—
The victory that was her valor's dower.

Then, even as I grieved, I saw once more
  How genius can atone and re-create:
How, by its own high gift, it can restore
  The Land that gives it birth to sovereign State,
Rekindling glories that it knew before,
  And deepening its life to life as great!

PLAYS AND NOVELS OF ST. JOHN ERVINE

BY ALICE LOTHIAN

M. Abel Chevalley, in his able survey of contemporary English fiction, classes Mr. St. John Ervine among "*les Régionalistes.*" To Mr. Ervine's readers, who esteem his work not least for its versatility, it will be evident that this estimate is based on the first, only, of his novels, *Mrs. Martin's Man.* They will be tempted to quote Professor Quiller-Couch's unacademic advice, to distrust all classification in literature, and to attribute to the French critic the national tendency to think in terms of coteries and schools. But M. Chevalley is no scholastic, and his acute judgment has pierced to the bed-rock fact that Mr. Ervine's art is rooted and grounded in Ulster. To his Ulster ancestry and his Ulster up-bringing Mr. Ervine owes, as I believe, that fundamental sense of true values in life and art that alone can preserve an artist's liberty of imagination, in these days of literary opportunism.

The work of novelists so dissimilar as Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Hardy, Sir James Barrie and Arnold Bennett, reminds us that an intimate knowledge of one little place may provide the key that will unlock the treasures of the human heart. Mr. W. B. Yeats writes in *Celtic Twilight*:

> In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there perforce.

When Mr. Ervine has shown us the world in the little towns of Ulster, in Ballyards or Ballyreagh, we are content to drift with him into the minorities of London, when the great metropolis casts its net of glamourie over the young Ulstermen in his novels, *Changing Winds* and *The Foolish Lovers.* If Ulster laid the foundations of his art, London, his home since he first came to it as a lad of seventeen, has enabled it to manifest itself so variously. For Mr. Ervine, who is still, let us remember, basking on the

sunny side of forty, is known to a wide public on both sides of the Atlantic by his four novels, six published plays, and a mass of vividly conceived and trenchantly written articles on a wide range of literary, political and general subjects; while in the realm of the theatre, as a dramatic critic of some ten years experience, and as Manager for a time of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, he has gained "a comprehensive knowledge of the theatre, in which," says Arnold Bennett, "he is probably unequaled by any other playwright" in England, and has in his plays "combined great skill, fine ideals and perfect sincerity with immense popular success."

The London that lured Mr. Ervine from Ulster twenty years ago was an after-war London. The Boer War, inconsiderable though it may seem to a generation that has heard the call to arms in every continent, bit deep into the conscience and brain of the British people. It pricked the bubble of assurance that had blown out of the solid achievements of the Victorian era, and left men face to face with the question whether those material gains for which their fathers had striven—in the world of industry or empire—were worthy or worth while. A spirit spread abroad that refused to take things for granted, and sought to see things as they are, and not as tradition and national pride have painted them. English fiction, responsive to the currents of the national thought, set itself to display "life at its most real", divested of all romantic trappings. The domestic life of the English middle class lay exposed in the novels of Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy; while George Bernard Shaw in his plays probed its ideals and dissected its moral sanctions. Intelligent persons reveled in a spiritual diet of disintegrating criticism. As young men in other ages have been professedly adventurous or licentious or devout, so the young men of this age were detached, critical, and, we must own, ineffably superior, as Mr. Ervine has shown them to us in *Changing Winds*. In the minds of young artists verisimilitude usurped the place of art, and reserved the trade-mark of Realism for the "rags" of life, while the "silk, satin, muslin" of the old saw were bundled into the intellectual rag-bag.

Mr. Ervine's earlier work was in tune with the tendency of

the time in its choice of gray environments, its deliberate rejection of romantic incident and happy endings. But the vigorous Ulster temperament does not readily subscribe to a negative creed, and only in the collection of early sketches, entitled *Eight O'Clock and Other Studies*, does the will o' the wisp of "realism" leave the reader bogged in the morass of human effort that is futile, and human hope that attainment leaves still unsatisfied. These sketches, delicate impressions of "the long littleness of life", from which the writer does not seek to wrest a definite meaning, are vivid, fresh, conveying his apprehension of the tragi-comedy of insignificant lives with a still humor, a fine sense of the irony of things, and that directness of approach and diction that has marked Mr. Ervine's work from the first. Their mood is a challenge to the moral assumptions of the elder generation, the generation that inspired Samuel Smiles to write *Self Help* and evolved millionaires out of messenger-lads. "Why," they ask with the Psalmist, "should man rise early, toil late and eat the bread of trouble?" "For the sake of Progress," you say. "Progress?" retorts the old cabby or crossing-sweeper of these sketches; "Wot's progress? Wot's the good of things goin' on if folks gets left be'ind?" It is not their fault, decent fellows, that they get left behind. It is the fault of no one in particular. Mr. Ervine, ardent Fabian as he was in those days, may, in his rôle of social reformer, have laid the blame at the door of the capitalistic system. But here Mr. Ervine, as artist, is content to present the situation, and let us make of it what we will.

In 1914 Mr. Ervine published *Four Irish Plays*. In these plays there is little movement, no color, little light save the faint glow shed by "the sweetness of the women of Ulster", that warms the heart, as their tidy fire-sides and wholesome fare warm the weary bodies of their men-folk. But although they bring "to no man happiness", they do not, like so many "realistic" plays, leave us enervated and depressed by a dreary conviction that the game of life is not worth the candle of the spirit.

The Magnanimous Lover, which is the earliest of these plays, has the abstract flavor of a Morality Play. It embodies the conflict between pride and fear—between the stiff Ulster pride of Maggie Cather and her one-time lover's fear, a fear born of

the grim Ulster religion that promises a red-hot hell for the wages of sin. In *The Orangeman* and *Mixed Marriage* the onus of thwarted youth and unenlightened age rests on the peculiar Ulster brand of politics. The age-old quarrel between youth and age is accentuated and embittered by the maintenance of parental authority in Ulster in an age that has generally agreed that "the happiest families are those in which the parents are most obedient". Here the sons, wearied of ancient bigotries, are ranged against the fathers, whose Protestant and Orange principles are bitten into the bone.

When *Mixed Marriage* was first produced, with notable success, at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in 1911, the question of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants was a live issue in Irish politics. But the revival of this play at various times in the English repertory theatres, and again in London last January, proves that it has a wider than topical interest, in its moving presentment of the clash of wills and personalities in a house divided against itself. On the one side stands John Rainey the father, mentally and spiritually barricaded behind his principles. As his wife says to him, "Yer conscience and yer principles causes a great dale of trouble to other people!" Over against him stand his sons Hugh and Tom, sensitive and restive in their growing consciousness of manhood, held to their home only by their mother's conciliating love. But although Mrs. Rainey believes that "a wumman has no right t' be choosin' sides", her genial comments on the strange ways of those "quare oul' humbugs", men, weight the balance of sympathy against John Rainey as surely as Hugh's accusation that his good training of his sons was only bullying. Idealism is in the scales against him, too, the idealism of Michael, the Labor enthusiast, who believes that the millenium will dawn in Ireland if his fellow-workers can be persuaded that "onderneath the Cathlik an' the Prodesan there's the plain workin'-man—". Then again—heaviest indictment of all—John's bigotry is in some way responsible for the accidental shooting of Nora, the Catholic girl whom Hugh wished to marry. Yet there is no real foundation for the criticism leveled against the play by the Belfast press, resentful of the caricature, as they deemed it, of the "Ulster stalwart". For

John Rainey is no villain, but a very human figure, kin to us all in his inability to follow the light of reason when the floods of traditional prejudice swept over his soul. He is rather simple and as his wife perceived very childlike, for all that "he thinks he's the quare big strong man".

The sudden death of Nora in the last act, based though it be on an actual incident in the riotous history of Belfast, raises an interesting technical question as to whether "any accident, however sanguinary, can produce a moment of real drama". Mr. George Bernard Shaw says that it cannot, and here the dramatist seems to have felt that the sudden intrusion of casual matter-of-fact into this drama of discordant personalities was after all a side issue. For in the lovely quiet ending of the play he carries our thoughts past the catastrophe that destroyed Hugh's young dream of love, and focusses them on the deep inward tragedy that lies in the hearts of the old couple. This is the note that sounds as the curtain falls:

JOHN RAINEY. (as if dreaming) A wus right. A know a wus right.

MRS. RAINEY. (weeping a little, and patting him gently) Aw, my poor man, my poor man.

John Ferguson, an Ulster play published in 1915, ends on the same note of withdrawal from the violent palpable tragedy of youth to the quiet hidden tragedy of age. This is a play written in Stoic mood. We are conscious of complete isolation from all that makes life gay and comely. John Ferguson's house is comfortable within, for Mrs. Ferguson prides herself on maintaining the appearance of fortune. But it lies surrounded by lonely fields where bleak weather and a stubborn soil breed poverty and despair. The gray shadow of undeserved but inevitable misfortune broods over it from the first, and soon takes shape in the betrayal of Hannah Ferguson and the murder of the man who had wronged her. The murderer is not Jimmy Cæsar, who loved Hannah and talks, as a coward talks, of vengeance. Hannah's brother Andrew, egged on by the sly malevolent chatter of "Clutie" John, the half-wit, took swift action while Jimmy blustered and trembled. At the end of lives of toil and upright dealing, John and Sarah Ferguson are the helpless spectators of the ruin of those fine-spirited children whom they had

brought up in the fear of God. The fate of the young people is ordered, not by their parents' integrity, but by the evil forces that brood in the confined life of a village—lust, cowardice and the furtive impulses of a half-wit.

And John Ferguson's faith deserts him at the moment of testing. He tries to restrain Andrew from confessing to the murder for which Jimmy Cæsar has been arrested on suspicion:

JOHN FERGUSON. (to Andrew) Come on, son, and get ready! You must quit the place this night. . . .

ANDREW. I can't go, da, and leave Jimmy in the wrong.

JOHN FERGUSON. Yes, yes, son! That'll be all right! We'll think about Jimmy afterwards. Come and get ready now, son!

ANDREW. I must do right by Jimmy for my peace' sake.

JOHN FERGUSON. No, son, you must save yourself first.

It is his children who pull John together, and restore him to his normal attitude of patient waiting upon the will of God. Then Andrew, with Hannah for company, goes off to give himself up at the barracks, and John and Sarah are left alone. John picks up the Bible, which always lies open at his side:

JOHN FERGUSON. Come here, Sarah! Sit down, woman, here by the side of me, and give me a hold of your hand. . . . Listen to God's word, Sarah, and that'll strengthen you. (*He reads of David receiving the news of the death of Absalom.*) . . . "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son. . . . my son.'" (*His voice ends in a sob. The Bible falls from his hands. There is a low moan from his wife.*)

John Ferguson's faith neither braces him to meet the facts of life, nor comforts him when action is unavailing, and for his wife it lacks potency even as a drug to deaden sorrow. The play is burdened with a sense of the futility of little lives that fret and suffer for a moment between the pangs of birth and the pains of death. The dramatist is ruthless in his rejection of the artistic compromise that seeks, as Mr. W. B. Yeats expresses it, "to create a little world out of the beautiful and pleasant and significant things of this marred and clumsy world."

In his political monograph entitled *Sir Edward Carson*, Mr. Ervine makes a comment that may be quoted here for the light that it throws on his own choice of themes. He says:

Someone said to Lady Gregory on one occasion, "Why is it that you, who are an old woman, write comedies for the Abbey Theatre, while the young dramatists write tragical pieces or pieces with a tendency towards bitter criticism?" Lady Gregory said, "It is because I am an old woman!" And indeed it is natural for young writers to think in terms of tragedy, whereas the old, who know that life is full of the compensation of which Emerson wrote, can smile or laugh even when there is occasion for tears. But Lady Gregory's reply does not completely answer the question. Young men's minds are full of dreams of perfection. They love humanity in the abstract so heartily that when they contemplate humanity in the concrete, they lose their tempers. The bitter plays that are written for the Abbey Theatre are not composed by ill-natured men or men who hate Ireland; they are written by disappointed men who love Ireland so heartily that they cannot bear to see her failures unmoved.

It may have been because the scene is shifted from Ireland to London in *Jane Clegg* and *Alice and a Family*, that Mr. Ervine felt free to unleash his keen sense of comedy, a gift less subtle but no less humane than the rich vein of humor that runs through Mrs. Rainey's patient wisdom in *Mixed Marriage*. *Jane Clegg* has been variously described as "a faithful photographic study of a sordid episode", or as "a piece of ruthless realism" or as "flat prose". Yet, although it does not minimize one iota of the dreary repetition of dull tasks that fills women's lives within the narrow walls of lower middle-class homes, it seemed more comedy than serious drama to those who saw it, as it was produced by the Theatre Guild in New York with Margaret Wycherley in the title rôle, and Dudley Digges playing the part of Henry Clegg.

Jane's husband, Henry Clegg, is a "rotter". He is faithless to his wife, he gambles, he defrauds his employers. But his struggles to put a respectable face on things, hindered rather than helped by his old mother's doting loyalty, are rich in comedy. We feel, too, that Henry puts in a very cogent plea for himself when he says to his wife, in that revealing last talk in which they discuss things as calmly as "strangers talking about something that didn't matter"—

I'm not a bad chap, really. I'm just weak. I'd be all right if I had a lot of money and a wife that wasn't better than I am. . . . Yes, I am mean. I know that; but it makes me meaner than I really am to be living with you.

In 1914 Mr. Ervine published his first novel, *Mrs. Martin's Man.* Here we are back in Ulster, in the little town of Ballyreagh, where Mrs. Martin's windows overlook the sea, so that she can see the boats go by, and listen to the splash of the waves and the crying of the sea-birds. The story is slight, for the flood-tide in the affairs of Martha Martin and her sister Esther had surged sixteen years before, and we are concerned only with Martha's way of tidying up the flotsam and jetsam that it had left behind. But there is a spaciousness, an atmosphere of fresh air and of wide horizons without, that was denied us in the plays, while within doors Martha fortifies her family with homely Ulster comfort, and wholesome Ulster fare. "I declare to me God, you've got barm brack!" her son Jamesey exclaims. Martha had her reasons for the barm brack. Not until she had set a plate of it before him, and poured out his tea, did she break the news,—"Your da's comin' home, Jamesey!"

When Mrs. Martin's man thrusts his untidy person into her home after an unexplained absence of sixteen years, she accepts the situation with calm reasonableness. She is as determined as Jane Clegg to conserve a worthy home-life for her children, but, older and wiser than Jane, she is prepared to accept people for what they are. As she tells Jamesey, who is embittered by the discovery that his Aunt Esther had been his "da's" "fancy woman", "I've tholed too much, Jamesey, not to know that things can't be unraveled just like a ball of yarn that's run under the table and got twisted." She succeeds in winning Jamesey to tolerance, for he is a healthy lad, and, as she says, "you can't always be hatin', unless your mind's a rotten one." The emotional storm that swept over Aunt Esther, when she realized that she had wasted her life in desire for a man whose presence now filled her with loathing, is presented in a passage of rare power:

> Now, indeed, she was a lonely woman, deprived of the consolation of memory. . . . It seemed to her at that moment that she had walked suddenly into a place of desolation. . . . That in this dreadful region of lost illusions, the enlivening tang of the sea and the hearty buffet of the wind and the lovely smell of earth and ocean and lovely things on soil were changed to a horrible air of seclusion and death.

But Esther, too, with Martha's help, builds up her life again, for it is the vigorous Ulster instinct to meet sorrow with action. As Sarah said of her daughter in *John Ferguson*, "There's no good of her sitting up there crying her eyes out. The world has to go on just the same, no matter what happens!"

And what of Martha Martin herself, after she had straightened out the family tangle? "She, too, had had longings, and she, too, had lost all that she desired, but what was the good of mourning?" Once more the writer closes on the muted string:

"Aye," she said to herself, "they'll want their tea when they come in!"

She spread the table-cloth on the table, and then went to the dresser to get the cups.

"Och, ochone!" she said a little wearily, as she laid them on the table.

But lest we take woman's rôle in life too solemnly, Mr. Ervine introduces us next to the "managing woman" at the age of fourteen in the alert small person of Alice in *Alice and a Family*. When she says, "I 'ave a purpose," the family—and sometimes, we suspect, the author—has no choice but to follow in her wake, relieving the feelings with the admiring comment, "A bit 'ot, ain't she!" Critics were disposed to dismiss this genial story as "an amusing whim, never for a moment touching the best Mr. Ervine can do". But these sparks of laughter, struck quite simply and naturally from the gray flints of life in mean streets, were significant of the intellectual freedom of a young writer, whom contemporary critics were determined to closet among the "gloomy highbrows". And technically, *Alice and a Family* marks a definite stage, for it set out to be a story concerned with blind-alley employment for boys, but was soon taken in hand by Alice, and compelled to serve the ends of her benevolent tyranny. The author's ideas of plot-formation are becoming more elastic. His story is controlled, not by the foreseen end, but by the natural development and reactions of the characters which his genius has created. Mr. Ervine's next novel, *Changing Winds*, marks a further loosening of the earlier concentration and economy of effort; while in his latest novel, *The Foolish Lovers*, the forces of life and character mould the tale to an end to which the author seems hardly reconciled.

Changing Winds is formless and fluid as the confusing times

of which it treats. It is full of matter for the historian in its account of Henry Quinn's experiences in the early months of the war, and in Dublin during the Easter Rebellion of 1916. But it is no mere chronicle. It breathes the very spirit of these ominous days, probing to the ideas behind the events, and groping round questions to which, after three years of peace, we have hardly begun to guess the answers. It impresses one as the gesture of an eager mind, working too swiftly for the leisure that is needful for the free play of imagination. The characters are primarily instruments in the orchestra of clever talk, the fluent talk of London's intellectual coteries and of gregarious and garrulous Dublin. But when Henry Quinn is in Ulster, on his native soil, the writer's sense of character reasserts itself. Mr. Quinn, Henry's father, stands foursquare to the winds of heaven, bristling on the surface with the combative assertiveness of the strong men of Ulster, but shy, too, "shy as a wren about intimate things." He is as loyal to Ulster as John Rainey, but without a touch of the Orangeman's bigotry. He engaged a Sinn Fein tutor to teach Henry to love Ireland as he loved her, for, he said, "It 's grand to be Irish. I pity the poor devils that aren't!"

Mr. Quinn believed that youth "had a right to three things, love an' work an' fun, an' it ought to have them about equally". He feared that Henry was likely to get the proportions all wrong, for though Henry was no slacker, he had a shrinking will. It was his instinct to avoid decisions, to drift, with the result that he acts, in the last resort, on impulse; and his imaginative apprehensions and indecisiveness were a secret source of grief to his father. When war breaks out, Henry is slow to enlist, because his imagination revolves round such situations of horror and helpless suffering as are the commonplaces of war, and he shrinks from putting his courage to the test. His love affair with Mary Graham is casual in the extreme. "Did you mean to marry me?" Mary asks him, "or did you just . . . sort of . . . not thinking, I mean!" Henry is an interesting study of a temperament that was commoner before the war than it is to-day, when young men and women have learned to seize, almost too greedily, the passing hour.

John Macdermott, in *The Foolish Lovers*, approaches life very

differently. Like Henry, he has had his early love affairs, impetuous, furtive and desperately in earnest. But once he has caught his first glimpse of Eleanor in a London restaurant, his Ulster tenacity comes into play, and gives her no rest until she consents to marry him. Presumably they are called "the foolish lovers" because they married without an assured income or "prospects." Possibly Mr. Ervine intended to confound the worldly-wise by showing how their seeming rashness was justified, thus demonstrating that the true folly consists in wasting one's youth in playing for safety. But if so, the characters that he created have once more taken the bit in their teeth, and have followed a rougher way to a finer end. John Macdermott goes up to London from the little Ulster town of Ballyards determined to win fame and success by his pen. He fails, and after a stiff battle, in which love prevails at last over pride, he consents to go back to Ballyards to help old Uncle William with the grocery store that has, in reality, been supporting him and his wife all the while:

> "I've been living a fool's life," he said to himself. "I had one great adventure; finding Eleanor, and I did not realize that that was the only romance I could hope for!"

To his friend Hinde he said: "I had no qualification for this work, . . . nothing but my conceit. . . . I'm a failure." And Hinde replied:

> We're all failures. . . . We make a little stir and then we die . . . we poor scribblers. And that's all. It's much better to marry and breed healthy babies than to live in an attic making songs about the stars. The stars don't care, but the babies may.

Now it is the novelist's single aim to present impartially such aspects of life as may have registered themselves on a mind sensitized by imagination. "Here," he says in effect, "is a fresh slice of life to add to your experience. Make of it what you will. If you choose to argue about it, that is not my affair." Nevertheless, when a successful young writer sets himself to rub the gilt off the literary gingerbread, ordinary folk can hardly avoid falling over the points that he has raised, with an outcry proportionate to their romantic regard for books and their makers. When

The Foolish Lovers was first published, the younger critics, as was to be expected, greeted it with a tragic gesture. "See," they cried, "how failure and disappointment lie in wait for all who are not content to lead ordinary lives!" Others, perhaps older and wiser, scented a moral, quoting Uncle William's warning: "Listen, John, the thing that destroyed your father and your Uncle Matthew was their pride in themselves. They never stopped to consider other people. And nothing came of their work." My personal view hinges on the fact that this is Mr. Ervine's first after-war novel, written in part during convalescence from wounds. Now Mr. Ervine had come from Belfast to London as a lad of seventeen to work in an Insurance office, and had gradually won a reputation as a journalist and playwright that brought him into touch with notable people. Then came the war, that mighty leveler. First as a private in the Guards, and later as a subaltern in the Dublin Fusiliers, perhaps amid such discomforts and humiliations as Mr. Stephen Graham describes in *A Private in the Guards*, our author, as I imagine him, rediscovered the ordinary, undistinguished man; with the result that his first artistic reaction to the war took shape as this romance of home-coming, this story that dwells on the significance of the commonplace.

It is significant of the sincerity and sanity of Mr. Ervine's work that he did not prematurely press into the service of his art forces that still swayed his spirit. For experience becomes the material of art, not immediately, but by slow distillation through the alembic of the imagination. Masterpieces come slowly to birth. The superb little play, that Mr. Ervine has ironically named *Progress*, has only lately been finished, though the war sowed the seed from which it sprang. This one-act play is white-hot with a woman's passion to save. Starkly confronted with her own brother's indifference to her sacred memory of her dead son, and with the scientific pride in his diabolical invention that takes no account of the price to be paid in human suffering, she finds no way open to her but the way of destruction. The action moves as inevitably as a Greek tragedy to its awful end, an end that, with less skill or less sincerity, might have collapsed into melodrama. There is not one

superfluous word, all is restrained, compact, as finely cut and brilliant as a diamond.

In this three-act play, *The Ship*, Mr. Ervine has developed into a powerful drama the theme of the Belfast ship-builder which will be familiar to readers of *Changing Winds*. For John Thurlow, ship building is the great adventure, and absorbs all his creative passion. His pride in it destroys his only son, who was his unwilling deputy on the disastrous maiden voyage of the ship that John had believed to be unsinkable. The son cared nothing for ships and loathed machinery, loving handicrafts, nature and the simple life, but with no desire to bring his own ideal of life and his father's into violent opposition. As in *Mixed Marriage* it is the father who forces the issue, with the result that youth is once more destroyed.

Henry Quinn in *Changing Winds* had to combat among his friends in Dublin just such a failure to appreciate the practical genius and vigor of the North of Ireland as John Thurlow resented in his son's attitude to his own achievements. It would seem that the Dubliner is apt to think the Northerner a mercenary materialist, to which the Belfast man retorts by taunting the Dubliner with garrulous inefficiency. For in Ireland, the two ideals of life, that by continual process of adjustment make progress possible, have the illusory appearance of conforming to the boundary line between North and South. But the North, too, has its dreamers and visionaries, like Uncle Matthew in *The Foolish Lovers*, for whom dreams are more real than deeds. As Mr. Quinn said, "we all have our natures," as diverse in Ulster as in the wider world. And of the very varied company of Ulster men and women of which Mr. Ervine has made us free, we may say, as Thackeray said of the characters created by the author of *Tom Jones*: "What an admirable gift of nature was it which enabled the author to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellencies, prefer this one or that!"

ALICE LOTHIAN.

HAMLET AND THE MYSTERY OF AMY ROBSART[1]

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

THE fact that *Hamlet* is preëminently a psychological play and Shakespeare's greatest drama has made it the object of an imposing amount of criticism. It is no exaggeration to say that a whole library exists upon *Hamlet* alone. Aside from the major problem of the play: Is Hamlet a philosopher? Is Hamlet mad? Is Hamlet Shakespeare himself? a whole swarm of minor problems tease the mind. How old was Hamlet? Was he fat or lean? In how far was Queen Gertrude guilty of the murder of the king? Was she an accomplice, or a passive tool? Was she deceived? What is the real character of Ophelia? Was Hamlet really in love with her, or did he use her as a foil? Is the play merely a story told in dramatic form? or has it an ulterior motive? Did Shakespeare wish to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale? Is *Hamlet* fiction or history? If so, in how far?

It may be as idle to attempt to answer these questions as to ask them, seeing that all discussion of them would seem to have been worn threadbare long since. Does not the eighth annual Shakespeare Lecture delivered before the British Academy some years ago by Sir Walter Raleigh cry "*Procul! procul!*" to all new investigators of Shakespeare? For "there is nothing new and important to be said of Shakespeare" he declares, and certainly exemplifies it in this address.

The early history of the drama may be briefly summarized. It is mentioned as a new play in 1602. In 1603 it was published for the first time in quarto form, (Q 1) perhaps by a pirate publisher from stenographic notes surreptitiously procured when the drama was first presented. In the next year (1604) another and different

[1] If a document has once been interpreted in a particular sense, and that interpretation has survived unchallenged sufficiently long for men to be educated in it, it is no small task to win acceptance for any other view.—A. W. Pollard, *A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in quarto, 1594–1709*, p. xii. New Haven, 1916.

quarto edition appeared (Q 2). In 1623 the definitive folio edition (F—the *textus receptus*) was published. It is evident, from a comparison of the two quarto editions, that Shakespeare, departing from his customary habit, carefully rewrote *Hamlet*.[2]

In the first quarto Polonius is called Corambis. Why so? And why the change of his name later? It is of interest to learn that Corambis is a name fabricated from the Latin *crambe*, meaning a cabbage, hence a cabbage-head, a dullard, and that the character was certainly intended as a composite mocking portraiture of Sir William Cecil, the great Lord Burghley (died 1598), Elizabeth's famous Minister of State, and his son and successor, Sir Robert Cecil. Shakespeare later altered the name to Polonius. The new form seems to have been suggested to him by the appearance of a book now forgotten, but then well known, written by a Polish scholar of the sixteenth century, one Laurentius Grimalius Goslicius, entitled *De optimo senatore*, published at Venice in 1568, and translated into English in 1598.

It is an inescapable conclusion that in the revised version of *Hamlet* Shakespeare introduced a large element of the personal equation. He manifestly carefully rewrote the play and in so doing departed from his traditional practice not only in his modification of the source, but also in his treatment of episode and incident.

Beyond doubt Shakespeare is in *Hamlet* more than in any other of his dramas. But it is trivial, it seems to me, to discover the evidence of Shakespeare in *Hamlet* in the "players' scene," where commentators point out an allusion to Shakespeare's own Globe theatre and the competition which his company experienced from the popularity of a rival company; or again, to cite Hamlet's technical instructions to the strolling actors as evidence of Shakespeare's personality in the play. His personality is deeper than these things; of the very texture of the drama and fluid throughout it.

In the interpretation of any of Shakespeare's plays it is well not to forget that however much Shakespeare's imagination may have transcended his time, his knowledge did not exceed or even equal that of his age. Moreover, a drama is a story related in dia-

[2] See Herford and Widgery, *First Quarto edition of Hamlet*, London, 1880; Charlton M. Lewis, *The Genesis of Hamlet*, New York, 1907.

logue form and its primary purpose is to entertain. Instruction is a secondary consideration. Finally, and especially in a play purporting to be based on actual history, it was natural, even inevitable, that Shakespeare should have woven in contemporary allusions or incidents which, however much metamorphosed in the drama, nevertheless were recognized as familiar by the audience. The interest of a modern play is sustained by precisely this quality. It is certain that the whole body of Elizabethan drama abounds in incidents and allusions which escape us to-day because we do not know enough of the persons and events of the time. Things which were "palpable hits" with an Elizabeth crowd and excited applause or hisses, utterly elude our perception when we read the plays. Thousands have read *Hamlet*, yet it was exactly three hundred years after the first appearance of the play before Professor Gollancz demonstrated that Polonius was intended as a burlesque portrait of the two Cecils. Is it possible to think that the audiences which first saw the play failed to perceive the point?

A striking instance in *Hamlet* of how Shakespeare utilized contemporary incident (and one which I have never seen indicated) is the eavesdropping of Polonius behind the arras. During the trial of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's quondam favorite, for conspiracy in 1601, Essex charged Sir Robert Cecil with having said to a member of the Queen's Council that the title of the Spanish Infanta to the crown of England was as good as that of any other claimant when Elizabeth died. "Scarce had he spoken the words," writes Camden, "when Cecil, who stood hidden in a close room just by and heard all, bolted forth into the court, and falling on his knees, besought the lord steward that he might have leave to answer so false and foul an accusation."[3] It is not recorded, but it might easily have occurred, that when Cecil made this abrupt appearance, as it were from "behind the arras", Essex's sarcastic comment was: "I thought I smelled a rat." Certainly this

[3] Camden, Annals, IV, Feb. 19, 1601.

Camden's version slightly differs from that given by Cobbett's *State Trials*. Mr. H. L. Stephen has printed still another variant in his edition of *State Trials*. Mr. Algernon Cecil, in the life of his distinguished ancestor, *Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury*, p. 143, actually says that "Cecil stepped out from *behind the arras*," yet, amazing as it seems to me, never seems to have perceived the parallelism between this actual incident and Polonius. Perhaps he did not wish to.

dramatic incident in the trial of Essex, and Cecil's conduct, must have been the talk of London when it happened, and the closeness of the parallel between Polonius and the Minister of State quickly perceived by the audience.

But this parallel between Polonius and Burghley and his son is not the only striking analogy in *Hamlet.* Conrad in Germany and Mrs. Rhys in England find a close connection between the tragedy of Hamlet and that of young Robert, Earl of Essex, a friend of Shakespeare. Dudley, later the great Earl of Leicester, the Queen's lover, according to this argument no doubt poisoned the young Earl's father and lived in liaison with Lettice Knollys, his mother, whom he later married when Elizabeth's hand proved beyond his grasp. Other critics there are who discover a parallelism between the position of James I, when yet only King of Scotland, whose mother Mary Stuart was suspected of complicity in the murder of Darnley, James's father, and who soon afterwards married Bothwell, most certainly one of Darnley's murderers. The late William Preston Johnson advanced this theory over twenty years ago; it has gained acceptance in England and Germany, and so recently as last spring a new work entitled *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession* was published. It must be admitted that each of these theories has elements of plausibility, the latter particularly so because of the fact that a prince is concerned, and the question of the Scottish succession and the union of England and Scotland was a live one when Shakespeare wrote.

Essex and James I may have vaguely influenced Shakespeare's treatment of Hamlet. But his intention in *Hamlet* pierced far below portrayal of their wrongs, even admitting that he had the young Earl and the young Prince at all in mind. Beyond a doubt, I think, Shakespeare in *Hamlet* meant to inveigh against some of the worst abuses of his time: court intrigue and administrative corruption, chicanery in diplomacy, espionage and eavesdropping in high official circles, grave miscarriage in the administration of justice, and above all the appalling prevalence of assassination in Tudor England.

In his recent book on *Tudor Ideals* Mr. Einstein writes:

> Lord Oxford tried to have Sidney murdered. John Stanhope with twenty men attempted to kill Sir Charles Cavendish. Leicester was charged with

seeking to assassinate the French envoy Simier, who had informed the queen about his secret marriage to Lady Essex. . . . Perhaps one reason why the Elizabethan drama, save in the greater Shakespearian masterpieces, remains so dead to us is the lack of contact between modern life and private vengeance.

If the reader interested in this phenomenon finds Mr. Einstein too brief, let him read the pages of Mr. Schwarz's introduction to his edition of Chapman's *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, where he will find abundant evidence that the sixteenth century was fearfully familiar with the use of the poignard and poison.

Ambition, cupidity, lust, revenge were unbridled passions of the day in Elizabethan England among the great, who compassed the destruction of their enemies without remorse; who browbeat or bribed the courts and whose deeds supine or frightened judges, ministers of state, and even the Queen often condoned. Anyone who knows intimately the inner history of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I knows that murder in the seats of the mighty was of fearfully common occurrence. It is no exaggeration to say that the tale of the notorious murders which happened during these two reigns is "an abstract and brief chronicles of the time", and that some who heard these words of Hamlet must have perceived their stinging applicability.

Hamlet is Shakespeare's protest against the condition of Elizabethan England. It was not Denmark but England that was rotten. Not merely Hamlet, but Shakespeare felt that "the time is out of joint". It was literally true, if the secrets of the murders of Shakespeare's own time could have been revealed, that more things in heaven and earth would come to light than men's philosophy dreamed. Hamlet's vehement language, earnestness, sense of outraged right, protest against wrong, combination of wrath and melancholy, make him a character unlike any other in Shakespeare's plays. It is impossible to identify him, and yet he is vaguely identifiable. The charm and mystery of the drama is that Shakespeare seems everywhere in it and through it. He is tantalizingly tangible, and yet so elusive that the thought flees one as he tries to clutch it. The lyric quality in the soliloquy sounds like spiritual autobiography; the "stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" the protest of a sensitive man against the wrongs of the time. The importance of an

upright man in a bad age to cope with the evils of the time is the tragedy of all great spirits, and often with such souls it must have been either stoicism or conscience or cowardice which kept them from suicide.

Lest I be suspected of unduly exaggerating the effect of these dark and suspicious tales upon the popular mind let me quote a paragraph from Mr. Algernon Cecil's life of Sir Robert Cecil:

> It is natural to ask at the outset . . . whether these ugly stories are really entitled to the notice which chroniclers accord them. To the philosophic historian, indeed, they appear to be of the slightest consequence; scarcely distinguishable in kind from the murder trials whose process and detail the newsboys of to-day press upon us at the street corners. The constitutional historian, again, regards them coldly, making but little account of one name more or less in a catalogue of conspiracies. But in the less rarified atmosphere in which the biographer and the annalist live and move and have their being, such matters are of vast importance. All the temper of the times is latent in their folds. To study those things by which men were greatly moved, to interrogate the sources of common hopes and fears, is to find the key to the practical statesmanship of the age. The tragedies of Shakespeare, revolving as they so constantly do, around the subject of treachery, are a lasting reminder of the part which treason and plot played in the life of the sixteenth century. They disclose imaginatively what the plots of Lopez and Squire and Essex and Catesby reveal actually—the extreme instability of government. The sovereign was bound to have a lively expectation of meeting death by the cup or the dagger. . . . The thrust and parry of the assassin's dagger or the courtier's tongue are as vital an element in the politics of that century as the thrust and parry of parliamentary debate in our own.

But I would not emphasize the general indictment in *Hamlet* of the manners and morals of the time too much. The whole play has a concreteness and an applicability of a *particular* nature, in spite of generalities, although these qualities are not easily discoverable. *Hamlet* was "caviare to the general" for the reason that Shakespeare dared not cut too close to the quick—or rather dared not make his portraiture too obvious. He was as objective as he dared to be, and sufficiently obvious to those whom he wished to reach to satisfy him.

If one reads, as it were, between the lines of *Hamlet*, and fathoms the depth of all the guarded allusions and irony in the play, measuring these depths by the conduct of certain men and women of the time and certain well known events, the conclusion

seems to me unavoidable that Shakespeare was specifically aiming at the notorious relations of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and that the *cause célèbre* around which the play of *Hamlet* revolves is not the murder of Essex nor the murder of Darnley, nor the case of young Essex nor James of Scotland, but the more mysterious case of the death of Amy Robsart, Leicester's first wife. It is true that the event had happened as far back as 1560 and that Leicester had died in 1588. But the memory of the great Earl's dark passion for Elizabeth and her infatuation for him, and the mystery of Amy's death, lived on. As late as 1599 the accusation was still made. Indeed the subsequent notorious love affairs of the "seeming virtuous Queen" enlarged these scandals. As long as Elizabeth lived it was, of course, impossible publicly to criticize her, were it never so guardedly done. It is significant that the appearance of *Hamlet* upon the stage coincides with the death of Elizabeth. Burghley had died in 1598.

It seems strange, so far as I know Shakespearean literature, that no critic has perceived the remarkable applicability of the tragedy of Amy Robsart to *Hamlet*. The language of the play most startlingly fits in with the case of Amy Robsart, the suspicion resting upon Leicester of having compassed her murder, and the suspected liaison between Leicester and Elizabeth.

The facts, so far as they are ascertainable, in regard to Amy Robsart's death, may be soon told. But the penumbra of darkness which still surrounds these few facts is black and wide. Amy Robsart was the first wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose ambition to marry Elizabeth and protestations of love for her were only equalled by the Queen's indiscreet passion for him. This "courtship" began in the very first year of her reign. Within little more than a year after her accession, while Leicester was away from home in attendance upon the court at Windsor, his wife was found (September 8, 1560) dead with a broken neck by "a fall from a pair of stairs" according to her husband, at the foot of a circular stairway in Leicester's manor house, Cumnor Hall, near Oxford.

Was it accident? or suicide? or murder? We may eliminate the second hypothesis surely, for people do not commit suicide by throwing themselves downstairs; the experience is likely to be

more painful than fatal. What has been the judgment of historians in the matter? It is undeniable that most of them believe Amy's death to have been due to accident. But their conclusions are usually framed in very guarded or qualifying language. For example, the late Frederick William Maitland, a very accomplished historian and a lawyer to boot, cautiously has written:

> Some people said at once that he (Leicester) had procured her death; and that story was soon being told in all the courts of Europe; but we have no proof that it was generally believed in England after a coroner's jury had given a verdict which, whatever may have been its terms, exculpated the husband. Dudley had throughout his life many bitter enemies, but none of them, so far as we know, ever mentioned any evidence of his guilt that a modern English judge would dream of leaving to a jury. . . . Quadra, Dudley, Cecil and Elizabeth were all of them experts in mendacity, and the exact truth we are not likely to know.

The array of qualifying phrases in this disclaimer is interesting.

The suspicion at once aroused, that Amy Robsart was murdered with the connivance of Leicester and the foreknowledge of Elizabeth, has never since been entirely dissipated in spite of the diligent investigation of historians. Certain it is that a clear cut verdict of "not guilty" cannot yet be brought in until we know more than we now do. It is no refutation to say that the reign of Elizabeth was filled with treason and plot, scurrility and scandal, and that Elizabeth has been made the innocent victim of slander. The circumstantial evidence is too damaging for that.

Whether guilty or not guilty of the death of his wife, Leicester's first feeling was not one of love and regret for Amy, but of anxiety about himself, as his letter of September 9 to Blount, one of his intimate agents and confidants, shows.

> Considering what the malicious world will bruit . . . and because I have no way to purge myself of the malicious talk that I know the wicked will use . . . I do pray you . . . that you will use all the devices and means you can possibly for learning the truth . . . charging him (the coroner) to the uttermost from me to have good regard to make choice of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest and most substantial men, for the juries, such as for their knowledge may be able to search thoroughly and duly, by all manner of examinations, the bottom of the matter.

These are fair words on the surface. But what did Lord Robert really mean to imply to his trusted agent when he instructed

him to charge the coroner to have regard unto the kind of men to be empaneled? Did he want to make sure of a "packed" jury? On September 13 the faithful Blount writes assuring his master that "I have done your lordship's message unto the jury". By what right under the law could Leicester so instruct the jury? He was as yet neither witness nor defendant. It is strange that he was not summoned to appear. Why not? That the handling of the case either was very loose, or that Leicester used illicit inducements or pressure to convince the jury of his complete innocence, seems a just inference. For an undated letter written a few days later by him to Blount expresses satisfaction that he has "received a letter from one Smith that seemeth to be the foreman of the jury". This is damaging evidence and sustains the suspicion entertained by many writers that the jury was tampered with. It is certainly very significant that no record of the coroner's verdict has ever been found, *nor any other official records* pertaining to the case.

It must be assumed that some kind of coroner's inquest was made. Negligence in this particular was an indictable offense by English statute, and in this very year, 1560, the Berkshire coroner was prosecuted for such misconduct. It is evident from the correspondence between Leicester and Blount that a coroner's jury was called. If this jury returned any other verdict than accidental death, further court proceedings would have been necessary, whether the jury's finding was murder or suicide, and these proceedings would be a matter of record. If so, it is singular that not a scrap of court record pertaining to the case of Amy Robsart has come down to us. Failing the coroner's minutes, another source of examination has been the Controlment Rolls of the King's Bench and the Assize and Quarter Sessions Records. But these sources have been searched in vain. An informal inquiry by the Privy Council was made in 1567, but *not a word appears in its proceedings* with reference to the case. It is conceivable that when the Privy Council took cognizance of the case all the official records were removed from their regular place of deposit and not returned. But if so, its conduct was very exceptional. For the usual practice in appealed or reviewed causes was to procure a certified copy of the original records. The argu-

ment from silence is always a dangerous one for the historian to invoke, but it looks as if there had been a studied endeavor to suppress all evidence.

New and acute interest in the real fate of Amy Robsart was created in the 'eighties by the appearance of Froude's *History of England.* While working in the Spanish archives at Simancas, Froude came upon a letter of De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador in England in 1560, written to Philip II. It is a report of an intimate conversation of the ambassador with Cecil himself. The translation of this letter as given by Froude is very damaging to the reputation of Elizabeth and her favorite, and the conclusion seems almost unavoidable that both had foreknowledge of what happened at Cumnor Hall on September 8 of that year.

In spite of Froude's notorious prejudices and his fatal gift of inaccuracy, an indictment like this could not pass unchallenged. In 1886 the late James Gairdner, one of the most accomplished of modern English historians and an authority on the age of the Tudors, reëxamined all the evidence he could find and published the results of his researches in an article in the July number of *The English Historical Review.* It was no great difficulty for Gairdner to show that Froude had both confused his dates and mistranslated the original language of De Quadra's despatch. But still the mystery would not down. There were raveled ends to it and stray bits of evidence which it was difficult to engage. Seven years later Andrew Lang, for whose mind historical mysteries ever had an attraction, attacked the problem anew in *Blackwood's Magazine* and alleged that Gairdner had put unnatural construction upon evidence which, if rightly construed, was very detrimental to Leicester and Elizabeth. It was in this article that Lang made the keen suggestion that if the truth were ever found it would be discovered in local court records. But these were searched in vain.

It so happened that at this juncture the editors of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* had invited Gairdner to write an article upon Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, for that vast repository of classified information. Gairdner, "from a conviction that no one was qualified to write even a brief article on such an ambiguous character without investigation of all the unpublished evidences

at Cambridge and at Hatfield House (the seat of the Cecils) touching Amy Robsart's death," again painfully filtered all the old evidence and added certain new information. However, as the *Britannica*, in the interests of brevity, limited its contributions to facts, Gairdner published his argument and interpretation in *The Athenaeum*, February 18, March 4, 11, 18, 1893.

Gairdner flattered himself that he "had got at the bottom of the mystery", and believed that he had unraveled the "full story". But unfortunately for this comfortable conclusion, in 1911 Mr. E. K. Purnell cast new light on the tragedy in his *Report on the Pepys Manuscripts* preserved at Magdalen College, Cambridge. In these papers a new and important letter was discovered, written by Thomas Blount to Leicester in 1567 in regard to the charge that the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Suffolk attempted to bribe Amy's half-brother John Appleyard to implicate Leicester. This document seems to throw the balance more than ever in favor of Leicester—and of course, of Elizabeth, too. And this opinion acquires greater strength farther on in this same collection when we come upon a friendly letter of Cecil addressed to Leicester, the last paragraph of which, in Mr. Purnell's words, "goes far to prove that he believed Leicester to be innocent in the matter of Amy Robsart." But this placid conclusion is soon traversed. For within a year we find Cecil writing anxiously to Leicester: "If Wm. Huggyns (he was another of the Earl's confidential agents) be with your Lordship, I pray you let him come with your Lordship that he may be spoken withall upon the sudden concerning Appleyard, *for amongst them they will fall out in their own colors.*" Evidently there were so many parties to the "frame up" at Cumnor Hall that the authorized version of Amy Robsart's death was encountering rough water in the cross-currents of gossip which were rife in both countryside and court.

As long as Elizabeth lived even guarded criticism was dangerous. It required a change of dynasty to release even veiled speech. As for flat, open discussion of the mystery of Amy Robsart or any other murder case of note, it was still quite impossible. Hence Shakespeare's resort to a drama in which under camouflaged guise Londoners might perceive the real spirit and condition of the age. *Hamlet* is the most brilliant assortment of double-

edged language, covert criticism, cutting allusion to contemporary men, women and events, burning scorn, withering irony, to be found in any literature. If read aright, the play dazes and astounds the reader by its keenness, its satire, the stinging lash of its language, its mockery or condemnation of some of the very greatest personages in Elizabethan England. So veiled and elusive are the expressions sometimes that, save to the initiated, the dialogue is cryptic.

Nothing in English literature so abounds with Sophoclean irony as *Hamlet.* The play bristles with words and phrases which, in addition to their natural meaning, have a deeper and omnious implication veiled from the ordinary auditor, and even from the actors themselves. It is beyond argument, I think, that Shakespeare in *Hamlet* deliberately intended to write for an audience quite different from that in front of the footlights. Truly the play must have been "caviare to the general", and this cryptic quality still puzzles many.

In the light of what has been written, and apart from the general plot, which itself has large intimations, let us now turn to the pages of the play in order to see how many of the allusions in it seem to have a positive index, and probably do darkly refer to the case of Amy Robsart, to Leicester and Elizabeth.

> By a forgèd process of my death.

The phrase admirably defines what must have been a widely prevalent opinion with regard to the case of Amy Robsart.

> . . . most seeming-virtuous queen. . . .
> Assume a virtue if you have it not.

One can imagine men in the audience who heard these words look at one another with a question in their eyes, or a faintly significant smile upon their lips, or shrug their shoulders with shrewd amusement.

> Leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.

Verily these were thorny words indeed to say; thornier than ever if Elizabeth was the actual object of the speech.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

This famous saying has become so debased by quotation that it sounds commonplace. Consider how fresh and new it must have seemed to those who first heard it, ringing like a hammer stroke upon an anvil amid a resounding storm of apposite and clever dialogue.

> Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

Who were there among those wise in worldliness and the intricacies and chicanery of the politics and diplomacy of that day who did not find a fang in this remark? None but men steeped in the great secrets of the reign of Elizabeth could have fully perceived the significance of Hamlet's words, or the marvellously subtle method Shakespeare employed to convey his message, and with them silence was discretion.

> Caviare to the general.

Shakespeare certainly knew and intended the play to be over the heads of the crowd, and too enigmatic to ordinary readers of the text. He was content to have them think it merely a drama. For the initiated, *Hamlet* had quite another import. Yet even the dullards were given a broad hint in the seemingly casual mention that a play might be "an abstract and brief chronicle" of the time, an idea repeated in Hamlet's exclamation:

> The play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

"King" or "Queen" mattered little to Shakespeare. The principle and the point were identical in either case.

Hamlet explains to the court assembled to hear the play:

> You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife;

and a few lines farther on, turning to Horatio he says:

> For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
> This realm dismantled was
> Of Jove himself: and now reigns here
> A very, very — pajock;

to which his friend rejoins:

> You might have rhymed.

All the commentators have passed over this portion of the dialogue without comment, save to explain that *pajock* means peacock. They have no explanation of the singular use of the word, nor do they perceive anything remarkable in Horatio's reply. Yet this is one of the most significant parts of the play. What word most naturally occurs to the mind which will rhyme with *was?* Though obsolete to-day, in Elizabethan times the word *coz* was common in court circles. It was the abridged and more familiar form of the word *cousin.* The sovereign according to etiquette, addressed every peer in England as "cousin," and in cases of intimate friendship as "coz." The custom arose with the accession of Henry VII. For during the War of the Roses the old feudal nobility was fearfully reduced, so that when he became king, the first Tudor actually was cousin to almost every peer of the realm.

Elizabeth often called her favorite "coz," and certainly that arrogant and gaudy bird, the peacock, admirably typified Leicester. Between the word expressed and the word implied by the rhyme, there is little room for Leicester to escape between the posts. It is impossible not to believe that Shakespeare's audience and readers of the drama saw the point—and it was a telling one—although the significance has been unperceived.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The words are not merely a strong metaphor. They were intended to stab at actualities. And hard upon the threat follow the Queen's words:

O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

In the players' scene the stage instructions tell us: "The poisoner woos the queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts." Leicester's wooing of Queen Elizabeth was notorious, and the richness of his gifts to her nearly bankrupted him.

None wed the second but who killed the first.

If there is a "palpable hit" anywhere in *Hamlet* it is this line.

The lady doth protest too much.

Elizabeth's official and personal disclaimers of innocence of the charges which scandal attributed to her tended to prove the proverb that where there's smoke there's fire. In 1565 Morgan Roberts, a protégé of Leicester, who had his license to go to Spain, "unhonestly used his tongue" while there and reported the "Queen's court more like a stews than a place of degree and virtue." This is the admission of a candid friend of the Queen and her favorite, not an enemy.

> Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.

The initiated who read this line must have laughed derisively in the privacy of their libraries. In spite of the subtle garb with which every incident and every character in *Hamlet* is draped, the boldness of this sentence astonishes.

In Act III, Scenes 3 and 4, are two allusions which seem to aim straight at the mystery of the death of Amy Robsart, and sustain the widely believed charge that bribery and intimidation were used with the jury in the case. The first quotation is:

> In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offence's gilded hand *may shove by justice,*
> And oft . . .

The other quotation occurs in Hamlet's impassioned speech to his mother in which he pleads with her to forsake her paramour, yet knows she will not. The whole speech should be read, but this is the salient extract of a terrible fusion of gall and bitterness:

> Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
> To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
> *And break your own neck down.*

To what forgotten fable this alludes no one knows, but remember that Amy Robsart was found dead at the foot of the staircase with her neck broken. When the King and Laertes are planning to compass Hamlet's death in Act IV, Scene 7, the former says:

> *And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;*
> But even his mother *shall uncharge the practice,*
> *And call it accident.*

This precisely describes what probably *was* done in the process of Amy Robsart. With a mere change of name the sentiment would fit Leicester or Elizabeth like a glove.

We reach the scene in the churchyard. Applicability is especially apposite in the words of the priest who explains that the law of the mediæval church prohibited interment of a suicide in consecrated ground. This law the King had overruled by might of his prerogative. One sentence in the priest's reply has great significance:

> Her death was doubtful;
> And, *but that great command o'ersways the order,*
> She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd.

Is it vain imagining to see in this comment covert allusion to the exercise of undue influence in the coroner's inquest upon the death of Amy Robsart, although it is impossible to believe that the verdict of the jury was one of suicide? Finally, in the last scene of the play, when Hamlet lies dying, cryptic allusion abounds.

> Wretched queen, adieu,
> You that look pale and tremble. . . .
> Had I but time . . .
> O, I could tell you,
> But let it be. . . .
> The rest is silence.

Why "silence"? Because Hamlet was so near to death? or because the whole truth could not yet be told? And truth about what? Things at the court of Denmark? Or things in the English court? And what thing there most? The mystery of Amy Robsart and Leicester's and Elizabeth's implication in her murder? We still wait for the whole answer to the question: How did Amy Robsart come to her death? Was she murdered or was it accident? But the enigma of *Hamlet* may partially unravel the riddle about Amy Robsart. Truly there are more things in *Hamlet* (and the same may be said of many of Shakespeare's other plays) than the critics have yet dreamed.

The universally accepted theory that Shakespeare only wrote history in his historical plays will not hold. His dramas bristle with current allusions which we to-day fail to perceive because we do not sufficiently know the intimate history of his time.

James Westfall Thompson.

OUR CLAMORING ANCESTORS

BY AGNES LOUISE DEAN

Most of my ancestors I like pretty well. It behooves me to mention them with respect, anyway (except those immediate to me), for the more remote they are, the more likely they are to be your ancestors, too. *Our* ancestors, then, pacing the deck of the Mayflower together, or the deck of the Ark, or the Neolithic twilight, in the person of a common progenitor!

As I say, I like my ancestors; but I do not understand them especially, and I often find them both unreasonable and disconcerting. They limit me and unsettle me for my environment.

I have speculated, to the point of brooding, on that cautious and stealthy ancestor of mine (I trust he is none of yours) who best attained whatever were his predatory and anti-social ends, in complete silence. His successes so went to his head, apparently, that he considered all sound noise, and all noise suppressible. He cut himself off from the self-expression of the tom-tom and the battle-cry; he taught his ears to shudder when crooned lullabies or rhythmic chastisement were forward in the cave nursery. He would never participate in, or serve as audience for, the neighborhood musicale, no matter how pretty the local talent, or how desperately the orchestra needed an extra sackbut.

He took his stand, and he wrote his will. And here am I, after many generations, with no cause to be furtive and absolutely nothing to conceal, having no sense of time, having no sense of tune, and admitting to an unreasoning misery in the presence of all Musicks. Other members of my family are made glad instead of mad by symphony and sonata. I can see that I am the sort of person who, without this ancestral hamper, would organize chamber music societies, and delight to play the violin. It is my family who are furtive: when they entertain musicians, it is I whom they seek to conceal.

Of all the ministers who leave their parish to the offices of a

"supply" while they post o'er land and ocean to preach elsewhere themselves, I have heard only one allege this reason: that he liked to sleep in a sleeping car. It was a need of his nature. It is also a need of mine, one at which my closest observers jeer, reconciling it ill with my predilection for sleeping-porches and clean hands.

"One must make sacrifices; one must make sacrifices," I reply, vaguely. Already I am in a trance of anticipation before the porter has tucked my suitcase beyond reach, or tendered me the crackling hat-bag. What do I like about sleeping cars? Oh, everything! The soot, and the horrible pillows, and the slabby blankets; the suffocating heat pouring up through plush crannies to meet the spatter of cold, cindery air from a dirty window-screen. There is a luxury of discomfort in settling-in that makes you vividly alive to the real merits of sleeping cars. The pulsing of the train beneath you relaxes every tension; the noise makes a dull, blurry chrysalis about the berth; the raised window-curtains show the spread of the firmament above the world in shadow; the train's motion is timed to the wheeling of the intimate stars. You drop to sleep conscious as nowhere else of turning with the axle of the world.

This conviction of security must be as ancestral as it is groundless. Statistics and common sense are against those who put their trust in Lower 9's. Common sense and statistics are against those who imagine their ancestors as patrons of prehistoric sleeping cars.

Well, I am willing to waive the technicality; provided that I am allowed to believe that the sleeping car ecstasy, so contrary to reason and one's habits, is an obscure heritage of the ages. I cannot pretend to know whether an ancestor of mine chose to lie on some high, starlit cliff beneath which the endless surf pounded, or whether his tribe worked out in nuances of jolts and suffocations a method of trial by ordeal. I only contend that they must have been busy at something of the sort, for me to count the communal whisk-broom an accolade, and the traces of black polish on my brown shoestrings the signet of an ever-precious experience.

There can have been no Californians among my ancestors. I

do not arrive on the Pacific Coast to celebrate a winter of inane content, as do the descendants of that bright lexicographer who gave to the world the word "climate". I do not mean to be stuffy about this, yet I am a little glad to come of stock which held itself justified in grumbling at its weather. It is hard, when all one's instincts in meteorology are critical, to deny the existence of drought during eight months, and of a curtain of rain for six monotonous weeks. It is still harder, after mastering this alien technique of denial, to become suddenly all emotion in the sunshine; to burst forth into abrupt trumpetings, as of Gideon's men, crying, "The Climate of the Lord, and of California!"

And yet a submerged ancestor of mine collaborated with California to give me one of my most saturated experiences of joy. Who could have predicted the rush with which my spirit was to meet the laughing color and just spacings of the courts and buildings of the Panama-Pacific?

Towns are not built like that in the pioneer country which my immediate ancestors helped to conquer. There the whispering forests of yesterday have been converted into the paved thoroughfares and clangorous transfer-points of to-day. Their poetry is the poetry of achievement; and their picturesqueness is the picturesqueness of speed. But "far away and long ago" in that strange, uncharted communism of ancestry, I must have had a claim on some reveler in color. His tremendous legacy came down, strictly entailed, to Jules Guerin, who, with acres for his canvas and the California sun for a medium, flung rhythmic orange flags against the blueness of sky, and caught the river of the wind in plantations of eucalyptus. Framed by a mellow arch, mirrored in the still and faithful lagoon, façade and vista repeated messages of color and light. Orange and gold and green, buff and mauve and turquoise, cloud shadows and the white swooping of gulls' wings . . . in the midst of which wandered a brown-clad tourist from the antipodes, arrogant and exultant, claiming all this unimagined glow and modulation and contrast as her own. Her birthright; terrifically hers.

And there's an ancestor for you! I like him better than the pussyfooter who cut me off cruelly from musical appreciations.

But am I to like that ancestor who is forever chasing me up

hills? Temperamentally I am fitted for enjoying hills only from the highroad. I belong really among those who with the Psalmist find it enough merely to lift up their eyes to the hills. Nature never constructed me for a mountaineer. I am short in all the specifications of a climber. I look and act and feel like a Ford car—but I get there. Not because I want to scramble, or grow purple. I hate being tired and out of breath. I hate being obviously a drag on the company. I dread most of all the ghastly moment of lightheadedness when the hill turns impalpable beneath me and I am left clinging to eternity by a handful of checkerberry leaves and a root of laurel.

Yet even at this discouraging point my hill ancestor deserts me not. "Just rest a bit; for," says he, "the afternoon light across the valley is getting better right along. You'll be awfully glad you came, when you get to the tip-top!"

And, indeed, my ancestor is trustworthy enough in this. But I should never listen to him at the hill's base. His urge is the urge that evolves aviators, I suppose; meanwhile, it is making a wreck of me.

As a descendant, I cherish another grudge against the past, this time directed at whoever disqualifies me for pleasure in the family—or dinner—argument. I picture him as an Egyptian of a late dynasty, for whom everything was settled before time was. Some things are still important to him, but animation is not one of them. He takes no little pains in the adjustment of his headdress and in conventionalizing his attitudes. The carved gods themselves could not improve on his Oxford manner.

I am always aware that it is he looking out of my eyes when the breeze of emotion blows upon the sea of discussion. How can I follow the question at issue with that deprecating mummy inside me? He will not let anyone put more than sixty pounds' pressure on the words, "Quite the contrary," or, "If you will only *think* for a minute." He does not like anyone to dart in with a happy instance, handling it with the concentration and fury of a carpet-sweeper, thereby barking the shins of the opposition. I have often told him that the opposition does not mind its shins —that he is just making me miserable for nothing. Indeed, the opposition seems palpitatingly capable of accomplishing its own

warfare, but it demands heat for the forging of its weapons. Except for this wet-blanket ancestor, I, too, would be fighting with calories for logic, and with that fervent sense of victory which each party to an argument enjoys. As things are, I am the only one conscious of defeat when the reverberation dies away. All the others have been stimulated. Further, they have been reassured as to the clarity of their conceptions, and persuaded of their real flair for vigorous statement.

In practical matters, the ancestral bias again shows items of profit and items of loss. So far as I can tell, I never had an ancestor who could compute the number of street-car fares in a dollar. Or if I had, he hugged his secret to him and bore it with him across the Styx. I am not recompensed for financial helplessness, so unbecoming in a town dweller, by, for instance, an unmarketable capacity with horses. If I were of a different century and another sex, I might be greatly sought after as a jockey. But who, chiding me for my stupidities in counting change, cares about my native talent for riding?

It is all very mixed, and throws a heavy burden upon Environment. One's immediate Heredity may be a great help in the modeling of one's nose and in one's grounding in the Ten Commandments. But the impulses and tastes which make us distinguishable from our sisters and our cousins and our aunts seem to come to us in insured parcels often from the farthest zones of race consciousness. And we pay the postage at this end of the route.

AGNES LOUISE DEAN.

WHAT ARE THE ACES DOING?

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

THREE years ago the troopships were homeward bound. On them thousands of young men were coming back from war. For months, and even for years, those young men had been out of the grooves in which their lives had run at home. From farm and factory, from shop and office, from street and drawing-room, they had been snatched by the army. This man had left the plow, that man the lathe; he of the shop had dropped the measuring-tape, he of the office had put down his pen; one had risen from the park bench, and another from his luxurious easy chair. It was much as the type-setting machine takes letters, groups them together, casts a line of type, and then slides the letters back into their proper places. Men were gathered, and grouped, and used, and then returned to the places whence they had been taken.

Of what did these young men think, as the transports bore them homeward? Did the farmer think of the plow, and the mechanic of the lathe? Did the clerk think of the new line of dry-goods that would be spread upon the counter, or the bookkeeper of his ledger? Did the former sleeper on the park bench wonder if times were still hard, and the social favorite if times were still easy? Not at all. They thought of their sweethearts and of their mothers, and of how good it would be to be with them again; and of how pleasant and how strange it would seem to resume the old manners of life. Of jobs they thought least of all.

Why was it that work was thus least in their minds? Was it because they were lazy? Emphatically, no! The expression "soldiering on the job" in the sense of doing nothing did not apply to active service. That expression came from barrack-room soldiering. Mulvaney, Ortheris or Learoyd would have known it for what it was; to the Doughboy it meant nothing at all, for in the Great War there was no time for idleness. Active service actually involved more manual labor than fighting. For

every day's fighting a man did four days' sheer hard work. They were not lazy when they returned home, because the army had instilled in them the habit of work.

Why, then, did they not think of work as they stretched at full length on the decks of the troopships and looked at the clouds above and watched the smoke from the funnels drift to the horizon? They did not think of it because when they went away they were promised that their jobs would be waiting for them when they returned, and because the demands and dilemmas of war had taught them to use pick-axe and shovel. But when they got home what did they find? Their jobs waiting for them? In some cases, yes; in many more, no.

"I'm sorry," the employer would say when the boy dropped in, "but business is uncertain. The war ended so suddenly. Nobody knows just what is going to happen. And I can't let out the married ones; can I, now?" And the boy would crumple his cap uneasily in his hands, and say: "Of course not. And anyhow, I don't know that I want that old job, anyway." Sometimes that would be sheer bravado. Often it would be the truth, for the farm hand who had seen London and Paris now felt grave doubts whether his future lay behind a plow, and the boy who had charged machine-guns knew that he could not go back to selling dry-goods.

Now, three years after their return, what are these young men doing? Let us look at a single group. What are the Aces doing? They were as adventurous as any. Reckless, resourceful, carefree, they sailed the skies and high above the clouds fought the Boche and vanquished him and sent him crashing to earth in a streak of smoke and flame. What are they doing to-day? For all our enthusiasm, we have quickly forgotten. Who can remember the Aces now? Who can name two or more of them? Not many. Yet not long since Rickenbacker, the Ace of Aces, and many more, were names to conjure with; altogether there were sixty-six.

What is an Ace, anyway? The definition in the dictionary is not in the least what one might expect. Had I been asked I would have said that an ace was the highest card in any suit. But behold the dictionary:

ACE, n. A unit; specifically a single pip on a card or die. A very small quantity; a particle; an atom; a trifle: as, the creditor would not abate an *ace* of his demand.

To be sure, the dictionary happens to be an old one. Perhaps the newer editions go further and say: "In aviation, one who destroys five or more enemy aircraft." For that is one of its present meanings, and in the relatively short time we were at war sixty-six of our aviators qualified for its application.

The Aces, then, became the most expert of our fliers. You would suppose that they would go on flying after the war. Here was a new game and one in which they had proved themselves efficient. What more natural than that they should stick to it? But the Aces, with half a dozen exceptions, did not go on flying. There was very little choice for them. Of commercial aviation there was little, so little in fact that you may say there was none, and still is none. To fly, then, they would have had to remain in the Government service. But that service did not offer irresistible attraction. Indeed, in the strange way that governments have, it seemed to rebuff rather than to encourage. For in the readjustments that the army made in coming back to a peace footing these Aces, who by their very proficiency had in most instances won elevation in rank, would have had to step down from majorities to captaincies, and from captaincies to lieutenancies. And reduction in rank meant reduction in pay. Was it any wonder that they asked for their discharge and decided to venture into the less dangerous and more remunerative fields of commerce and finance?

But that was not all. The Aces for the most part were young men, unaccustomed and averse to discipline. They were, if anything, more unaccustomed and more averse to government red tape. Forms, returns, records, were the bane of their existence. Every flight had to be recorded, every gallon of gasoline accounted for, every day's duty explained. Irritating demands of irascible commanders made their lives miserable, and superior officers, who for the most part never ventured into the air, annoyed them beyond all understanding. Bad enough as all that was in war, in peace it would have been unendurable. And so you can count on the fingers of one hand those who remained,

while you can reckon as a loss to the Government threescore more who left a service that they found inelastic, ungrateful and unimaginative.

Often it was a wrench for the Aces to give up flying. Some of them had found it the best sport in the world; but they gave it up. Some came to the conclusion that the Government did not realize the future of aviation, or it would not let its best pilots leave the service for the reasons they did. For many months after the armistice some of the Aces stayed in the corps, hoping that something would come out of the readjustment to a peace footing, but in the end they resigned. One continued in uniform for eighteen months, but he found that the air service was not improving or even standing still; it was actually going backward! The planes were not improved, the personnel was not improved, the pilots grew tired of flying the same old machines around the same old aerodromes. That is why he gave up flying. In September, 1918, he was for two days a prisoner of war. Then, with another American aviator, he got away. He was slightly wounded while trying to steal a German plane, but he got away only to be recaptured eight days later. This time he and his companion were confined in prison and put on a diet of bread and water, but within two weeks both had escaped again. For twenty-eight days they walked and hid themselves. On October 23 they reached Holland. And before the armistice both of them were fighting on the front again!

At least one Ace has returned to France since the armistice. One is helping to manage cotton mills in the South; another is roughing it on a homestead site in Colorado, where he has discovered "the happiest and best life there is." Another is at the head of an oil company, and a fourth is practising dentistry. So the list runs: A sales manager, a bookkeeper, a lumber dealer, a builder; an engineer, graduated from a university since the war; a manufacturer of electric clocks. Their occupations now are as varied as those from which they went to the war.

Although few of the Aces have continued flying, they have not lost faith in the future of the aeroplane. On the contrary, most of them have implicit faith in its commercial possibilities. One made an unsuccessful venture in commercial aviation, but was

not discouraged by it. He still flies when the opportunity presents itself. "I have not stopped it and don't intend to," he writes. "I am convinced that aerial transportation will be an accepted method of travel in this country and throughout the world in a very few years, and I hope through civilian connections to be able to contribute in some small measure to its development here." Another has organized an aviation company. The Ace of Aces, Eddie Rickenbacker, also is engaged in commercial aviation, though merely as a side-issue. Even if space permitted, however, it would be impossible to tell what all the Aces are doing. Letters of inquiry to some of them come back unopened and with the ominous notation, "Gone; address unknown." What tragedies those words denote can be surmised. And tragedy indeed it must be for one to have drunk so deeply from the brimming cup abroad to return and have the cup dashed from his hand and broken on the unheeding ground.

For those who had established businesses to which to return it was not difficult to settle down after the war. But only a few of the Aces were in business when the war suddenly called them to perilous heights and flights. For the most part they were little more than boys. Some there were who were established in law or in business before they joined the army; but flying was a young man's game, requiring a young man's nerves and daring, and most pilots went into the army direct from college or after a year or two of business experience. Some returned to college to complete their courses, but a large number found that flying high and fighting the Boche behind the clouds had changed them so completely that after their return they had to remold their lives to their hearts' new desires. In this there was one thing that stood by them throughout those trying days of after-war readjustment. It was something common to all the Aces. It saw them through their battles at those dizzy heights to which the Boche ascended for safety's sake. That one thing was Youth. And Youth more than anything else, perhaps, is now helping the Aces through.

HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE.

DIONYSOS' GARLAND

BY STARK YOUNG

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀοιδάν;

In the first three months of last season there were forty-six plays and sixteen musical shows produced in New York. This year there were sixty-four plays and seventeen musical shows, and more than two thirds of them were failures. Money has been poured out; plays of many types tried; runs of one week, two weeks or more have begun and ended; and so on and on and on. Everyone knows by this time that the theatre is in a bad way. To bemoan the fortunes of the theatres, however, without remembering the state of things in general throughout the country, is to talk nonsense, to confuse the whole relation of the theatre —and of all art, in fact—to life, and to forget that the theatre is a part of something widespread and more or less to be expected after the war.

As a whole the season has shown no attitude nor any definite direction of importance either from the producer's end or from the public's. There has been no demand for anything in particular; and the childish faith that if we keep spending money and dashing one thing after another, we shall hit something that will go, has been depressing to observe. But there may be one result from all this confusion and lack of foresight and serious desire, and that is the revival of the idea of repertory. More and more people tend to believe that if we can get back to the repertory system, not so much what we once had, but the system that holds now in some of the great European theatres, many of our problems will be solved; solved as to plays most of all, intelligent works that could never hope to run for months or to keep a star going, old plays, experimental plays; solved to some extent at least as to actors, their learning, their art, their salaries, and so on; solved as to a trained and friendly public for the plays and players.

Early in the season this year came such plays as *The Straw*, *Anna Christie*, *Ambush*, *The Detour*, *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, some of which, notably *Anna Christie*, ran longer than others, but all of which are now off the boards.

There were various English plays offered: *The Circle*, *The White-Headed Boy*, though that was Irish; *The Madras House*, and *The Title;* not to speak of Bataille's *Don Juan* and Karl Shoenkerr's *The Children's Tragedy*, and Bernstein's *The Claw*, with Lionel Barrymore; and numerous French farces. And Ben-Ami was presented to a watching and enthusiastic public in an unfortunate choice, Hirschbein's *The Idle Inn*, a play which in its complete form has more poetry and imagination than any folk play that we have had in years. But it failed, and a fine actor has been wasted for the whole season so far, by reason of the play's removal in appeal partly, and partly because of the fact that the native quality of the play was not trusted, the entire fourth act was cut off, lines altered, and the acting toned down far below the warmth and glowing rhythm of the original.

The best production of the autumn in many ways was *The Madras House* at the Neighborhood Playhouse, which after lying for a long time on bookshelves and being regarded as delightful but not suited to the stage, was bravely dragged forth and turned into one of the successes, artistically and practically, of the year and given a production well-balanced and full of a sense of cultivated and philosophic humor that we get very rarely on our stage. The defects of Mr. Barker's play, the lack of any real vital bottom, and the tendency to run into pseudo-Shavian chatter, remained; but for all that the result of the whole was one of the season's happy surprises.

Among the survivors from last season *Liliom* and *The First Year* have been the most notable.

So much for the early months. Since then there have been no outstanding plays of American origin. *Anna Christie* continued throughout the season, as it deserved to do. The first act of this play, for dialogue and for the directness in the method, is one of the finest things in American drama anywhere; we get a tension and a vibration and a thrilling exactitude in the clash of the words of those securely imagined characters together that

lift the whole plane of the piece to an almost romantic beauty. In the play itself there is some letting down as the acts follow one another; but the blur in the final effect, where the impression made on many of the audience is that of a happy ending, is due more to the producing than to the dramatist's conception.

Besides numerous revivals like *The Return of Peter Grimm* and *The Deluge*, there have been foreign plays that have constituted the only very notable events in the remainder of the season. Vildrac's *The Steamship Tenacity* was produced with great skill and finish by Mr. Augustin Duncan; and Brieux's *Madame Pierre* in the hands of Miss Estelle Winwood and Mr. Roland Young was a brilliant piece of work. And the Chauve-Souris, long heralded as the foster child of the Moscow Art Theatre, of improvisation and artists' dreams, has been a genuine success in New York, as it was in Paris, if not in London. It is a glowing and amiable form of vaudeville, with jolly decorations and costumes, and, while not distinguished by any great art or talent, is lovable and refreshing, and tinged with a folk quality that may well remind our own native material of its latent artistic possibility.

More important still was the Theatre Guild's production of Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped.* This is not a great play, perhaps, but it is one of the most remarkable of all modern theatre pieces. It is a thing built of irony and a poetic, carrying invention. It should be acted straight and with all the thought and technical dexterity possible to imagine. But the Guild production has been very bad so far as its being an interpretation of the play goes; though as an entertainment on Broadway it is pretty enough and delightful in its way. At bottom this production of Andreyev's play by the Theatre Guild is the most important and the most disappointing artistic failure of the season. But this transgression the Guild has somewhat at least retrieved by the production of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah.* The division of this interminable and garrulous *magnum opus* of Shaw's into three parts, given in as many weeks, has made possible the contract on his terms, which are invariably that no word shall be cut. The play itself illustrates most of Shaw's defects as an artist and his indifference to the fact that there is no body of material that does not carry with it its own inherent and inexorable laws, of

length, style, quality in general, through which and through which alone it can become a piece of art. *Back to Methuselah* evinces the familiar and insistent determination to say whatever the author likes and as he likes, with the result that much of it is tedious, sometimes foolish, and often a mere repetition of things that Shaw has been driving at over and over again for years. But there is something of large intention and heroic will and vision in the work as a whole; and in places the wit and cerebration are the same as of old.

And finally Eugene O'Neill's play *The Hairy Ape*, which rose at once to the level of the *Emperor Jones* in many critics' minds. To me it is a much more important achievement. The story of the negro porter had an inventive basic idea and showed the plot working through to an effective end. *The Hairy Ape* goes further than that. It is the story of a stoker on a ship who, when he sees the horror of a girl at the sight of him, is stirred to avenge himself on her society and to find the place where he himself belongs in the society of men; and in the end visits the cage of a giant ape and is crushed to death in the beast's arms. The idea here drives through to its conclusion not in terms of the plot but in terms of the whole theme, character, incident and philosophy. For this fact of the author's being able to write himself significantly through the play to the very last line, I regard *The Hairy Ape* as the most distinguished production of the year.

In settings, the decoration of the theatre, there has been nothing new this season of any profound importance. Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes, in view of the Dante celebration, designed some colossal and imaginative settings for *The Divine Comedy;* but unfortunately no production of this was forthcoming. Mr. Simonson achieved some very versatile arrangements and settings for *Back to Methuselah;* and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones made remarkable sets for *The Steamship Tenacity* and for *Swords.* And there was some discussion of Anisfeld's *Snow Maiden* and *The Love for the Three Oranges;* though his designs, however striking they may be, seem to me to remain instances of Russian developments in decor, and to have for us no particular distinction or future importance.

The other most promising event in our theatre this year has about it elements that in their promise might easily be called

enough for one season to supply. Mr. Wilfred's Color Organ at the Neighborhood Playhouse is, as everyone now knows, an invention on which light can be manipulated with all the possibilities that sound possesses in music. It is therefore capable of becoming a new art, mobile color, and of supplying not only new methods of scenic and other effects in the theatre, but more widely and significantly of becoming an extension of the possibility of the expression of life through art.

But such a season, breaking down as it does the steady and usual run of theatres, opens the way more or less to thoughts and experiments for the future. And—what is more important—it establishes more urgently the need for theory, for new questioning and new weighing of all the accepted statements and conditions regarding the nature of the theatre in general, its art, and its relation to the other arts.

In the first place it is important that we should get away from English tradition. The theatre has never been at home in England since the decline of the Elizabethans. All during the last century it was not taken seriously by the most cultivated and influential class; and the English mind still leans toward the feeling that the theatre is after all hardly one of the more important elements in one's serious life. Reading, for example, is more to be regarded, and governing and sport, not to speak of religion. But America is not England; and the many races blended here make up a dramatic possibility in every direction that will be less and less like Great Britain. And giving up that connection more and more is not as if we were abandoning some fine and significant form of art. The English do their own kind of social comedy very well indeed; crisply, drily, and with some philosophic sense; much better than we do, in fact. And their actors speak better English, those who speak good English at all and do not overdo and give themselves airs and falsify the vowels and choke the tone before it can be produced. But when that is said, all is said. They are not good in tragedy compared to any other European acting; they have no style compared to the French; no realism compared to the Russians; no warmth or beautiful fluidity compared to the Italians; they have no drama compared to Russia, Germany, Italy, or Spain. So that with all these races in Amer-

ica already, we should turn to the Continent for our study rather than to England; in so far, that is, as we turn elsewhere at all. And the sooner we know that, the better for our acting and our theatric ideas and progress.

As to the acting we have on hand for any sort of development in the theatre, for repertory, experimental companies, new playwrights, little can be said. It may be one of the prices that for a time we shall have to pay for democracy, that in the general equality promised and assured and claimed, an artist is born so, born equal to any undertaking and as good as anybody. At any rate it is a fact that our stage teems with people who have no training whatever, who have no style, no taste and no technique; who are not interesting as people; who are unable to express even what little observation they have made of life, and who nevertheless get a start at being praised in the newspapers and so go ahead from one rôle to another with nothing but their names and what is called their personalities to carry them. This is not to say that there is no talent. There is plenty of possible talent. But there is little art, and of what art we have there is but little opportunity for expression on account of the system of managers and stars and long runs and, last but far from least, the absence of any organized, regular and dependable public.

For that matter we have yet to make up our minds as to what acting is. The young people coming on have been hopelessly confused by the photographic methods in vogue; and they early in the game get the impression that what they have to do is to be themselves, be natural, without ever having stopped to think what being natural in terms of art might mean. Many of them are not actors at all; they are themselves, but they do nothing even moderately well or with any expertness of craft. They cannot even stay in the part, which is at the least one of the signs of an actor; they are in the part only when there is something to do about it, to shriek, to laugh, to walk, to be afraid, to sniffle or to die. Whereas the fact remains that in the art of acting, where it becomes an art, which is not always, the whole thing is a translation of the material from life into art in terms of the actor presenting it. Acting that is art remains art; and the personality of the actor remains always under every rôle that he represents; indeed

he can present only the qualities of the character that he undertakes; and the reality and point of those qualities as they come to the audience depend on the personal quality and power of the actor himself. Most of our actors have not cultivation enough to give distinction and importance to their work to begin with; and they have no recognized models around them to study, as so many foreign beginners have. And there is no public demand and no criticism that can force them to learn diction and a use of the body that will carry with it the style or the idea in the mind to be expressed. Indeed, as things stand the case gets so bad at times that one despairs; one thinks of the actors among us who are really doing something with themselves, and then of the mob of others, those perplexing people whose aim is so difficult to make out, whose manners and voice and English and artistic ambitions are so puzzling, if you take them seriously. And the deserving artists seem to fade against this array of the rest. I clutch at a worthy name for a moment, here at least is one good actor; and then blightingly and overwhelmingly I hear in the back of my mind what that Greek Demodocus says in the *Anthology*: "All Cilicians are bad men; among the Cilicians there is one good man, Cinyras, and Cinyras is a Cilician." And yet I know that that is neither fair nor true; and aged by the season's wear I cling to my memories and recall actors, sincere and moving artists, however large or small, that have been oases in this rouged and powdered desert of mediocrity: Ben-Ami, Mr. Augustin Duncan and Mr. Cooper in *Tenacity*, Mr. Sidney Blackmer in *The Mountain Man*, Mr. Robinson in *The Deluge*, Miss Eva le Gallienne, Miss Clare Eames, Miss Lord, Mr. Louis Calvert, Miss Winwood, Mr. Roland Young, for some of them at least.

But regardless of all this, we have questions to be thought through; thought first by those who are the leaders of the crowd, who sense the thing in the air, give it style, theory and form, and then put it back again to the general life out of which it was first drawn. We must ask what is the art of the theatre. It is not music, not pantomime, nor pictorial setting. It is no one of these things, though it may include them all. But these things when they become the art of the theatre are no longer what they were before. The theatre can exist without any one of them,

without words, or gesture, or setting, and still be itself. It remains a separate art, it has a special function of its own which belongs to no other art, and by which it maintains its existence. It has its own kind of rhythm. It is not to be lost sight of in the borrowings from other arts, or under a dazzle of prettiness; but it is to stand fundamentally on its own organic and necessary elements. The clearer and clearer statement of what the art of the theatre is, of what must happen before any material can become this art, is one of the things to be undertaken. We know more or less in what consists the art of painting, of literature, poetry or music. But what the art of the theatre is, remains only half discerned and hardly said at all.

And to what extent is the theatre presentational and how far is it representational? How far, in other words, is illusion artistic in the theatre? For a long time we have gone on taking for granted that the theatre must produce as nearly as possible the actual illusion of life as we see it. The place where the action occurs, the imitation of human beings and their actions, the lines and directions of the play, have all been accepted as necessarily as much like life as possible. Even in the poetic or idealistic drama, where greater freedom from the actual and possible is allowed, we have felt that the main effect should as far as possible persuade us that it is real, is life being enacted there on the stage before our eyes. Whereas, as a matter of fact, the Greeks never pretended for a moment that what they saw on the stage was actually occurring. Nor has the theatre of Japan or of China or India at the highest points ever assumed a necessity of illusion for itself. Grasso in his acting never represents the illusion. You will see him die on the stage with more power, reality and ingenuity than any actor on Broadway could do. But not for an instant does Grasso pretend or his audience pretend that he is dead. They have seen what is infinitely more moving and terrible, have seen the very idea, the abstraction of death, death as it is given us in music. And as soon as the curtain drops, Grasso rises and takes his bow, a thing that has long amused us in the Italians when it happened. But why not? To insist on the illusion that the actor is really dead is only silly and childish. And it is dangerous to the art exhibited there; because it substitutes a

plausible imitation for the translation into the essential quality that would give the moment portrayed another existence apart from and free of that mere stoppage of vitality that we call death. The tendency toward the presentational in the theatre, as contrasted with the representational, is slightly marked as yet; but the decline of realism that is distinctly visible, and the desire for something more comprehensive, luminous and nourishing and abstractly beautiful, raise again the question as to how far we shall strive for illusion and how far we shall be strictly presentational.

And how much have we been taking for granted about what constitutes the proper subject-matter for a play? What part of the art of the theatre is to be fulfilled by the actors? Is the individual actor as important necessarily as we have had him? Or rather is the great rhythm of the life represented on the stage to be the thing? And how much is the individual character to be the vehicle for the things set forth in drama? We have considered it one of the chief advances of modern drama that the people have ceased to be what we called abstractions or types and have become more and more particular and unforgettable persons, recognizable and applicable largely to themselves alone. But to what extent does it follow that that is an advance? We know how small a part of our interest in the Great War was centred on heroes and individuals. We know what a poor figure kings cut nowadays, the few that are left. How much will the theatre move toward ideas again, abstractions, great forces moving through the world of men; and crashing through time and tearing through human life like the wind through trees or the infinite rhythms of light and dark as they follow each other through the world? No art can ever rest, be settled, have its theory accepted, wound up. And the art of the theatre, which comes always to its own in terms of life, must be as vast, as intricate and as simple as our life is; and the nature of it and its direction will bend and change as our consciousness of life evolves and reshapes itself.

STARK YOUNG.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

MONSIEUR SATIE AND MR. CARPENTER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To the casual observer of contemporary music, the celebrated Erik Satie is known as an eccentric Frenchman who writes music with absurd titles and preposterous directions to the performer—piano works with such titles as *Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear, The Dreamy Fish, Airs to Make you Run;* printed directions which instruct the pianist to play "on yellow velvet, dry as a cuckoo, light as an egg", or "without noise", "with hands in the pockets", "like a nightingale with the toothache"; or such programmatic indications as the following: "This is the hunt after a lobster; the hunters descend to the bottom of the water. They run. . . . The lobster is tracked. The lobster weeps".

There is no such test of friendship, remarked George Eliot, as a difference in the sense of humor; and the infantile buffooneries of Satie have done him an ill service with many who have been deterred by these somewhat elephantine gambollings from recognizing, behind the *farceur* and the gamin, the gifted and original musician, the tonal path-breaker, who is the essential Satie. Parodist, clown, poseur, a whimsical and outrageous prank-player, deliberately and joyously engaged in the ancient pastime of making the simple-minded sit up, Satie is nevertheless a considerable figure in modern musical history. At a time when Stravinsky was a boy of nine and Schönberg a youth of seventeen, Satie was writing music extraordinary for its daring and originality. In his *Le Fils des Étoiles* (1891) there are harmonic inventions which sound for all the world like passages to which Stravinsky and Schönberg, twenty years later, were signing their names with a noble gesture of revolutionary defiance; and Satie was writing Debussyisms while Debussy himself was still employing the genteel and perfumed idiom of Massenet.

Satie, the son of a Scotch mother and a French father, studied first with Guilmant, then at the Conservatoire, where he did not shine as a pupil. He played in the Montmartre cabarets and consorted with the wild-eyed Sâr Péladan (Josephine Aimé Péladan), whose grotesque *Salon de la Rose-Croix* he joined in 1892, writing music for plays by Péladan—as, for example, preludes to *Le Fils des Étoiles*, a "Chaldean Wagnerism" in three acts. Satie then resorted to the Schola Cantorum for further study, and in 1911 Ravel made him a subject of excited discussion by playing some of his piano pieces at a concert of the Societé Musicale Independente.

This singular and baffling person—this "shy and genial fantaisist, part-child, part-devil, part-faun", as Carl Van Vechten calls him in an admirable and pioneering essay, "played on by Impressionism, Catholicism, Rosicrucianism, Pre-Raphaelitism, Theosophy, the *camaraderie* of the cabaret"—has produced voluminously, but music that is chiefly for the piano. For orchestra there exist, in addition to the music for *Le Fils des Étoiles* (1891), these scores: *Uspud*, a "Christian ballet for one person"; a prelude to a play by Jules Bois, *La Porte Héroïque du Ciel* (1893), orchestrated by Roland Manuel—a work satirizing mysticism in music, "which gives a general impression suggesting a ritual being chanted by the voluptuous inmates of a harem"; *Je te Veux*, a "pseudo-sentimental" waltz; *Les Pantins Dansent*, after a poem by Valentine de Saint-Point (1912), also orchestrated by Manuel; music for a ballet, *Parade*, devised by Cocteau and Picasso, choreography by Massine, produced at the Châtelet, Paris, by the Russian Ballet, May 18, 1917; a burlesque, *Le Piccadilly;* and *Socrate*, a *drame symphonique* for voice and orchestra, in three parts, based on the Dialogues of Plato (Paris, June 7, 1920).

In the Best Circles of musical hyper-modernism, Satie, it appears, is regarded as an exponent of "that spirit of sane thinking and satire which is a distinctive mark of the French intelligence" —the authentic *esprit gaulois:* that spirit of sly malice, mockery, satire, gayety, ironic humor, which had its early exemplification in the *nouvelles* of La Salle, and which survives in the work of Anatole France. As for M. Satie himself, he has recently declared: "Thirty years ago I was 'terribly Impressionist'. Mod-

ern sensibility was then 'Impressionist' . . . it lived on impressions. Once, even, I was a 'humorist'. . . . Now . . . I have given it up. It is too ugly. In life, one must be serious. . . . Everything must be done seriously"—in which it is not impossible to perceive an inverted gravity.

Certainly it may be said, however, with complete sobriety, that this strange being can write, when he pleases, music of beautiful dignity and distinction; and indisputably he is one of those innovators who have helped to enlarge the potentialities of musical speech. The ultra-modernists have wandered in his harmonic garden with much profit to themselves, even though they knew not the name of the owner thereof. For now, at last, we have heard in these parts the famous *Gymnopédies* of Satie, originally three piano pieces, the first and third of which have been orchestrated with exquisite discretion by Claude Debussy; and they are disclosed as among the most gracious and distinguished things that musical France has given us.

The Gymnopædia was an annual festival of ancient Sparta, so named from the dances performed by naked youths in honor of Apollo, Artemis, and Leto, to commemorate the Spartan victory over the Argives at Thyrea.

The feast of the Gymnopædiæ was a highly consequential one in Sparta. It lasted, says Rawlinson, for several days, sometimes ten. It was less a religious festival than a great spectacle, wherein the grace and strength of the Spartan youth were exhibited to their admiring countrymen and to foreigners. "The chief ceremonies were choral dances, in which wrestling matches and other gymnastic exercises were closely imitated, and which served to show the adroitness, activity and bodily strength of the performers. These were chiefly Spartan youths, who danced naked in the forum, round the statues of Apollo, Diana and Latona. Songs in celebration of the noble deeds performed by the youths—as the exploits of Thyrea and Thermopylæ—formed a portion of the proceedings at the Festival."

Satie has conceived these dances as slow, grave, processional in tone, suavely and serenely classical in spirit. Some have refused to take at their face value the dignity and charm, the poised and lovely simplicity of these pieces, and have chosen to see in them

merely "delightful parodies of the dull monotony and sentimentality of conventional dance-rhythms". But that is to assume that Satie, even at twenty-two, was a confirmed, relentless, and indefatigable parodist,—which is unlikely. Even a parodist must have his days of rest.

Mr. John Alden Carpenter, as everyone knows, is an American; but he has a wholly un-American flexibility. Mr. Carpenter's responsive and versatile genius enables him to turn at will, for the subject-matter of his music, to the Spain of Velasquez, or the Comic Section of the daily paper, or the poetry of Tagore, or the hedonistic life of a perambulating baby in a city park, or his own untabulated reveries as a poet in tones; and not long ago he paid his respects to the memorable year 1620. We have lately heard in New York his *Pilgrim Vision*, composed for the Pilgrim Tercentenary, and performed here in March at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mr. Carpenter has himself set forth the imaginative basis of his music; and as he writes as well as he composes, it is a pleasure no less than a duty to exhibit his own gloss upon his score:

"In order," he has said, "that the purpose of the composer may be made clear, we are asked to imagine the grim little Pilgrim band in a last religious service in England, the march to the sea, the embarkation. We are asked to watch their ship as it sails away and disappears under the edge of the sky. Surely an extraordinary adventure! And surely, at the moment when the sea seems its most tremendous, and the Pilgrim ship its most forgotten, it is easy to think that in that moment the Eye of God rested upon them and smiled. For the sea speeds them on their way and they come at last to the Shore of their Hope. We can share in the exultation of their landing, in the joy of their discovery, and we can feel with them the thrill of the Future America."

It would be superfluous to attempt any elaboration of the foregoing remarks by Mr. Carpenter upon the imaginative substratum of his *Pilgrim Vision*. He paints the picture, suggests the vision, on his orchestral canvas; he elucidates and enforces it,

with admirable conciseness and felicity, in his argument. But comment is in order, however, upon some of the purely musical aspects of Mr. Carpenter's score.

He begins his piece by an organ proclamation of the *Old Hundredth* hymn-tune; and lest any youthful Congregationalist be disposed to rise up and accuse Mr. Carpenter of anachronism, he had better be reminded that the *Old Hundredth* was at least seventy years old when the Pilgrim band sang it,—as we may suppose,—with fearfully uplifted hearts, at that last service before their departure.

With the end of the hymn the music becomes processional, and there is the solemn pealing of bells—music full of the spirit of faith and resolution. Then follows what the imagination hears as music of the sea—the sea as mystery, as caprice, as menace; the sea vast and terrible and endless by night under the cold October stars, or angered by November gales, or bright with the promissory gold of the west; but in a moment of gracious airs and calm seas, the orchestral skies clear for a while and, enclosed by a shimmering veil of harp tones and the shining of the glockenspiel, the music sings its consolatory reminder of an omnipresent, watchful, smiling Providence (for this phrase is annotated in the score: "The Eye of God"). But the clouds gather again, and the fortitude of the immortal band on their little ship is long and cruelly tested. "Stress of weather kept the *Mayflower* nine weeks on the Atlantic," says the historian Woodrow Wilson, and they sighted land "in the bleak days of late November." Albert Bushnell Hart says that the Pilgrims had "three months of stormy voyage" from the time they left Plymouth harbor in England on the 6th of September. But inasmuch as Professor Hart records that it was on November 11 that they drew up their compact while at anchor off Cape Cod, Professor Wilson's "nine weeks" seems rather better arithmetic than Professor Hart's "three months".

As they "come at last to the shore of their hope" the orchestra becomes solemnly jubilant with songs of praise; and amid the pealing of bells and the chanting of trombones and trumpets celebrating the beneficent mercy of Providence, the hearer remembers the assurance of that admirable Puritan, Jonathan

Edwards, that "God's excellency, wisdom, and love seemed to appear in everything: in the clouds, in the blue sky, in the water, and all nature."

And thus we leave the Pilgrims as they land near a certain bowlder set "among diverse cornfeilds & litle runing brooks",[1] thrilling with their new vision and their superb hope.

It is not an easy thing to turn history—even romantic and exalted history—into music. And of course, strictly speaking, Mr. Carpenter has neither attempted nor accomplished anything of the kind. He has sought merely to extract the emotional essence of that great adventure of 1620 and state it in terms of musical speech; and he has done this admirably—with gravity, pith, and tenderness; with a rich sense of the nobility and drama of his theme. That he has also, incidentally, produced a piece of music which is as validly and indisputably "American" as Cape Cod, may be accredited to him for righteousness; though we regard this as of infinitely less importance than that he has given us music of distinction and flavor and clear sincerity.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

[1] Governor Bradford's spelling, not ours.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

DIAGNOSING AMERICA[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We have before us a volume of 500-odd pages entitled *Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans.* Its purpose is clearly stated on the jacket of the book: This is "not a collection of overlapping essays, but a unified work growing out of the meetings of a group of American writers, who planned this re-valuation of our contemporary culture in the spirit of the eighteenth century French Encyclopedists. The book is neither propaganda nor apology, but the unbiased attempt of a group of more or less kindred minds to sum up the larger aspects of American life and culture, and point out the defects as well as the virtues of American civilization."

The first thing that strikes the reader is that there are some remarkable omissions in the book. In what is avowedly an attempt "to sum up the larger aspects of American life and culture", there is no study of Architecture; none of Religion; none of that strange and significant expression of the spiritual mind of America which might be roughly indicated as the "New Thought" movement—something quite apart from what the Church knows as Religion, yet profoundly and engrossingly revelatory of the national temper. Nor is there any examination of the American Periodical—the kind of inquiry into an immensely significant phase of our civilization which Professor Henry Seidel Canby contributed to The North American Review not long ago.

Who are the "thirty Americans" whose labors of inquiry and discussion are here assembled? They are strangely assorted, strangely unequal in ability. We give, for the sake of completeness, their names and subjects: *The City*, Lewis Mumford;

[1] *Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans.* Edited by Harold E. Stearns. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Politics, H. L. Mencken; *Journalism*, John Macy; *The Law*, Zechariah Chafee, Jr.; *Education*, Robert Morss Lovett; *Scholarship and Criticism*, J. E. Spingarn; *School and College Life*, Clarence Britten; *The Intellectual Life*, Harold E. Stearns; *Science*, Robert H. Lowie; *Philosophy*, Harold Chapman Brown; *The Literary Life*, VanWyck Brooks; *Music*, Deems Taylor; *Poetry*, Conrad Aiken; *Art*, Walker Pach; *The Theatre*, George Jean Nathan; *Economic Opinion*, Walter H. Hamilton; *Radicalism*, George Soule; *The Small Town*, Louis Raymond Reid; *History*, H. W. Van Loon; *Sex*, Elsie Clews Parsons; *The Family*, Katharine S. Anthony; *The Alien*, Frederick C. Howe; *Racial Minorities*, Geroid Tanquary Robinson; *Advertising*, J. Thorne Smith; *Business*, Garet Garrett; *Engineering*, O. S. Beyer, Jr.; *Nerves*, Alfred B. Kuttner; *Medicine*, Anonymous; *Sport and Play*, Ring W. Lardner; *Humor*, Frank M. Colby. In addition, there are three essays offering a view of American Civilization "from the Foreign Point of View", written by an Englishman (Henry L. Stuart), an Irishman (Ernest Boyd), and an Italian (Raffaello Piccoli). There are bibliographical notes, a "Who's Who of Contributors", and an index.

It may be said at once that those who come to this book with the expectation of finding anything that might be described by that glib adjective, "constructive", will be disappointed. These investigators did not set out to be "constructive": their aim was to diagnose, to dissect; not to prescribe. They were "constructive" only to the same degree that a surgeon is when he attends to a bodily lesion. He operates, and goes his way. It is up to the patient to get well, assisted by Nature, and by another kind of medical man, with prescriptions of a tonic and advice as to regimen; but the surgeon is through. To state the matter in another way, it is the sole duty of an enlightened Building Commissioner to see that an unsanitary and unsafe tenement-house is pulled down. You do not ask him to put up a new building in its place—that is the duty of private capital (at least in our present civilization); of the real estate interests. Mr. Stearns puts the matter admirably when he says that he and his collaborators wished to speak the truth about American civilization as they saw it, in order to do their share in making

a real civilization possible—"I think with all of us [he says] there was a common assumption that a field cannot be ploughed until it has first been cleared of rocks, and that constructive criticism can hardly exist until there is something on which to construct". That seems unanswerable; and so it is beside the point to quarrel with these Thirty Americans for not doing something which was no part of their duty, as they saw it. They have been hotly taken to task because they "set forth . . . nothing of articulate excellence"; because they "condemn". Well, the surgeon "condemns" an infected finger or a diseased appendix, without being asked why the devil he doesn't admire the color of the patient's eyes or speak favorably of his chest development. That is not, at the moment, his business. Nor is it pertinent to make light of the extreme earnestness, of the "pessimism", of these inquirers, or to sneer at them or abuse them. The only legitimate concern of the critic or the reader is to form an opinion as to the truth of the charges against our civilization that are brought in this book.

We have not space to examine these charges in detail; but it is possible to summarize them, and with fairness, because Mr. Stearns himself does so in his recapitulation of "the three major contentions" which, in his own term, are "basic" in all the essays. These major contentions are as follows (we shall venture to comment upon each of them in turn):

First: That in almost every branch of American life there is a sharp dichotomy between preaching and practice; we let not our right hand know what our left hand doeth. Curiously enough, no one regards this, and in fact no one consciously feels this as hypocrisy—there are certain abstractions and dogmas which are sacred to us, and if we fall short of these external standards in our private life, that is no reason for submitting them to a fresh examination; rather are we to worship them the more vociferously to show our sense of sin. Regardless, then, of the theoretical excellence or stupidity of these standards, in actual practice the moral code resolves itself into the one cardinal heresy of being found out, with the chief sanction enforcing it, the fear of what people will say.

That seems to us so true as to be platitudinous. No American who is penetrating, candid, and humorous would, we fancy, dream of denying the essential justice of this accusation. It is perfectly true that there is much disheartening hypocrisy in our

attitude toward legal and moral prohibitions. The evidences of it are inescapable. It would be merely otiose to cite instances. The word "bunk" was probably invented in America to meet the need of describing a thing which seems to be peculiarly our own. If the contention of the Thirty Inquirers is not sufficiently illustrated by that most obvious of examples, our attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, it would be hard to prove the contrary. What we preach is that this particular law is a grand and holy thing for the workingman, but one which we who do not happen to be workingmen (in the special sense of the term) need not regard. And so we cheerfully flout the law which our representatives put on the statute-books for us, and install cafés in our clubs and supply wine at our semi-public banquets and buy bad and expensive liquor at restaurants (when we can afford it) and turn our trousers into baby bars. The Best People do these things—judges, lawyers, editors, captains of industry, politicians (when they think they won't be found out); and, as Mr. Stearns accurately observes, "no one consciously feels this as hypocrisy". But it would be fatuous to labor the point. The truth of the charge is apparent to anyone who is not either stupid or dishonest. So let us move on to the second count in the indictment:

> Whatever else American civilization is, it is not Anglo-Saxon, and we shall never achieve any genuine nationalistic self-consciousness as long as we allow certain financial and social minorities to persuade us that we are still an English Colony. Until we begin seriously to appraise and warmly to cherish the heterogeneous elements which make up our life, and to see the common element running through all of them, we shall make not even a step towards true unity; we shall remain, in Roosevelt's class-conscious and bitter but illuminating phrase, a polyglot boarding-house.

But if American civilization is actually something other than "Anglo-Saxon", what difference does it make whether or not "certain financial and social minorities" try to persuade us that we are still an English Colony? We are not, and we know we are not. If the Financial and Social Minorities wish to solace themselves by thinking so, of what consequence is it? The implication is that we allow those parties (as Mark Twain might call them) to persuade us. But whom do the Thirty

Enquirers mean when they say "us"? Is the best of our fictionists, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, persuaded that we are an English Colony? Ask him—or read his books. Did the best of our music makers think so? Listen to the *Keltic* Sonata of MacDowell, to his typical and magnificent *Indian* Suite. Listen to Carpenter's Jazz ballet, to John Powell's *Negro Rhapsody*, to Griffeth's *Kubla Khan*. Ask Carl Sandburg or Edgar Lee Masters or Robert Frost. Is Congress persuaded? We hold no brief for Congress—indeed, we heartily agree with most of what Mr. H. L. Mencken says of it in his contribution to *Civilization in America;* but we perceive no evidence that Congress is persuaded that we are an English Colony. The Thirty Enquirers seem to deplore our lack of "nationalistic self-consciousness". Again, we perceive no evidence of this lack. What does it matter, anyway? Certainly it matters little to what the Thirty sometimes describe as "the creative life". Richard Wagner neither needed nor responded to any spirit of "nationalistic self-consciousness" when he composed the greatest music in the world, the score of *Tristan und Isolde,* which is far more Italian in style than it is German. How French is the most beautiful and distinguished of French operas, *Pelléas et Mélisande?* The answer must be that it lacks many of the qualities that a "nationalistic self-consciousness" should have taught Debussy to give it, and possesses other characteristics that are not French at all. The best musical setting of *Falstaff* is by an Italian. The most "American" of all symphonies was written by a Bohemian. We have gone to music for these instances because it is in music that a nationalistic self-consciousness, in the creative field, has freest play. So, as we said, what does it matter, even if what the Thirty seem to believe is true?

The third and last of the book's major contentions is thus set forth:

> The most moving and pathetic fact in the social life of America to-day is emotional and æsthetic starvation. . . . There must be an entirely new deal of the cards in one sense; we must change our hearts. For only so, unless through the humbling of calamity or scourge, can true art and true religion and true personality, with their native warmth and caprice and gaiety, grow up in America.

"Emotional Starvation"? Let us consider this first, and briefly. Is the American in his social life emotionally starved? We do not believe it. On the contrary, he is emotionally overstimulated. For the typical American (if there is any such bird—and the Thirty apparently think they have isolated him) is nothing if not emotional; although we hasten to say that we are not perfectly sure just what value to give to the word "emotional" in the phrase quoted above; for its significance there is not clear and is not defined. "Æsthetic starvation" is a different matter. If the phrase means that our American civilization suffers from lack of æsthetic nourishment—that such appetite as we possess has not enough to feed on; not enough fine literature to read, fine music to hear, fine plays to see—we do not think it conveys truth. In what other contemporary civilization do rich individuals spend such appalling sums of money for the support of symphony orchestras, for example? If the civilized American is yearning to steep himself in æsthetic experience, he has only himself to blame if he does not do so. But perhaps the meaning of the Thirty is that he doesn't *want* to; and so their phrase should have read: "Æsthetic incapacity", or "æsthetic insensibility"; and then it would have been true and apt.

What Mr. Deems Taylor says in his admirable essay on *Music* is true, in the main, of the attitude of Americans toward all æsthetic experience: "Instruction, release, amusement—that, in general, is all we want of art. . . . The typical American goes to an art-work either frankly to have his senses tickled or for the sake of a definite thing that it says or a series of extraneous images or thoughts that it evokes—never for the *Ding an sich*. Of pure æsthetic emotion he exhibits very little. To him, beauty is emphatically not its own excuse for being. He does not want it for its own sake, and distrusts and fears it when it appears before him unclothed in moral lessons or associated ideas."

That is indisputably true, and it is, in all conscience, a sufficiently grave indictment. How can a people that feels thus about the finest things of the mind dare to believe that its civilization is a respectable thing, let alone an admirable thing? For what is "civilization"? It is, said Mr. Webster, "relative advancement in social culture". By that definition we have no reason to be

proud of ourselves so far as our relation to spiritual rareness is concerned. And in other respects there are harsh and mortifying things to be said of us. We are, taking us by and large, bigoted, sentimental, superficial; we are unbelievably submissive, being the Easy Marks of the ages ("docile" was Lord Northcliffe's politely indicative word for it). We have schoolboy brains and schoolgirl emotions. We are governed, on the whole, by legislatures that are, to say the least, depressingly unintelligent,—that carry on the discussion of measures of the utmost importance "in the manner of the Chautauqua and the rural stump". Our thinking is conventional and standardized. At its worst, it is muddled and hysterical; seldom lucid, uninhibited, and poised. We are poor sports, for we are cruel and oppressive toward unpopular minorities. Unable to endure dissenters, we suppress them whenever we can.

These are some—the most damaging—of the charges that are brought against us by the Thirty. It is dismaying to consider them calmly and to be forced to admit that they are, in the main, warranted. That admission is not agreeable. Many will refuse to make it. But we do not believe that any sensitive, dispassionate, and candid student of contemporary American life can fail to realize that there is an overwhelming measure of truth in these allegations. Despite our kindliness, our genuine thirst after righteousness, our receptiveness, our gayety and humor, we have much to do to be saved. Let those who know and cherish America be the first to chastize her, not the last; for their chastizing is founded "not on hate of what they cannot understand, but on love of what they wish all to share".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMATEUR meddling in diplomacy was exhibited in a peculiarly unfortunate light by an incident in connection with the ratification of the Washington treaties which in its baldest aspect merited the epithet of "infamous" which was applied to it in a very high quarter. A question was asked which implied an imputation against our Government of double-dealing for the deception of our own nation. It was inspired by some reported utterances of men of high professional standing in an organization which was entirely unofficial yet which bore a name plausibly suggesting that it was an important and authoritative bureau of government. The transparent sincerity and integrity of the Administration of course disposed of the incident without harm to the results of the recent Conference. But there was left a very serious question as to the propriety of such organized discussion of delicate issues of international business which the Government has in hand. We all remember how justly Dr. Logan was rebuked by Act of Congress, and how odious was the Hartford Convention. We know, too, how strictly it is forbidden to comment upon a matter which is under trial in a court of justice. It is desirable for citizens to acquaint themselves with public affairs, both national and international. But considerations of propriety and patriotism should certainly restrain them from making, especially in a quasi-official manner, utterances which might create false impressions abroad and cause embarrassment to or unfavorable reflections upon the Government at home.

One of the sanest and most authoritative of all comments upon the first year's achievements of the present Administration, and especially upon the Conference, has been made by the Vice-President, whose words should be taken to heart and mind by every citizen. Mr. Coolidge dwelt justly upon the enormous reduc-

tion of armament and decrease of public expenditures that have been effected; but prudently warned his hearers against exaggerated interpretations of those results. "It does not," he said in his characteristic epigrammatic manner, "mean that the burdens of existence are to be lifted from mankind. It does not mean that military establishments are to be no longer required. An agreement to maintain a parity between navies is not an agreement to abolish navies." These words are to be commended to those who would transform rational reduction into something like destruction of our forces. The very fact that we have so greatly reduced the size of the fleet is of course a most compelling argument for keeping all that is left of it fully manned and in the best possible condition. We have agreed that the American, British and Japanese navies shall hereafter be proportioned as 5, 5, and 3. It is quite certain that those two Powers will keep their fleets up to the full strength thus prescribed. But if, as has been urged in Congress, we throw one-third of ours out of commission, unmanned, we shall fall one-third below the British strength and exceed that of Japan by the narrowest of margins; the scale being 3.3, 5, and 3. To do that would be to make the noble results of the Conference a menace instead of a blessing to us. In the name of and for the sake of peace it may be pertinent to remember an incident of exactly three hundred years ago. Canonicus, Sachem of the Narragansetts, sent to the Plymouth Colonists a rattlesnake skin filled with arrows—a challenge to war. Governor Bradford returned it to him, filled with gunpowder and bullets. And there was peace.

General satisfaction will attend the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, upholding the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools, at least below a certain grade. Of the logical validity of the law there never was room for serious question. The power of the State to require universal attendance at school essentially implies the power to prescribe the general courses of study that shall be pursued. The object of compulsory schooling is to assure in all citizens sufficient education for the right performance of the duties of citizenship. To require children to attend school, and

to permit the school to teach them nothing of civic value, would be gross stultification. Of the educational soundness of it there is no more room for question. The weakest and least satisfactory of all the work done in the average public school is its teaching—or not teaching—of English. Until the schools turn out scholars far better instructed and trained in the use of the vernacular, they have no business to give an hour's instruction in any foreign tongue. Finally, on the moral ground the law is of impregnable propriety—indeed, of imperative desirability. The very fact that in any community or State there is a large proportion, even a majority, of residents of non-English speaking origin is one of the strongest possible reasons for teaching no language but English in the common schools. This consideration is reëmphasized by the notorious fact that most of the opposition to the Nebraska law comes from an alien element which has insolently proclaimed its purpose to remain permanently alien and to rear its offspring as aliens; and which demands that American citizens shall provide and maintain schools for that delectable purpose.

The Antigonish "ghost hunt", which attracted international and serious scientific attention, afforded an equally ridiculous and lamentable illustration of the extremes to which the itch for publicity will go. There had been a long series of extraordinary occurrences, some of a criminal character, quite inexplicable to all who had suffered from or observed them; apparently the deeds of a particularly shrewd miscreant, of an equally cunning lunatic, or of some supernatural agency. Assuming that the last theory was correct, an expert psychologist undertook an investigation. The most elementary common sense of course made it imperative that the investigation, like all detective work, should be conducted as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, in order that the criminal or lunatic might not be warned and refrain from operations which might lead to detection, or that there might be no disturbance of conditions favorable to supernatural agencies. Instead, however, the very opposite policy was adopted. Orders went forth to

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim—

that investigators were coming, accompanied by press agents, "movie" camera men, and a whole retinue of sensation-makers. Thus the whole enterprise was made absurdly futile in advance. There has long been a proverbial injunction against "going fishing with a brass band". It may now be replaced with a stronger one against the flippant folly of going "ghost hunting" with a "movie" outfit.

Excepting on the part of those who have been comparing him with Jesus Christ, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, there will be little regret at the locking-up of Mr. M. K. Gandhi, who has long been something of an international nuisance, and whose tortuous and illogical career has never commended him to the esteem of thoughtful men. But there will be an even stronger feeling than regret at the sequel to it which is seen in the new scheme for settling affairs in the Near East. With the disposition of Constantinople, Adrianople, Gallipoli, Smyrna and other places and regions we need not concern ourselves. But the whole Christian world is deeply concerned in the proposal for the abolition of the Armenian State and the turning over of the remnant of that long-suffering people to torment and extinction at the hands of the Turks. The pretence of putting them under the protection of the League of Nations, and of going house-hunting for a "national home" for them—possibly on Wrangell Land or Kerguelen?—is one of the most acrid and cynical of jests. It is indeed impertinent to mention the League of Nations as sponsor for a performance which would make the veriest "scrap of paper" of that fundamental principle of the League, the right of national self-determination. Of all the varied peoples affected by the Great War there is certainly none more entitled to that right—to independence in their own ancient home land—than the Armenians. They were an independent nation, in that land, a thousand years before Mohammed was born; they were the first Christian nation in the world; they ranked for centuries among the most highly civilized nations of the world. Yet now their last hope of restoration is destroyed, and they are given as a sacrifice to their hereditary and merciless foes, as the price for which the latter are to acquiesce in the suppression of Gandhi's sedition.

At such a price will the Great Powers purchase—so they fondly hope—the loyalty of their Mohammedan subjects, who have accepted the leadership of Gandhi, though he is of course not of their faith. "The rest is silence!"

The coal strike, threatened at this writing to be the greatest and perhaps the most disastrous in history, emphasizes anew two things, with a force which would be immediately convincing to any less shiftless and happy-go-lucky people than ourselves. One is, the need—let us say, also, the impregnable equity—of some irresistible provision for the protection of the public from the effects of such disturbances. Because some thousands of men cannot agree upon the solution of a simple problem in economic arithmetic, a nation of a hundred millions must be menaced in the enjoyment of one of the prime necessities of life. Truly, the rôle of *Tertium Quid* is mightily becoming to the American people! The other obvious point is, the need of such development of our resources of "white coal" as shall at once conserve our rapidly waning supply of anthracite and bituminous and lessen its economic importance. The water-power available in the United States but now neglected is easily sufficient to take the place of fifty per cent of the coal now consumed—a power which never could be exhausted, which would greatly lessen the cost of manufactures and utilities, and which would be an immeasurable gain for cleanliness and comfort. Strange, that we need such a cataclysm and disaster as a universal strike to teach us these simple lessons; and then we do not learn them!

Belgium, France, Great Britain and some other enlightened and progressive countries some weeks ago put into effect a uniform system of what they felicitously call "summer time"; setting their clocks forward an hour, so as to utilize an hour more of sunlight each day, and dispense with an hour of artificial light every evening. This is done uniformly, by national enactment and decree, so that there is never nor anywhere the slightest embarrassment or confusion. The United States, which would sharply resent any implication that it was less enlightened and progressive than they, will a week or so hence plunge into a state of horological

chaos. Some States will run on one time and some on another. In the same State some cities will have "standard" and some "day-light saving" time. There will be a similar diversity among railroads. In Squedunk a man will take the eight o'clock train at nine o'clock, and at Podunk he will alight from the six o'clock train at five. A traveller will leave home at ten o'clock and after journeying an hour will find that it is still precisely ten o'clock; and five minutes later it will be five minutes after eleven. In France last year "summer time" resulted in a saving of 200,000 tons of coal, and there—as indeed here also—all authorities agree that "day-light saving" means an immense gain for health. Yet like Gallio we seem to care for none of these things. Year after year we fail to make up our minds as to the system of time we shall use, and year after year suffer the inconvenience and actual distress of a helter-skelter mingling of two systems. It is not a creditable showing for a nation which boasts of its practicality and efficiency.

After forty years British occupation of Egypt, which most of the time was tantamount to actual annexation, is ended, and for the first time since the death of Cleopatra the Land of the Pharaohs is an independent kingdom. Thus the promise which Gladstone made is at last fulfilled. We need not speculate upon the question whether, had it not been for the Great War, this would have been done sooner, or have been postponed to a later date. There is nothing perceptible in the results of the War that put any stronger constraint upon the British Government to do the thing; wherefore we may credit it directly to the good faith of that Government and to its fixed purpose to keep its word. The record of these forty years is illumined with the names of four of the greatest Britons of the age, whose impress upon the history not only of Egypt but indeed of the world is indelible and illustrious: Gordon, the knight-errant and martyr; Kitchener, the avenger and conqueror; Cromer, the administrator and constructor; Allenby, the restorer and the finisher of faith. In all the thousands of years of the history of that ancient land there are no passages more heroic or more worthy of immortal remembrance than these which we have witnessed in our own day and generation.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE OUTCAST. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by W. Worster, M. A. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

It seems best to say of *The Outcast*, first of all, that it is, in every reasonable and traditional sense, an amazingly good story, and then to add that it is a profound story. This order of emphasis is, indeed, the natural order. Every work of fiction ought to be first of all a good story, and afterwards a profound or significant story. It must reach its profundity or significance through life; it must synthesize rather than analyze. For it is precisely the office of fiction, when it has any office beyond that of mere entertainment, to give us, through a synthesis,—a binding-together of various elements of experience,—such an understanding of life or insight into it as we cannot get through the ordinary method of analysis.

The thought that overwhelms the critic in his effort to appraise *The Outcast* is this: What would the story have been if any other writer had attempted to treat the same fable? One shrinks from pursuing this inquiry. There are so many possibilities in the fable itself for all manner of faults—for sordidness, horror, an inhuman solemnity, false sentiment, shallow mysticism, religiosity, mere moralism. And the result of falling into any of these errors, or all of them, would have been to leave the whole story a meaningless hodge-podge, an offense to good sense and to good taste.

Yet all these elements, or their counterparts, are real factors in life—the objects of genuine experience. Without an understanding of misery and terror, without adequate seriousness and idealism, without some sort of faith in the unseen and some respect for the moral law, one cannot write truly about life. And this remains true, notwithstanding the fact that these experiences are constantly perceived by us in forms that suggest sordidness, horror, inhuman solemnity, superstition, dogmatism, or conventional morality.

Distrusting our profounder instincts, we cease the effort to synthesize, to humanize our experiences, and turn to the scientific, the analytical method. Misery we view from the standpoint of economics, terror from that of psychology, idealism and faith from that of logic. We abstract these things, analyze them, and try to put them away from us as not being really a part of us. It is our desire to be matter-of-fact, "healthy-minded"; and thus we deprive ourselves of what Unamuno calls "the tragic sense of life".

This is precisely what Miss Lagerlöf has not done. She has synthesized, and it has required a comprehensive mind and a potent spirit to make an intelligible and emotionally powerful whole out of the diverse materials of which *The*

Outcast is composed. She has succeeded in a manner that betokens genius. This story, improbable, wild, realistic or commonplace at times to the verge of exciting repugnance, daring in its inclusions of folklore and phantasy, does reflect the world and does truly represent the human spirit. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of singular intimacy and warmth, the atmosphere of village life, almost of the family circle; it wears, therefore, an air of homely familiarity that guards it from any sense of incongruity or unreality. Out of it there comes a kind of wisdom, instinctive, maternal, unanswerable.

To come back to the point that *The Outcast* is primarily a good story: it is so because it holds in suspension so many elements of interest, binds together such a diversity of attitudes. Just so much of the story may be profitably rehearsed as will serve to illustrate this point.

Sven Elversson, the son of poor peasants living on the island of Grimon, off the West coast of Sweden, has been adopted as a child by a rich English family. As a young man he returns in disgrace. Shipwrecked with his companions on an expedition to the far North, he is said to have tasted human flesh.

Here, indeed, is a good beginning, or at least an unusual one, for one of those stories of the outcast laboring to expiate a crime with which our sympathies are ever and anon stretched upon the wrack by ambitious authors. But what is it that gives it significance? It is the author's intuition, backed by historical and philosophical reflection, that this long-outgrown, this pre-human crime is to modern human nature the unforgivable sin. Here is insight seconded by evolutionary thinking.

Sven Elversson is humble, industrious, kindly, pure in word and act. All this makes no difference; his fellows shrink from him. This reaction is simple enough; it is perfectly natural; and it is clarified and purged from prejudice by a thorough familiarity with all that has been written in late years about crowd psychology and the herd instinct. Here is a scientific view of human nature,—exactly the stuff of which some realism is made. Miss Lagerlöf is as earnest about it as if she intended to sacrifice her hero to the blind instinct of the herd—to let that be the point of the story. Nevertheless, she appears to have something in reserve.

Sven Elversson joins the crew of a fishing vessel, every man of which is in his way a criminal. He reforms them; he makes them good seamen, self-respecting fishermen. But the wives of these men will have none of him! Better the old ways, they say, than that their husbands should associate with an eater of human flesh. He builds a school. At his own expense, he puts up a better building than the specifications called for; he attends to every detail with loving care. The people of the village are not ungrateful; they show a disposition to receive him back into the fold. But the children will have none of this school. Forced to attend, they fall into hysterics; to them the building is a place of horror because it has been built by one who has eaten human flesh. And at last the school is accidentally set on fire, and burns to the ground.

Here, again, one sees an extraordinary union of the critical spirit with insight

or faith. Faith is sometimes confused with that silly optimism which would have managed the salvation of Sven Elversson easily and quickly through "love"—through the mere tolerance and affectionateness of his fellows. When such optimism is lacking, we too often find a merely savage spirit of criticism—a spirit that would ironically damn Sven Elversson through the instinctive virtue of women and through the innocence of children. Miss Lagerlöf is as trenchant as Ibsen in her criticism of human nature. She appears, however, to have something in reserve.

Reduced to the lowest depth of humility, Sven Elversson comforts himself with the thought that he may, after all, turn to a good use the horror that all normal people feel toward him. He will work with the lowest of the low; these, perhaps, will be open to his approaches because to him at least they can feel superior.

Here it seems as if we were approaching dangerously near to the brink of sentimentality. Of all the "unco guid", the least agreeable type may well be the abysmally and self-consciously humble person. A superinduced humility is perhaps the most unpleasant of superinduced emotions. But Miss Lagerlöf's portrayal of Sven at this juncture is saved from the least touch of sentimentality (with its accompanying unreality) by two causes. First, the author's instinct teaches her that a sincere and heart-broken man has neither an exaggerated reserve nor the least disposition to dramatize his emotions. He goes from one duty to another, from one thought to another, with a certain inner tension and preoccupation, like a man crossing a rushing stream on stepping stones. Secondly, her critical faculty is wide awake. With the shrewdness of an experienced district attorney, with the acuteness of a trained criminologist, she understands the mentality of the ex-convict and murderer whom Sven induces to confess.

Without attempting to sketch the story further, one may give one more instance of the two-sidedness of Miss Lagerlöf's genius. The strange character of Lotta Hedman cannot be passed over in silence. Lotta is an ignorant peasant girl who deems herself a seeress. Now, Miss Lagerlöf is, of course, perfectly aware that such a person in real life is likely to be something of a fanatic and something of a bore. Lotta, who babbles to strangers on a railroad train, of her dreams, of her visions, of her prophesies based on the Book of Revelation, of her letter to the King, is—what? Partly a child, partly a madwoman, partly a helpless and excessively commonplace adult. Yet she possesses second sight! Did not William James suggest that a mental flaw might possibly be the means of admitting a ray of light from the unknown? Here, once more, the author's imagination appears to be sustained and governed by a profound intuition and at the same time to be checked by an uncommonly precise knowledge and an unusually bright awareness. One may have, it seems, the faith to believe in Joan of Arc and yet retain the unclouded vision of the psychologist or the student of sociology. The result of this twofold way of grasping life in Miss Lagerlöf's story is a quite startling reality.

Thus it is that a tale original almost to the point of eccentricity, racial almost to excess in its coloring and its emotional tone, simple almost to the verge of childishness in its "plot" and in its choice of incidents, binds together materials the most rich and diverse, implications the most varied and profound, making of them one convincing and satisfying whole.

But the story is more than a good story. It has also a profound meaning. Holding something in reserve until the very last, the author makes her way from higher level to higher level of interest. By devious paths, by sudden sharp ascents, daring the dizzy paths of the supernatural, narrowly skirting the chasms of absurdity and bathos which lie so close to our upward ways, she arrives at the height of a great idea—the sacredness of human life. And the whole story—so human in its materials whether of fact or of phantasy—stands forth as an impressive symbol of something that can be expressed only by a symbol.

Up Stream: An American Chronicle. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright.

One can say of Mr. Lewisohn's autobiography that it is a highly significant book without admitting that it is at all a great book.

Born in Germany, of Hebrew parents, Mr. Lewisohn came to this country as a boy, and he went through a kind of agony of Americanization. There is in his record of his experiences a passion of frankness, an intellectual and an emotional intensity, that raise it above any suspicion of commonplace. There is stabbing criticism in these pages and there is poignant feeling. Most of all the record is the picture of an "alien" soul and a reflection in that soul of our familiar things. And the strange thing—strange that it should seem strange! —is that this soul is not in its content alien at all. In his original feeling tone and in his traditions, Mr. Lewisohn was simply German after the manner of the old-fashioned Germans that we used to like. He became in feeling more democratic, more "American" than the Americans among whom he lived. He felt himself to be at an early age, and really was, inspired by the best traditions of English literature. We may well feel shame when we read of what he was obliged to suffer in the way of lukewarm kindness and qualified justice. We may well experience a wholesome humiliation when we contrast the richness and fulness of his inner life with that of our average sluggish-minded, healthily obtuse Yankees.

And yet when we compare this autobiography, as the publishers invite us to do, with that of Edward Bok and that of Henry Adams, we find that in real value it is vastly inferior to either. It lacks, of course, the unconscionable skepticism, the intellectual bite, of the Adams book, and it is altogether wanting in the practical wisdom and many-sidedness of Mr. Bok's life story. It is all protest and confession.

Protest and confession have their value as counteracting certain narrowing

tendencies, but there is seldom anything constructive or really clarifying in them. In Mr. Lewisohn's case it seems, moreover, that his intellectual intensity, the best quality of his book, is always being distorted by his emotional intensity, another excellent quality. The two do not work harmoniously together.

Now and then the criticism is extraordinarily searching. Thus, when Mr. Lewisohn says that the vice of the Anglo-Saxon is a kind of double-mindedness —that he alone is capable of quite seriously representing good women to himself as sexless angels while he indulges in licentiousness with another class; that he alone will profess with a certain sincerity sentiments of extreme democracy and yet lynch the negro and ostracize the Jew—when he says this, he seems to diagnose our spiritual ailment with penetration and with justice. In spiritual matters it appears, on the whole, that the Anglo-American capacity for practical compromise seldom brings the happiest results. And, again, when Mr. Lewisohn describes the average American student in a State University as one who seeks education not that he may acquire a new mind and perchance a fully developed soul, but as one who seeks to gain possession of certain tools,—tools which he lays aside, as the laborer lays down his shovel, the moment he ceases to have a practical use for them,—here, too, he speaks wholesome truth. But in the main, and in its general trend, Mr. Lewisohn's book appears to be not so much a criticism as a tirade—a tirade against all that interferes with liberty. In this there seems to be little philosophy or human value. To say that all the evils done and suffered in human society are due to the fact that there exists at the core of every man's consciousness "a blind and stony kernel of moral certitude" is to express a half-truth with bitterness. To attribute "the burst of so-called patriotic passion that swept this country in any degree to the sex-repressions practiced by our middle classes", is not, indeed, "degraded", but is an instance of reckless, irresponsible generalization. In such utterances there is little of the clean-cut analysis, the reasoned temerity that command our respect in the most shocking pronouncements of a Samuel Butler or a Bernard Shaw.

The end of it all seems to be an advocacy of liberty as an end in itself, an emphasis on individuality for its own sake. In this one perceives no real philosophy, only an excess of emotion. Perfect freedom—the absence of an outer check—might release some rare spirits; that it would really help us to get rid of the general shoddiness and meanness and moral unhealthiness of which Mr. Lewisohn complains is not so obvious.

Our Unconscious Mind and How to Use It. By Frederick Pierce. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Psychology has in recent years made some interesting discoveries, and appears to be upon the verge of making more. Especially have researches into the abnormal resulted in a better understanding of the normal mind.

Certainly the speculative possibilities opened up by a book like Morton Prince's *The Unconscious* are fascinating to every intelligent reader, and while one may not go all the way with Freud and the psycho-analysts, one cannot deny that the theory of suppressed wishes may have large consequences.

It does seem, however, that a popular handbook of psychological guidance is at present a little premature. The layman can scarcely be expected to use technical methods of psycho-analysis, and there appears to be little else to give him except common sense dressed up. With commendable clearness and ingenuity of exposition, Mr. Pierce reveals to us in a new terminology truths that for the most part could be sufficiently well understood in the language of our childhood. He presents us with a theory of character and conduct as relations between the "Libido" and outer pressures which appears to have no advantage over older theories of conduct except that it leaves out the moral element as a superfluous bit of mechanism. It is probably true that fear tends to derange the adrenal glands, but then we have always known that fear is a bad thing. The essence of the chapter on auto-suggestion was anticipated long ago by Bishop Whately when he said that "every man of sense practices rhetoric upon himself".

As for the chapter on advertizing and salesmanship, one may say, without calling in question the utility and dignity of the art of inducing people to buy what they do not want to buy, that tact and common sense may possibly have been before psychology in suggesting that it is better to write, smoothly and persuasively, "After meals a breath-sweetening aid to digestion—Blank's Gum" than to risk giving offense by the rude command, "Chew Blank's Gum after every meal." And yet so complex and unaccountable is human nature that there may be even some persons who would prefer this brusque admonition to the subtle and smug insinuation that their breath probably needs sweetening. And if "Talcorose Powder—the perfect finish for a perfect shave", actually tends to make a man shave better, is there not some danger in hypnotizing people into the belief that they need an aid to digestion? Certainly Paul Shorey was not far wrong when he described as "highly finished nonsense" some of the recent contributions of psychology to practical life.

Tradition and Progress. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A certain refinement and subtlety of thought, sobriety of judgment, a nice discernment of human values—these are qualities that one may rightfully expect in the writings of a classical scholar. Breadth of view and penetration, on the other hand, are individual endowments, and there may be a shade of truth in the popular prejudice that they are less often found in the classical scholar than in men of another type and training. However this may be, there is no doubt that when real originality goes hand in hand with classical scholar-

ship, the result in literature is of altogether exceptional value. The man of letters who thinks vitally can do for us what the scientist or the philosopher can scarcely do. He alone is the thorough humanist, the custodian and interpreter of the great tradition. Having no system, no hard and fast method, he appeals not to the intellect alone, nor to the heart alone, but rather to the heart through the intellect. Between science and religion there is a middle ground, the ground of culture. Science does not tell us what to live for; religion does not tell us how to employ our imaginations. In the middle ground of culture are found an immense number of goods—the saving grace of tolerance, for instance, the sweetening salt of wit, the golden mean.

If one had to choose a single passage from Gilbert Murray's book of essays, as best illustrative of the humanistic point of view, one would be inclined to select a purely negative statement. Is there any such thing as real progress? he asks. And the reply shows that humility which is the beginning of wisdom: "As to that I can only admit that I am not clear. I believe that we do not know enough to answer."

There is something great in the intellectual austerity of this simple saying. The great tradition tames as well as enriches the imagination, and this skepticism is the other arm of faith—a faith that makes a man willing "to live and die for the great unknown purpose which the eternal spirit of man seems to be working out upon the earth."

No one with more precision and eloquence than Gilbert Murray has pointed out the true mission of literature or expounded its gospel. Literature is a revelation, he says, and though no one of its great sayings is perhaps exactly and finally true, every one is a beacon light to the spirit. Not until a man has both weighed the meaning and felt the aspiration of that brave guess—

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know—

can he be called truly civilized. Literature deals with what is most intensely human in our appreciation of value and with what seems to us to verge upon the superhuman, with what lies on the outer margin of our apprehension. We cannot afford to strip ourselves of these things in the interests of dogmatic philosophy or of impersonal science. Yet in all this, the great tradition teaches us a certain moderation, a wise skepticism, a broad tolerance.

No one with more acute discrimination, or with livelier appreciation of life as well as of letters, has described the working of literature through its twin processes of *mimesis* and *poesis*—its creative, reality-producing function. None has more successfully increased our wisdom and sympathy by showing the essential likeness between our sense of life and that of the ancient Greeks, between the Peloponnesian War and the World War. And finally there is hardly another in our time who has maintained with so much firmness and moderation, and with so little dogmatism, the worth and potency of the individual human soul in its lonely stand against apparent wrong and injustice.

TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

While one may disagree with almost every one of the suggestions which Mr. Cram sets forth as possible ways of reforming or helping to reform the world, one cannot help feeling that his general point of view is essentially right. A return to the scholastic philosophy, to sacramentalism in all religion; decentralization in government, Guild Socialism in industry, a great simplification in education—these do not impress one as very hopeful counsels but rather as counsels of despair. The truth is, perhaps, that what we need is not a definite return to any philosophy, system, or form of religion, but rather a recognition of the value of certain elements that we are in danger of losing out of our lives, a return to first principles.

Signs that some such process of return and resumption is now going on are not wholly wanting. The movement toward industrial democracy is, for example, in spirit not unlike the old guilds. In no very conspicuous ways, but in the writings of poets and essayists having a small but intelligent public and still more perhaps in the smaller social groups, and in the thought of individuals, there is a reaction against materialism, a desire for simpler things, a disposition to cling to the old moralities and to what is vital in the old faiths.

However this may be, Mr. Cram is surely right when he declares that character is "the chief end of man and the sole guarantee of decent society". He is doubtless equally correct in saying that "however strange and erroneous the actual manifestation, there is no question as to the reality and prevalence of the desire for the recovery of spiritual power through the channels of religion". Practically every suggestion that he makes and discusses is a vivid illustration of these attitudes—an illustration all the more illuminating because extreme;—and in this fact lies the principal value of the book.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel, LL. D., D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book that seeks essentials and at the same time fearlessly recognizes difficulties is almost always a good book. Such a work is Baron von Hügel's *Essays and Addresses.* Two characteristics distinguish it from most of the religious reading with which the general reader is likely to be familiar. In the first place, it is at the same time devout in spirit and adequately cognizant of the higher criticism—this without being at all polemical. In the second place it proceeds by the somewhat scholastic method of making distinctions. These distinctions, perhaps, neither exhaust the content of moral consciousness nor enable one to reach an independent basis for ethics. Nevertheless, they seem to drive a wedge into the soul and to force consideration of what lies nearest its centre. There is certainly wisdom, for example, in the distinction between sins of impurity that are, so to speak, below human nature, and sins of pride that are in a certain sense above it.

The reading of such a work does not engage one with the fascination of a new philosophy or dazzle one with the perception of unsuspected relations; but it engenders in one a kind of skepticism of one's own want of faith. If it does nothing more it may create the suspicion that many things are ignored in ordinary, matter-of-fact, non-religious thinking.

Making use of examples drawn from life, clearing away difficulties by the patient application of a trained power of analysis, frankly and fully recognizing the contributions of other thinkers, Protestant as well as Catholic, the author proceeds serenely on his way to a whole-hearted and well-reasoned assertion of what he regards as the essentials of religious belief.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCHES. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To an onlooker who is a layman the crisis of the churches appears to be due to a want of authority in religious teaching or to a want of respect for such teaching (the same thing, in effect) which is part of a general decline of authority—a decline that appears in politics, in law, in the schools and in the home. There appears to be a rather widespread spiritual stirring; new faiths make converts; yet there seems to be a difficulty in getting people to go to church.

If this condition really exists, it would be wrong, of course, to hold the churches wholly responsible for it. Nevertheless, one feels a little baffled when he finds as one of the first significant statements in Dr. Parks's book, the declaration that "the crisis of the world should lead to a revolution in foreign missions". One is not wholly reassured by the affirmation that the churches and the churches alone can accomplish the work of reconciling Christian internationalism with patriotism. The evangelization of the world, the Christianizing of international relations, the reign of peace, the purification of the family, the upbuilding of Christian character, appear to constitute an ambitious programme. But these are not all. "There is our political life to be purified and our social life to be refined, and, above all, our industrial life to be humanized."

Let us be frank. The realization of such a programme appears too great a task for any single agency to accomplish either by exhortation or by the pointing out of ways and means. What is needed is the evocation of more faith and the development of better character. If it were generally felt that the churches were fully accomplishing this task, there would be no crisis of the churches.

But one must plead guilty to criticizing Dr. Parks's book from the point of view of his title rather than from that of his principal theme. What he has really written is, in fact, mainly a discourse on church unity, and a very sound and sensible discourse it is. Fully informed and quite free from optimistic delusions on this subject, he points out the real weakness of the efforts toward union of the churches that have been made in recent years, while he shows at the same time, and rather strikingly, how much all Christian persons have in

common. "I would suggest," he says significantly, "that, paradoxical as it may seem, the first step toward more effective association will be found not in ignoring the differences of the churches, but, on the contrary, in glorifying them. All the ministries have been effective in their way, and if the author believes the discipline of the Episcopal church best suited to conditions in the world today, he makes no exclusive claim for it. It is fellowship rather than formal unity that is needed, and "the underlying cause of the failure of the modern church to fulfil the task and mission committed to it by its Divine Master is due to the fact that fellowship has not been the goal which it has sought to attain". Here certainly Dr. Parks appears to reach an essential truth.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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AMERICA'S RAILWAY FALLACY

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE present policy of Government regulation of railroads and other public utilities is firmly established in the United States. Most people strongly believe in it. Therefore, they will react unfavorably to an indictment charging that it is based mainly on a gross fallacy; that for this reason it has done great and unnecessary harm; and that unless it is rebuilt on a sound foundation it will in time do incalculable injury to every kind of business and every class of people in this country. It is, however, the purpose of the present article to draw and to prove an indictment making these very charges.

I do not attack all Government regulation of railroads and public utilities; but I do attack the prevalent policy of regulation as being based mainly on a wholly unsound principle, and as being not only not in the interest of the public, but a menace to the welfare of the people of the United States.

Persons and concerns in business in this country are divided by our law, as interpreted by the courts, into two classes—one composed of those that are held to render services which are "affected with a public use"; the other composed of those whose businesses are not "affected with a public use".

Nobody questions the soundness of the distinction made by the courts. But a legal principle, and a principle of economics or public policy, are two entirely different things. Our lawmakers and administrative commissions and the public have

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ignored the wide difference between them; and this it is which has caused the upbuilding of our present huge system of government regulation of public service concerns upon the shifting sands of fallacy. What is this gross fallacy on which it is founded? To answer that question it will first be necessary to review certain decisions of our courts.

The Supreme Court of the United States in the "Granger" cases of the 'seventies established the principle that the States had power to regulate the rates charged by a concern engaged in a business "affected with a public use". It was later settled that the Federal Government had like power if the concern did an interstate business. No court has attempted to enumerate all the kinds of concerns that render a "public service" and whose business is "affected with a public use", but, of course, railroads and public utilities are the principal ones.

The courts made clear in these early decisions that the power of Government to regulate the rates of public service concerns grew out of the fact that these concerns were monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic in their nature, and therefore, in the absence of regulation, could and probably would charge the public excessive rates, and make exorbitant profits. The principle that Government could regulate was established to protect the public from such extortion.

The States in succeeding years passed laws drastically reducing the rates of railways and other public service concerns. The courts then established another important principle which was intended to protect public service concerns themselves from extortion by the public. They found that the rates fixed in certain instances rendered the companies unable to earn any return upon their investment. They held that this was in violation of the constitutional provisions which forbid private property to be taken for public use without due process of law or just compensation. They laid down the principle that while the rates of concerns engaged in rendering a public service were subject to regulation, they could not constitutionally be so regulated as to deprive the owners of a fair return upon the fair value of their existing property, because this would be confiscation.

Now, these decisions of the courts settled only the legal question of what the State and National Governments had power to do. They did not settle, or say, or imply, what, in the public interest, it would be wise for the Governments to do. They settled what could be done with property already in existence. They had no relation whatever to what ought to be or must be done to induce private capital to bring more of the same kind of property into existence. Courts determine questions of law, not questions of public expediency; and what ought to be done to further the interests of the public was and is a question, not of law, but of economics and public policy.

Nevertheless, most of the public and most public men, apparently without detecting any fallacy in their reasoning, jumped to the conclusion that what the courts had held was the extreme limit beyond which Government regulation of public service concerns could not constitutionally be carried, was also the very limit to which, in the public interest, it ought to be pressed. The courts had held that the rates and net return of a railway, for example, could constitutionally be reduced to the very lowest level which would not involve actual confiscation of its existing property, but no further. Our lawmakers and regulating commissions, with the sanction of public sentiment, proceeded rapidly, as a matter of public policy, to establish and build up a system of regulation, the main purpose and effect of which have been and are now to restrict the net returns of railroads to the lowest level which will not involve confiscation.

When one criticizes this policy he is invariably met with the answer that railways are engaged in rendering a public service and, therefore, ought to be so regulated. That statement expresses the great American fallacy. The courts may hold that rates which yield a net return of five or six per cent upon the valuation of a concern do not involve confiscation of its existing property. That settles the law; rates that will yield only five or six per cent may then legally be fixed and enforced. But it does not settle or have anything to do with the question of what return it is to the public interest that the concern should be allowed to earn. The Government is held by the courts to have many powers. It is held, for example, to have a practically un-

limited power to tax. But nobody ever uses the fallacious argument that because the Government's power to tax is practically unlimited it ought to impose practically unlimited taxes. Why then, say, that because the Government has the constitutional power to reduce the rates and net returns of public service concerns to a level where confiscation will be barely avoided, it is the Government's duty to the public to do this?

It is the Government's duty to the owners of the existing property of a public service concern not to confiscate it. But it is also the Government's duty to the public to follow a policy which will permit and encourage such improvement and enlargement of a public service concern's property as will enable it to render as much better and as much more service as the public needs. Now, the measure of what return will not confiscate the existing property is not, never was and never will be the measure of what return the company must earn to be able adequately to improve and enlarge its property. A return of five or six per cent may not be confiscatory of the existing property; but at the same time a return of eight or ten per cent may be necessary to enable it to raise enough additional capital to provide necessary additional service. In that case, for the Government to restrict it to five or six per cent directly injures the public, by preventing the concern from providing needed service. The fact, however, that, as a matter of public policy, any limit except that of confiscation should ever be set to regulation, has never been recognized in any regulatory law passed in this country except the Transportation Act. This act requires the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing rates to consider the public's need for adequate transportation; but strenuous efforts are now being made to repeal even this provision on the ground that it tends to make rates high.

Let us now take up the very practical question of what effects actually have been and are being produced because those who have passed and administered our regulating laws have failed to recognize the broad distinction between (1) the way the courts have held the Government can regulate public service concerns, and (2) the way sound principles of economics and public policy dictate that it should regulate them.

On one side we have that large class of persons and concerns that are engaged in agricultural, mining, manufacturing, mercantile and financial pursuits, and that are held not to be engaged in rendering public services, and, therefore, not subject to regulation. Many of them produce commodities or render services that are necessary; but they include all those that provide us with luxuries. They include those that build passenger automobiles, those that provide "movies" and cigarettes, those that make silk shirts, jewelry, cosmetics and chewing gum. I do not mention these particular industries of luxury in any spirit of depreciation or criticism whatever, but merely as specific illustrations that throw light on our governmental policy. All these concerns that are held not to render any public service are free to add to the capitalizations of their actual investments as much water as they like. Neither Government nor public sentiment will protest. They are free to make any profit they can. It may be six per cent, or it may be 600 per cent. The more it is, the more the public admires and applauds. Some of the very largest fortunes in the country have been built up from nothing in a very few years in these industries of luxury.

Concerns not engaged in rendering a public service may pay any salaries they please. A Postmaster-General of the United States recently has accepted from the moving picture industry a salary twice as large as that paid to any railroad president in this country. One of our larger steel companies pays its president a salary greater than the combined salaries of any dozen of our railway presidents. Does not the public, when it buys the product or service of a concern that is not engaged in a public service, pay the profits it makes or the salaries of its officers, just as truly as it pays those of concerns held to be engaged in a public service?

We have looked upon that picture; now look upon this. On this side we have all those enterprises that are engaged in rendering what are called "public services": railroads, street railways, electric light and power companies, gas companies, etc. The courts held that because of their monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic nature they might charge the public excessive rates and make exorbitant profits, and that therefore they were subject to

regulation of their charges. On this foundation we have built a system of regulation which has made public service concerns, and especially railway and traction companies, the Ishmaels of the business world. We jumped to the utterly fallacious conclusion that the only way to make sure their rates always would be reasonable was to restrict their net returns as much as the courts would allow. It was decided that in order adequately to control their net returns, they must be prevented from issuing any securities except those representing actual investment. Knowing that in many instances the outstanding securities do not represent actual investment, we have developed elaborate engineering and accounting methods of evaluating their physical properties; and we exhaust our ingenuity in devising means of so regulating their rates as to keep their net returns on these valuations just as low as the courts will not hold confiscatory.

In the case of the railroads regulation originally intended merely to protect the public from extortion has been extended to almost every detail of their business, including the wages and working conditions of their employees. It has not yet reached the salaries of their higher officers; but these, although small compared with the incomes of men of equal ability and responsibilities connected with other large concerns, have become the objects of constant attack; and recently a bill was introduced in Congress to fix a maximum for railway salaries of $15,000.

Ever since this system of regulation was put into full effect the railways and most public utilities have been earning relatively lower and lower net returns as compared with those of other important industries. Between 1910 and 1915 the net income (after paying interest and all Government taxes) of all the corporations in the United States increased one-half, while the net income of the railways declined one-third. In 1917, the last year of private operation before Government control, although the railways handled the largest business in their history to that time—a business more than one-half greater than in 1910—their net income was but one per cent greater than in 1910—and the net income of all the corporations of the United States was 160 per cent greater than in 1910! Could any statistics show more strikingly the difference in the tendencies of profits in the

railway and in other businesses both before the war and during the war years? And to-day, with the war behind us over three years, on the pretense that it is regulation in the public interest, the railways are being forced to give their employees working conditions more favorable, and wages relatively higher than those obtaining in almost any other industry, or even than obtained during the war, although at this very time the railways as a whole are earning returns much smaller than in former years and much smaller than any court ever held fair and reasonable.

What has been the effect upon the welfare of the public itself of the incorporation in our public policy of this remarkable distinction between these two classes of concerns? We have seen within recent years a remarkable expansion of concerns not engaged in rendering public services. Our mining, manufacturing and mercantile businesses have grown fully as much in proportion as in earlier years. We have seen the manufacture of automobiles grow from almost nothing into one of the largest industries in the country. A few months ago I made a careful compilation of statistics which seemed to show that in the year 1920 the people of the United States, without including their investment in highways, spent more for automobile transportation than for all their railroad transportation.

While great expansion, resulting from vastly increased investment, has been the rule in the class of industries held by the courts not to render any public service, the tendency in practically all industries which are held to render such service, and which are, therefore, subjected to Government regulation, has been in exactly the opposite direction. In the four years ending with 1912 railroad and traction companies issued four billion dollars in securities, and industrial companies less than three billions. In the four years ending with 1920 railroad and traction companies issued one and three quarter billions of securities, and industrial companies over seven billions. In consequence, there is agitation and outcry in almost every city in the country because the development of street railway lines has utterly failed to keep pace with the growth of population and traffic. Almost everywhere the cars during rush hours are overcrowded to the point of indecency and of danger to the public health.

The most striking example of all is afforded by the railroads. Their development kept pace with that of the other industries of the country until about 1910, when the present system of regulation began to be applied with its full rigor. Since that time the percentage of net return earned by them on the investment in property shown by their books has gone steadily downward; in 1921 it was the smallest in any year in the more than thirty years that the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been kept—less even than in 1894. Their development has gone steadily downward with their net return. Divide the last sixteen years into four periods of four years each, and you will find that the development of the railroads has been less in each period than in the preceding period; and in the last four years they tore up more miles of line and "scrapped" more locomotives and cars than they built.

What does all this mean? It means that as a result of the legally sound, but economically unsound, distinction that we make between concerns which do and concerns which do not render a public service, we are directly encouraging the development of many industries which are highly desirable but relatively non-essential and directly discouraging the development of industries which are absolutely essential. As a matter of public policy,—to state the facts in their baldest form,—we are encouraging the manufacture of chewing gum and discouraging the provision of electric lights and power. As a matter of public policy we are encouraging the manufacture of cosmetics and silk shirts and discouraging the provision of good and adequate street railway service. As a matter of public policy we are encouraging the increase of "movie" shows and discouraging and actually making impossible the adequate development of railways.

Could anything be more fantastic, and even mad, than a governmental policy which permits unlimited profits and large fortunes to be made in, and thereby encourages the vast growth of, industries which are relatively non-essential, and which at the same time restricts to the lowest limit permitted by constitutional limitations the profits that can be earned in, and consequently discourages or actually prevents the development of, concerns that render services that are absolutely essential to the

public welfare? Or am I wrong, and is it more essential to the public welfare for the people to have plenty of chewing gum, cosmetics, "movies," cigarettes, and silk shirts than for them to have enough street cars to ride to and from their work, enough lights for their homes and enough railways on which to ship their goods?

The country already has felt in inadequate public utility and railroad service some of the effects of the stupid distinction our Governments, for at least ten years, have been making in dealing with different classes of industries. But the effects the public has thus far felt have been negligible compared with the effects it will feel in future, unless a different policy is adopted. We are overlooking the fact that there is a vital inter-dependence between all classes of industries, and that no large group of industries can long prosper and develop unless all other large groups prosper and develop also.

The volume of commerce possible depends upon the volume of production; and the volume of production possible depends upon the amount of transportation that can be furnished. The policy I am criticizing has resulted in facilities of production and commerce expanding far more than means of transportation. Our almost unbroken experience in the four years ending with 1920 clearly demonstrated, however, to those who carefully studied the matter, that the time when our production and commerce could increase more in proportion than our means of transportation had passed. There never was a time from the beginning of the year 1917 to the end of the year 1920, except during a few months in 1919, when the railways could or did handle all the freight offered to them. The productive capacity of our industries is greater now than ever before. When general business revives our industries will offer the railways more freight to transport than ever before. Unless there is speedily an expansion of our railways much greater than now seems probable, or even possible, the railways will not be able to handle anywhere near all this business; and the amount of production and commerce we can carry on will be correspondingly restricted.

What any manufacturing plant can produce depends on the amount of fuel and raw materials that can be taken to it and the

amount of finished products that can be taken away. The size of the crops the farmers can grow is limited by the amount they can market; and they cannot market any larger crops than our means of transportation can move. As the available means of transportation determine the amount of production that can be carried on, they likewise indirectly determine the amount of commerce that can be carried on. You cannot buy and sell what cannot be produced.

Now, of course, in the long run, the amount of profits that can be made in industry and commerce depends upon the amount of things that can be produced and bought and sold. If you limit the amount of things that can be produced and bought and sold, you necessarily limit the profits that can be made in producing, and in buying and selling. The conclusion to which this reasoning leads is plain. *The governmental policy of strictly limiting the profits allowed to be made by railroads and public utilities must inevitably result, sooner or later, in limiting correspondingly the profits that can be made in all lines of industry and commerce.* The present policy of regulation is intended to enable the farmer, the manufacturer, the jobber, the merchant, to increase their profits at the expense of the railways and public utilities, and thus far it has had that result. But its ultimate effect must be to limit the profits of all these other concerns and persons as drastically as those of the railways and public utilities themselves.

Labor union leaders and persons of Socialistic tendency may not feel deep concern over this conclusion. They may fancy that the general curtailment of profits will result in higher wages and other benefits for labor. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Increases in employment and in the real wages of labor are dependent upon the expansion of production, commerce and transportation. Since this policy tends directly to restrict the expansion of production, commerce and transportation, it tends directly to reduce both the demand for labor and its real wages.

It may be said I paint too gloomy a picture—that the good sense of the American people will prevent this policy of undue discrimination by the Government between concerns rendering a public service and concerns not rendering a public service from being pursued until it has produced such results as I have antic-

ipated. But history is replete with examples of public sentiment and statesmen regarded as great having persistently given effect to policies intended to benefit the public which finally produced ruinous effects. I maintain that our present policy of so regulating railways and public utilities as to restrict them to the lowest net return that will avoid confiscation of their properties for the ostensible purpose of promoting the public welfare is one of the most flagrant examples of economic and political quackery that the world has ever seen.

I wish to emphasize again that what I have discussed is not an attack upon any class of industries or upon all Government regulation of railroads and public utilities. In some important respects railroads and public utilities are a peculiar class of business concerns; and they should be regulated to deprive them of opportunity and ability to practice extortion upon the public. What I attack is the utterly unsound theory that they should be so regulated as to prevent them from being managed according to the same general business principles as other business concerns and as to prevent them from earning ordinary business profits. The fact that they render a peculiar service and are properly subject to regulation does not in the least alter the fact that if they are to be economically and efficiently managed, their managers must be highly paid men of ability and must be allowed that wide scope for initiative and freedom of action which is essential to the successful management of every other kind of concern. The fact that they are properly subject to Government regulation does not in the least alter the fact that when other classes of business concerns must pay 6, or 7, or 10 per cent to raise new capital, railways and public utilities cannot raise new capital for a scintilla less than 6, or 7, or 10 per cent; and if they are not allowed to earn enough to pay the market rate of return they cannot raise new capital. The fact that they are properly subject to regulation does not give them any more power than other concerns to provide improved or increased service without raising and investing additional capital.

In other words, full recognition of the principle that these concerns render a service affected with a public use and are properly subject to regulation does not give them the least im-

munity from any of those economic conditions, or necessities, or disabilities, to which other kinds of business concerns are subject; and, therefore, it will always be an economic impossibility for them to increase and improve the service they render the public, unless the public allows them year by year to enjoy as great prosperity on the average as other classes of concerns.

But, it may be said, as it often is said, these concerns in rendering a public service really perform a function of government. If the Government owned and operated them it would not be under the economic necessity of deriving as large net returns from their ownership and operation as those earned by other kinds of concerns. Therefore, either their present owners should willingly accept smaller returns than those earned in other businesses, or the Government should take over their ownership and operation.

This argument for Government ownership and management has been made and answered many times, and I shall not try to answer it here, except to say that, economically speaking, it is just as good an argument for Government ownership of all industries as for Government ownership of some. One thing, however, is certain. If our policy of Government regulation is to be successful and not drive us into Government ownership, we must throw overboard forever the glaring fallacy that concerns engaged in a public service should be regulated to the point of confiscation, simply because it is not unconstitutional to do so. The constitutional power to tax is the power to destroy, but we do not therefore conclude that in the public interest the power to tax should be used to destroy legitimate businesses. The power to regulate railroads and public utilities is the power to so restrict their profits as, without confiscating their present properties, to make further expansion of these properties, and increase and improvement of the service rendered with them impossible; but the public welfare plainly demands, not that the power of government shall continue to be so used to this end, but that it shall cease to be so used.

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

PROHIBITION AND PRINCIPLE

BY REV. JOHN COLE McKIM

THE recent utterances of religious leaders on the subject of Prohibition have seemed to involve a confusion of thought which has caused distress or amusement according to the attitude toward religion of particular individuals. Ecclesiastics are, like other men, liable to occasional confusion of mind and, though I hope less often, to overhastiness in public utterance. But not all of these utterances are mutually inconsistent, though it seems to add to the *joie de vivre* of the public to picture embattled Bishops turning their weapons against each other. The President of the Council of the Episcopal Church (Dr. Gailor) and the Bishop of New York (Dr. Manning) are really emphasising different aspects of a perfectly consistent principle when the one warns us of the iniquitous character of the Volstead Act and the other reminds us that it is a part of the law of the land. On the other hand, this utterance from a Kansas clergyman is difficult to reconcile to any known Christian principle: "Americans who are violating the Eighteenth Amendment are the *worst* menace this country has to-day. They . . . cry out in horror over . . . murders and robberies . . . but they themselves are *equally* criminal." (Quoted in *The Living Church* of March 25, 1922. The italics are mine.) Such utterances are destructive of the distinction between right and wrong.

The interconsistency of the Bishops' declarations becomes apparent if we correlate the whole series of questions raised by the Volstead Act to certain familiar categories. These categories are

A 1.—Right and Wrong. } Opposites.
  2.—Legal and Illegal. }

B 1.—Order and Law. } Associated Ideas.
  2.—Liberty and Equality. }

A-1.—Traditional Christianity has always entertained an irrebuttable presumption in favor of right over wrong, and since

the Church is committed to the proposition that the beverage use of wine cannot be, in all circumstances, wrong,[1] Churchmen can scarcely escape the corollary that a law which forbids such use in all circumstances infringes upon a rightful liberty. An ecclesiastic is, therefore, acting consistently with Christian tradition when he denounces such a law as iniquitous.

A-2.—But the Church has also entertained a strong though rebuttable[2] presumption in favor of that which is legal over that which is illegal. The strength of this presumption is such that it cannot be overthrown solely by the fact that a given law is iniquitous to the extent of interfering with a human and Christian liberty, though the fact that a law involves such interference should move right-thinking men to labor (while they tolerate it) for its repeal or modification. An ecclesiastic is not, therefore, doing violence to Christian tradition when he urges his ecclesiastical subjects to tolerate, so long as it remains in force, such legislation as is embodied in the Volstead Act; but it would be a negation of Christian morals for him to suggest that the purchaser of wine is upon the same moral level as the murderer, robber or adulterer. Christians may rightfully labor for the repeal of the Volstead Act, and, in the event of such repeal, may make temperate use of such beverages as are by law permitted. They may not rightfully labor for the repeal of the laws forbidding murder, robbery, and adultery and, even in the event of such repeal, would be deemed wicked for committing these crimes.

Most Catholic moralists would, I think, hold that, in certain extreme cases, the letter of the Volstead Act *ought* to be violated. Such a case might quite possibly arise where a physician, wishing to prescribe spirituous liquor for a patient critically ill, finds that he has exhausted his supply of legal blank forms. If the parents or kinsfolk of the patient, being made aware of the doctor's opinion and, perhaps, informed that life might depend upon it, were to secure whiskey illegally, they would stand absolved in the court of Christian morals—to say nothing of common sense. If that

[1] This point was argued at length in an article entitled *Christianity Versus Prohibition* which appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of July, 1918.

[2] The presumption is overthrown when it is clear that the law forbids the performance of an essential Christian duty or requires the performance of that which is sinful, as was the case in the day of persecution under the ancient Roman Empire and elsewhere

be admitted, then, since it cannot be wrong to sell what it is right to buy, the vendor must also be excused. A law which operates to prevent one from doing what he ought to do is not a good law, and when it so operates, the ordinary Christian presumption in favor of legality is overthrown.

B-1.—The Church has always stood for "Law and Order", but it places its major emphasis upon order rather than upon law (in the sense of legislation). The ideas are associated because, in human society as at present constituted, sound legislation is necessary to the preservation of order; but it does not follow that every item of legislation (which is sometimes mistaken or whimsical) tends to preserve order or is even consistent with it. It is order that constitutes the abiding principle, as being a part of the Divine purpose. Laws may be and often have been iniquitous or tyrannical. Therefore the Church's presumption in favor of human laws is affected by a major presumption in favor of order.

B-2.—Liberty and Equality . . . "or Death", added the French Communists of the first Revolution. Death was an outstanding feature of that Revolution, for the Commune placed its major emphasis upon equality: and in death, certainly, all men are equal. The living are often moved by a predilection for liberty, and in this they have with them the living Church with its insistence upon free-will. The insistence in our own Declaration of Independence upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as being Divine gifts stands in sharp and Christian contrast to the Commune's doctrine of an equality to be found only in that death which is as much eternal sleep as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. These principles and presumptions, though they form an integral part of the Christian philosophy, are now widely maintained by others than Christians because they perceive that it is only for the sake of order that laws have their *raison d'être*, and that in ordered freedom is to be found the best possible atmosphere for the development of institutions conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. It seems an inevitable consequence of these Christian premises that such legislation as the Volstead Act is iniquitous and should for this reason be opposed, but that, ordinarily, so long as it remains law, it should be tolerated in the very interests of that

order against which, as against justice and liberty, it so gravely offends.

I deal with the Volstead Act rather than with the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution. The Amendment was well worth opposing before it was enacted, because it embodied an attempt to interfere with a just liberty and because, belonging properly to the class of special legislation, its inclusion in a document meant to set forth the form and constitution of our Government mars what used to be, among such documents, a unique example of logical composition. For the same reasons, there is everything to be said for the formation of a public sentiment which will necessitate the repeal of this Amendment, but to bring repeal immediately within the range of practical politics it would be necessary to inform reasonable opponents of Prohibition with the selfish fanaticism which is capable of sacrificing every other interest to its own ends and of exploiting a nation's war-agony for the fulfilment of its purposes.

Again (and this is further evidence of its essentially unconstitutional nature) the Eighteenth Amendment (unlike, for instance, the Nineteenth) requires a great deal of supplementary legislation to render it effective. This becomes all the more clear when we ponder the fact that although the Amendment is directed against the beverage use of all intoxicating liquors without specifying any particular intoxicating ingredient, and against that use only, the enforcing legislation, declared to be constitutional, contemplates only one intoxicating ingredient, interferes with other than beverage uses, and prohibits the beverage use of liquors which are not in fact intoxicating.[3]

Consequently, though its largely ineffectual and meaningless character makes the Eighteenth Amendment all the more a blemish upon our Constitution, it is toward legislation professedly based upon it that advocates of ordered liberty may best direct their immediate attention.

Since the courts have held that the Congress may define the

[3] It is certain that the digestive organs of the normal adult could not accommodate a fluid containing one half of one per cent of alcohol in sufficient quantities to inebriate him. A common sense definition of an intoxicating beverage would seem to be that of a fluid which would probably inebriate the average adult if taken in normal beverage quantities.

word "intoxicating", and have virtually determined that this definition need not correspond with fact, the Anti-Saloon League must make the best of a power that is probably ephemeral, since it appears to be based upon balances of power in contested elections rather than upon the deliberate wishes of a majority of the American people. For if it be constitutional to define as intoxicating that which most of us believe to be non-intoxicating, it must be equally constitutional to define as non-intoxicating that which most people believe to be intoxicating (e.g. an alcoholic content of 90%).

Since the courts have acknowledged the adequacy of legislation specifying but one intoxicating ingredient, though the language of the Eighteenth Amendment applies equally to all, it seems clear that not more than one need be mentioned. It need not, then, have been alcohol. It might just as well have been an altogether different class of beverage outlawed at the dictation of an Anti-Caffein League.

It has been suggested that the manufacture of wine and beer for beverage purposes be permitted on the understanding that this industry be taxed for the relief of disabled veterans. It would, perhaps, be better if these questions were kept apart, but a few words of caution with regard to the taxation of beverages seem necessary. It is of course the merest justice that wines and beer should bear, along with other commodities, their fair share of the burden of taxation; but the exploitation of a particular trade as an easy source of revenue is bound to be a cause of much evil and corruption. The fanatical pre-prohibition idea of taxing "demon rum" out of business was not only an offence against justice (since any tolerated business should enjoy the same protection as other legitimate trades) but was also fallacious, since the consumer was too often found willing, at the cost of much injustice to his other obligations, to meet the prices thus artificially enhanced.

Assuming that the tax upon these beverages will come to about twenty cents the gallon, which would probably provide a sum sufficient to meet the needs of disabled veterans, it ought to be possible to determine a maximum retail price to the ultimate consumer. One dollar a gallon for beer, and perhaps one and a half dollars for wine, without additional charge (except for returnable

containers) for smaller quantities, would give the manufacturers a fair yield upon their investment, but would make it to their interest to keep middlemen's profits as low as possible, so that the saloon as an institution deriving its principal profits from the sale of these beverages would tend to disappear, and restaurateurs would stock them as an accommodation to their patrons rather than as a source of immediate profit to themselves.

Acting upon the logic which led it to sanction the Volstead Act, the Supreme Court can scarcely disallow the constitutionality of any act supplementary to the Eighteenth Amendment because of the limitation (high or low) imposed upon the alcoholic content of beverages. But opponents of Prohibition who wish to respect the dignity of our Constitution will not care to urge (as Prohibitionists have successfully urged) a ludicrous interpretation of this unfortunate Amendment. They will not ask for an alcoholic content in liquors which, if taken in normal beverage quantities, will be likely to inebriate the average adult. That is to say, they will scarcely protest against a law which assumes that a beverage containing more than ten per cent of alcohol may have this effect. This would permit the sale of several sorts of wine and mixed drinks and beer (which to be beer need not have a content of more than from three to five per cent); would allow the importation from France of a commodity the marketing of which will greatly aid our associates in the late war in their efforts to meet honorably their onerous obligations; and would also make it to the interest of the manufacturers to eliminate the bootlegger, who could scarcely, in any case, hope to compete with a low maximum price.[4]

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

[4] This would be all the more likely if special permits, issued to all manufacturers, but readily revocable upon presumptive evidence of illegal conduct, allowed the manufacture of stronger liquors for Sacramental and medical purposes and for the making of mixed drinks which would be mixed and bottled in the factories.

THE YOUTH OF GERMANY

BY CHARLES B. DYAR

THE question is often asked whether Germany is really and thoroughly Democratic and likely to remain so. It cannot be adequately answered without an inquiry into the temper and aspirations of the younger generation of Germany to-day, the generation which will rule and control the policies of the Germany of tomorrow. The German Constitution of Weimar is a liberal document. Its first article proclaims that the German Reich is a Republic and that the sovereignty is vested in the people. The President of the Republic is a Socialist and a man of the people. However, no amount of superficial indications which present themselves to the casual glance to-day should be permitted to obscure the ferment below from which the new Germany will in time emerge. It is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the trend of the academic youth of Germany is not toward Liberalism and Democracy but toward a revival of Prussianism with all its essential attributes. The educated youth of Germany to-day, the young men who will be Germany's statesmen, lawyers, doctors, scientists and technicians tomorrow, are reactionary in thought and purpose and look up to the ideals of a past which was rich in the glories which they have been taught to cherish.

The development of the German youth during the Great War was along lines not anticipated by statesmen and educators. In the beginning of the war, indeed, there was great enthusiasm among the youth. There were over a million volunteers; the German boys thronged into the various boy scout organizations where retired officers instructed them in the elements of military training; Pan-German patriotism was rampant; there was no trace of opposition to the war. As the war went on, however, fathers of families were called to the colors, many mothers took up war work, and young boys and girls advanced to positions bringing incomes far beyond that to which they had formerly been

accustomed, and the lack of restraining influence at home and in associations made itself felt in an increasing degree. Juvenile delinquency had increased 600 per cent in Prussia in 1917, and complaints of profligacy and waywardness of the youth became general. Even the military authorities were forced to take cognizance of this, and after the experience of the Battle of Ypres late in 1914, when two regiments of new recruits were wiped out, no further units composed exclusively of boys were organized; a certain percentage of older men was brigaded with each new unit in order to insure reliability. Efforts at home to check the wastefulness and waywardness of the youth were not particularly successful. In many parts of Germany the military authorities issued orders compelling youthful ammunition workers to deposit part of their wages in savings banks. A strike by these youths in the district of the Twelfth Army Corps in Magdeburg resulted in the withdrawal of the savings bank order. Late in the war the so-called Revolt of the Youth, which was a disturbing factor in Allied countries as well, had made substantial progress and laid the foundation for Radical movements to come. A noticeable tendency towards intransigency pervaded the youth at home. The revolution of November, 1918, fell seemingly on fertile ground.

It soon became evident, however, that in the general chaos and distress which prevailed in Germany after the retreat and disbandment of the great German Army the ideal of Democracy was lost sight of and youth inclined toward the two extremes of reaction and Communism. In December, 1918, the late Professor Liszt, a prominent German Democrat, complained bitterly of the failure of the German students to espouse the cause of the new Republic. He was unable to understand why the German students, who had in the past, and particularly in the inspiring but short-lived Revolution of 1848, stood in the front ranks of the strivers for unity and freedom, could hesitate to come to the support of a new Democracy which promised to do away with outlived prejudice and privilege and to establish liberty, equality and fraternity in the Fatherland. The task of the German youth of 1918 was to liquidate the heritage of Bismarck, the nation of iron and blood, and to proclaim new ideals for the new Germany; but the inspiration of the moment was not caught, or if caught was

dulled by pressing physical want. No new leader was forthcoming whose example could inspire the multitude. The demagogues of reaction and communism vied with each other in ensnaring the bewildered youth.

The reasons for the present super-Nationalist attitude of the German students, which has been a cause of concern to many close observers of after-war Germany, are not difficult to find. Very many of the older students were officers in the war and practically all of them were in the army or some branch of war work. Those who were at the front, and that is the great majority, were involved in the desperate battles of the retreat before the Allied armies late in 1918. They had no time to ponder on the rapid developments at home, the collapse of Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary, and Ludendorff's demand for an immediate armistice. The students who returned from the front were readily open to the insidious argument of the defeated militarists, that the army had been knifed in the back by the people at home. They were prejudiced against the new Government which seemed to them responsible for the distress which prevailed at home. The revolution was made the scapegoat for the maladministration, graft and profiteering which had in fact grown up under the Imperial régime. The depreciation of the German mark and the consequent difficulty of providing for subsistence were laid at the door of the Republic. It is estimated that two-thirds of the German students are forced to do outside work to pay their way through the university, but this economic distress has been no check to chauvinism. The mode of thought of the students is that which prevailed in the universities before and during the war. The German universities have always been essentially conservative institutions. The same professors are lecturing to the German students to-day who instilled the ideals of Imperial Germany into the youth before the war. The same professors are teaching in the universities of Republican Germany who defended and extolled the policies and methods of the Imperial German Government and military authorities. On the occasion of a recent celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Tannenberg, the degree of LL.D was conferred upon General Ludendorff by the University of Königsberg. The diploma

celebrates Ludendorff as the "Master of Generalship, the Liberator who freed our East Prussian soil from the plundering and burning Russian hordes, the Hero who protected with the sharp blows of his undefeated sword the German people, surrounded by a whole world of rapacious enemies, until it trusted in false words and forsook its unbroken Army and its strong leaders." In the high schools and academies the majority of the instructors are still reactionary, while in the lower schools democratic teachers have been able to establish themselves. It is clearly difficult for young men trained in the Prussian interpretation of history to become enthusiastic for a form of government which they were taught to look down upon as something inferior and un-Teutonic.

The German Nationalists were quick to see the possibilities of winning over the youth of Germany to their side. Very soon after the Armistice, favored by the unexpected forbearance of the people, they started an insidious campaign of propaganda among the youth which was all the more effective because of the utter lack of Republican propaganda in opposition. This Nationalist propaganda has been constantly developed and improved. The Nationalist leaders have devoted their time and energy to its perfection. Huge funds have been placed at their disposal by German industrial magnates. In a thousand different ways monarchist and chauvinist propaganda has been spread abroad. New juvenile pamphlets and newspapers have been published and widely distributed, in which the youth are exhorted to be mindful of the glories of the old Empire and to look forward to and prepare for the Day when retribution must be visited on France and Poland, and Germany is to get back all that has been unjustly taken away from her. The doctrine of revenge is preached openly. Particular attention has been paid to the various boy scout organizations, *Wandervogels*, etc., in many of which reactionary influence is now predominant. In a *Manual for the Guidance of Boy Scout Leaders*, published in Berlin in 1921, particular emphasis is laid on the value of "military exercises, military marching, 114 steps per minute, night sham battles on difficult ground, surprise attacks in military formation, military leaders to instruct the youth in military land- and woodcraft." Picture postcards with photographs of the ex-Kaiser, the ex-

Crown Prince and other members of the Hohenzollern family are now displayed in the windows of stationers all over Germany. Rally meetings for the youth, which are addressed by retired officers or other reactionary leaders, are of frequent occurrence and have a provocative effect. Prominent Generals like Ludendorff, Hoffmann, Lettow-Vorbeck, and Von der Goltz, take active part in militarist demonstrations the principal object of which is to make an impression on the youth.

The Nationalist propaganda has been successful far beyond the hopes of those who started it. It has been alike effective in the rural districts, which have always been strongholds of conservatism, and in the cities, where its success is more conspicuous. The juvenile organizations of the German People's Party have practically identified themselves with the Nationalist Youth, and reactionary influence is strong in many of the juvenile organizations of the great Clerical party. The more sanguine of the Nationalists are convinced that the instruments of Germany's revenge have already been found; the soberer leaders advise a policy of waiting and reserve until the new generation has taken its place in control of the State. The Kapp revolt in March, 1920, found the German students and the rest of the Nationalist Youth arrayed solidly on the side of the rebels who tried to overthrow the Republican Government. The students were prominent in all the fighting of those days, and their ruthlessness in combatting their own countrymen, the proletarian "enemy" who stood up for the Republic, provoked most bitter feeling. The Kapp revolt demonstrated that the students had alienated themselves from the masses of the people. They failed to respond to the instinctive resistance of the people to a plan to reinstall the old militaristic régime.

The attitude of the Nationalist Youth toward the Jews is a striking example of the intolerance which prevails in German reactionary circles. Uncompromising hatred of the Jews is one of the tenets of the reactionary creed. Jewish influence is blamed for the loss of the war and the corruption which followed. The Democratic Government is termed a Jewish gang and the new Republican flag a Jewish rag. The convention of the student corps at Eisenach in August, 1920, passed resolutions barring

all "non-Aryans" from membership in the student corps and expelling many Jews and Socialists who were members. The feudal student corps still adhere to the duelling and beer drinking which form part of their tradition. The student with gashed face and head is no less common than before the war.

Practically the only step in the direction of liberalism which has been taken by the German students since the war is the organization of self-governing bodies in the universities and of a national student convention for the whole of the country. Even the exclusive student corps have found it necessary to coöperate with other student organizations in matters which affect the student body. The student elections in January, 1921 showed Nationalist majorities ranging from 90 per cent in Giessen and 85 per cent in Königsberg to 66 per cent in Berlin. Delegations of all the feudal student corps were sent to the funeral of the ex-Kaiserin in Potsdam in May, 1921, and lent color to a ceremony which was conducted with all the pomp known to the old régime. American Quakers have extended their relief work to several of the German universities, but the students of the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, declined the Quakers' offer to provide free board for needy students with the statement that the Quakers should first have the Peace Treaty revised.

The notion that America "betrayed" Germany at Versailles, and must be held to an accounting for it, is prevalent not only in reactionary circles. The Prussian Minister of Education, Conrad Haenisch, a Socialist, was forced to admit after two years in office that the new Republic had failed to win over the educated younger generation, and he rightly describes it as a question of life or death for the Republic to convert the mind workers to democracy. Very little, indeed, has been accomplished in this respect. Even the schoolbooks in use are for the most part the same as those used before the revolution, the expense of providing a complete set of new textbooks being almost prohibitive. The Republican Government has done little or nothing to attract new followers of democracy, and the political parties which profess to be democratic have failed dismally to instruct the youth in the precepts of democracy.

At the opposite end of the arena of German political strife

stand the ranks of the Proletarian Youth, on whose steadfastness the Republic must principally rely. The gap between the two rival armies is perilously wide, so wide, indeed, that it seems almost extravagant to hope that it can ever be bridged. The Proletarian Youth is divided in itself. The largest group adheres to the Social Democratic party and is on the whole anxious to learn and live democracy and is opposed to any return of autocracy and militarism. This group is chiefly controlled by the leaders of the party, is organized in order to serve the ends of that party, and has not yet distinguished itself by any action indicative of independence or new inspiration. The influence of the fresh forces is already being felt, nevertheless, and shows that the potentialities of the group are very great. In the eyes of the old leaders, however, the juveniles simply form the reservoir on which the party draws as time depletes its ranks. As far as Radicalism is concerned, the Social Democratic youth is committed to nothing but the gradual realization of the theories of scientific Socialism within the bounds of democracy.

The second group is called the Socialist Proletarian Youth, and is under the control of leaders of the Independent Socialist party. This is the most thoroughly revolutionary party in Germany and the most unequivocal and uncompromising adversary of chauvinism and imperialism. The juvenile group of the party has at times been very close to acceptance of Communism, but its ideals have become somewhat modified and chastened in the course of time. As is the case with the first group, these young men are for the most part handworkers and it is only in the few hours of recreation that they become acquainted with the political problems of the day. The socialistic parties accomplish a great deal in providing suitable opportunities for the enlightenment of the youth on political problems. A pronounced spirit of independence has manifested itself among the Socialist Proletarian Youth.

The third group includes the Communist Youth, the fervent advocates of the overthrow of the bourgeoisie and the establishment of Sovietism. Even in this group the experiences of two years, the apparent failure of Soviet Russia and the crushing of sporadic Communist uprisings in Germany, have had a sobering effect. Active participation in the Communist *Putsch* of April

of last year resulted in the sentencing of many youthful Communists to death or life-long imprisonment, the severity of the courts in dealing with these misled youths being in striking contrast to the leniency with which the students who took active and discreditable part in the Kapp *Putsch* were treated.

The entire Proletarian Youth can be depended upon to offer determined resistance to any attempt to reëstablish the monarchy. The various groups chafe under the restraint of leadership which is felt to be out of touch with the new time. They long for greater inspiration than can be furnished by older men whose chief concern is the establishment of party supremacy and whose chief claim to leadership consists in conversancy with the petty details of the parliamentary life of a past era.

The Democratic Youth stands alone in a difficult position between the two extremes of Nationalism and Radicalism. The catchwords of the Radicals of the Right and the Left have made heavy inroads on the Democratic Party and its juvenile organizations. Notwithstanding this a group of courageous Democrats stands firmly in the centre of the arena, bearing the brunt of attacks from two sides. Its sole recourse is to proclaim stoutly the great ideals of democracy which must gradually pervade the institutions of German public life if class and race war is not to run rampant. One of the leaders of the Democratic Youth is a striking figure, Ernst Lemmer, a student of Marburg University. Lemmer was disciplined by the university authorities in 1919 for venturing to attend a convention of the Democratic party. He is convinced that Germany can be saved only by conversion to democracy and has addressed himself with all the enthusiasm of youth to the difficult task of persuading the youth of Germany that the course of true patriotism can lie only in the direction of the spreading abroad of the spirit and ideas of the Weimar Constitution, the injection of life into the cold forms of that document, and the creation of true Democracy in society, commerce and polity. Dissatisfaction with the old leaders is particularly pronounced in the Democratic Youth and men like Lemmer seem destined to come to the front in time.

A few loose organizations like the Liberal Youth, which is somewhat akin to the Democratic Youth but is not connected

with any political party, and the Radical Reformers, who proclaim the independence of the youth from all elder authority, must also be taken into consideration. The former organization distinguished itself by a courageous attitude against chauvinist aims during the war, and the latter was prominent in the movement for pupils' councils in the schools and other radical school reforms which made some headway shortly after the Armistice but soon lost force.

The absence of conscription and the comparative inconspicuousness of military uniforms have a very important bearing on the temper of the youth. Compulsory military service was for a century one of the vertebral institutions of Prussia and Germany. German monarchs, statesmen, generals and professors have long sounded its praises. It was particularly as a means of education of the masculine youth, as a school of physical and moral training. that the merits of this institution were considered so excellent, Prominent pedagogues have pronounced conscription the pinnacle of the German system of education. Every healthy German boy of 19 entered upon his two years of military service in the consciousness of fulfilling a patriotic duty which his father had performed before him. The privilege of volunteer service for one year only was contingent on the passing of a severe examination which as a rule only boys of good family and education were able to pass. An applicant for a position who had performed his military service was usually preferred to one who had not, perhaps more because of the assumed superior physical and disciplinary training than because of the advantage of military qualifications. Conscription was generally looked upon as a most important measure of public hygiene, a salutary institution in every way. It insured a satisfactory minimum of physical training, bearing and discipline of the male population of Germany capable of carrying arms. Prince Bülow, former Imperial Chancellor and an unquestioned authority on political affairs and currents in Germany, has written that conscription was the only bond capable of uniting the German tribes and factions with their seemingly ineradicable proneness to petty disputes and quarrels.

It is manifest that the non-enforcement of conscription since the Armistice, and its abolition since then by Federal act, have

created a noticeable gap in German public life which thoughtful men are solicitous of refilling. A form of national labor conscription has been seriously suggested, but the organization of such a gigantic scheme requires so much study and reflection that the plan is merely in its incipiency. The late Secretary of State, Erzberger, proposed a compulsory civil service of one year for the German youth. The idea of compulsory civil service is a development of the so-called Hindenburg system of compulsory auxiliary service established during the war, a system which aimed at the complete mobilization of the labor forces of the Fatherland with a view to the successful prosecution of the war.

In the absence of conscription the value of athletic sports for the training of the German youth has become greatly enhanced since the Armistice, although it is feared by many that they can never replace conscription because of the lack of the element of compulsion. A bill has now been submitted to the Reichstag which would make it compulsory for German boys to participate in some form of athletic sports, an intense cultivation of which is one of the outstanding features of the Germany of to-day. It was not until the War had been in progress for some time that the German military authorities began to see the importance of athletic sports. A special department for the supervision of athletics was established in the Prussian War Ministry and an organization for the coördination of physical training to meet the requirements of the German army was perfected.

Before the war there were 400,000 enrolled members of German sport clubs. To-day the corresponding figure is 2,500,000, to which must be added over a million *Turners*, so that over 3,500,000 young Germans are now registered as actively engaged in some form of athletics. The number is constantly increasing.

Athletic sports have now penetrated even the staid German universities. For the first time games were played last year for the academic football championship of Germany. The high schools and academies as such do not take up athletic sports at all. Boys and girls who engage in athletics do so as members of local clubs. For the general supervision of athletic activity there is a National Committee for Physical Training, which advises the Department of the Interior in pertinent matters. With the usual

German thoroughness a University of Physical Training has been opened in Berlin, where the scientific and technical sides of athletic exercises are studied and men and women are trained to become athletic instructors.

The situation of the German youth to-day is one of bitter hostility between two powerful extremes. A pronounced inclination towards civil war is manifest, for there is no strong centre which could reconcile and pacify the differences between Nationalism and Internationalism, as the issue has unfortunately been defined to be. In reality the issue is between chauvinism and sane Nationalism. The elements in favor of a victory of Democracy are the educating force of at least the forms of democratic government, the self-alienation of the reactionary youth from the people at large, and perhaps most of all the liberalizing influence of athletic sports. The elements in favor of a victory of the reaction are: tradition; preponderance of influence in the administration of justice and in academic life; a powerful and unscrupulous press; and a well organized and hitherto highly effective monarchist propaganda. Inertia works in favor of the reaction; national distress is likewise its ally. In point of numbers alone the Democratic and Socialist Youth are not at a disadvantage; in influence and resource they are severely handicapped.

The Monarchists have wisely refrained thus far from any public discussion of questions of dynasty, well knowing that the former German dynasties are so jealous of prerogative and rank that agreement on the bearer of a new Imperial crown would be difficult if not impossible. The aspirations of the House of Wittelsbach, the former ruling dynasty of Bavaria, would not be so easily set aside as in the time of Bismarck in 1871, and a Bavarian Kaiser would scarcely be relished by the domineering North Germans. A quiet propaganda in favor of the ex-Crown Prince has been in evidence for some time; Prince Eitel Friedrich, the second son of ex-Kaiser William, shows himself occasionally in monarchist demonstrations; and the eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince is sometimes spoken of as the future Kaiser; but aside from this the question of candidacy for the throne is kept studiously in the background.

The Nationalist Youth is looking backward; it has brought

forth no new ideas and aspires merely to the restoration on an improved basis of the régime built up by an older generation which failed and seeks yet to retrieve itself if given another chance. The young reactionaries fail to see that they are being made the tools of a disappointed faction which hopes to return to power and is prompted in its efforts by purely selfish motives. The campaign of the reactionaries is ruthless and unscrupulous; disdain for the republican institutions is paired with complete indifference to the welfare of the whole people. A powerful press daily pours out a torrent of abuse of the institutions of government and the persons in power which would not be tolerated for a moment in any other country. The aim of the reactionaries is primarily destructive; it is tantamount to sabotage of the Republic.

The democratic thinking youth looks forward, is constructive, and, mindful of the inherent defects and the definite failure of the old régime, aims at the regeneration of the nation on a sound Liberal basis. What is needed most of all is enlightenment on the sane nationalism of democracy and the fatal folly of chauvinism and a policy of revenge. A basis of sane nationalism must be found to which all, or the great majority, must commit themselves, or the Fatherland will drift into civil war. The lethargy of the political parties on which the responsibility for the preservation of the Republic rests is inexplicable and inexcusable. The assassination of Erzberger had the effect of illuminating like a flash of lightning the precarious situation of the Republic. It remains to be seen whether the lesson will be thoroughly learned and adequate steps be taken to meet the reactionary menace.

CHARLES B. DYAR.

TRADE ASSOCIATIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT

BY GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

LESS than four years ago, the Government was fervently urging business men everywhere to combine with their competitors into trade committees or trade associations in order to stabilize supply and demand, restrict competition, and even agree upon prices, in coöperation with the United States Fuel Administration, the United States Food Administration, and the War Industries Board. To the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, for its part in bringing about these organizations, the Council of National Defense accorded the highest official praise. Two hundred such committees, the Council reported, were at work in 1918, speaking "for industries as diverse as the manufacture of toys and the refining of petroleum", and taking "a very important place in the fixing of prices, which has become a well-developed governmental function under the Council and the War Industries Board".

The War Industries Board also added its commendation. "In line with the principle of united action and coöperation," it said, "hundreds of trades were organized for the first time into national organizations, each responsible in a real sense for its multitude of component companies, and they were organized on the suggestion and under the supervision of the Government. Practices looking to efficiency in production, price control, conservation, control in quantity of production, etc., were inaugurated everywhere. Many business men have experienced during the war, for the first time in their careers, the tremendous advantages, both to themselves and to the general public, of combination, of coöperation and common action, with their natural competitors."

Coöperation in industry won the Great War, and many hoped that in peace the lesson would be remembered. "We must give

a freer course to coöperation in industry," declared Mr. Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State, in December, 1918. "We need progress in standardization, the elimination of unnecessary waste, opportunities for trade agreements which are helpful alike to the manufacturer, the consumer and the laborer by providing stable provisions. The War has compelled coöperation and the Government, under this compulsion, has fostered what it previously denounced as criminal. The conduct which had been condemned by the law as a public offense was found to be necessary for the salvation of the Republic. But the public need so dramatically disclosed by the War is not, in this respect, removed by the termination of the War. Coöperation is just as necessary to secure the full benefits of peace as it was to meet the exigencies of War. And without it we shall miss the great prosperity and advance in trade to which, with our skill and energy, we are entitled."

Almost four years have now passed, but no change has been made in our laws regarding coöperation.

Discussing the so-called "open competition plan" of the American Hardwood Manufacturers' Association, the Supreme Court has recently declared that it is criminal for a trade association to collect and disseminate information among its members regarding supply and demand and prices, if in the association's meetings and bulletins the members are told how they may best act upon this information. "It is plain," said the Supreme Court in its decision, "that the only element lacking in this scheme to make it a familiar type of the competition-suppressing organization is a definite agreement as to production and prices. But this is supplied: by the disposition of men 'to follow their most intelligent competitors', especially when powerful; by the inherent disposition to make all the money possible, joined with the steady cultivation of the value of 'harmony' of action; and by the system of reports, which makes the discovery of price reductions inevitable and immediate. The sanctions of the plan obviously are financial interest, intimate personal contact, and business honor, all operating under the restraint of exposure of what would be deemed bad faith and of trade punishment by powerful rivals."

Hundreds of trade associations, including some of the largest and most successful, do not attempt to collect or disseminate information regarding supply or demand or prices, and in their meetings and bulletins avoid all discussion of these topics. To such trade associations, this Supreme Court decision had no application. How numerous, however, are the trade associations which this decision might possibly affect may be guessed from a few official figures.

In response to a questionnaire of the Federal Trade Commission last fall, 376 trade associations reported that they were collecting and disseminating statistics regarding stocks on hand, quantities produced, orders received, or orders on hand, and 141 trade associations reported that they were collecting and disseminating statistics regarding prices in closed transactions. "Nine associations," reported the Commission, "indicate that they have recently discontinued the collection and exchange of information regarding their selling prices, pending the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Hardwood case. It appears probable that a number of others which formerly used such open price methods had taken similar action." This price information, the Commission found, was circulated daily, weekly or monthly by associations comprising manufacturers and wholesalers, and covered, among other products, automobiles, trucks, agricultural products, bread, bakery products, brick, buttons, canned fruits, canned vegetables, clothing, coal, coke, cotton goods, dairy products, drugs, farm implements, flour, feed, furniture, gas ranges, groceries, meats, hardware, lumber products, iron shingles, plumbing materials, salt, shoes, silks and upper leather.

These trade associations, as has been said, are only a fraction of all the trade associations in the country. Few, even of these, are probably as vulnerable as was the Hardwood Manufacturers' Association. Making all these allowances, however, the number of business men threatened by this Supreme Court decision is alarmingly large. And since their technical criminality, if it exists, arises only from their interchange of information regarding supply and demand and prices, and suggestions as to how best to act upon this information, their predicament deserves thoughtful consideration.

As Edmund Burke long ago declared, you cannot indict an entire nation. Burke's remedy, in an analogous instance, was to repeal the law because it conflicted with national habits. No one, however, seems ready to believe that it is politically possible to repeal the Sherman Act. Compromise measures, therefore, to temper and modify the anti-trust laws, and to permit coöperation under Government supervision, are the only suggestions for legislative relief.

Mr. Hughes, in his address already quoted, endorsed this proposal in general terms. "Reasonable opportunity," said Mr. Hughes, "for concert under Government supervision is necessary to afford best service and prevent waste, and if we have learned this lesson from recent experiences it will be a great gain. . . . Is it not entirely possible to maintain governmental supervision which will give reasonable opportunity for doing reasonable things instead of seeking to maintain rules of conduct which shackle American enterprise? Neither labor nor the general public gains anything from denying free scope to honest business, and to secure this legitimate freedom it should be the function of Government to provide intelligent supervision which will aim at the detection and punishment of abuse and not at the crippling of opportunities rightly used."

The same idea was more fully discussed by the War Industries Board in its final report. Existing anti-trust legislation, the Board declared, "while valuable for immediate purposes, leaves little more than a moderately ambitious effort to reduce by Government interference the processes of business so as to make them to conform to the simpler principles sufficient for the conditions of a by-gone day." During the Great War, business men learned the value of group action. "To drive them back through new legislation, or through the more rigid and rapid enforcement of present legislation, to the situation which immediately preceded the war will be very difficult in many cases, though in a few it is already occurring spontaneously. To leave these combinations without further supervision and attention by the Government than can be given by the Attorney General's Department, or by the Federal Trade Commission in its present form, will subject business men to such temptations as many of

them will be unable to resist—temptations to conduct their businesses for private gain with little reference to general public welfare."

Ostensibly to accomplish this general purpose, a bill, sponsored by the Lockwood Committee on Housing, passed the New York State Senate on March 17, 1922, and might have passed the Assembly had the Legislature not adjourned a few days later. This bill forbade any corporation, or corporation official, to participate in any "organization, arrangement, understanding or agreement of, or between, corporations . . . of which actual or potential competitors engaged in the same or similar classes of business are members", or to participate in any "club, society, institute, exchange, bureau or other body . . . of which such actual or potential competitors are members", until after the State Department of Trade and Commerce, to be created by the bill, shall have investigated the members, officers, dues, assessments, plans, purposes, methods, practices, constitution and by-laws of such association, and the uses to which its dues and assessments are put, and shall have issued a license authorizing it to transact business. Any corporation, corporation official, or person, the bill provided, who "becomes a party with a corporation" to any activity of any unlicensed association, or does "any act in, toward or tending to the consummation of such purposes of any such unlicensed association" shall, in the case of a corporation, be fined not less than $1,000 nor more than $20,000, and in the case of a person, must be imprisoned at least three months and not more than one year, and in addition may also be fined not more than $20,000.

An association shall not be licensed, the bill continued, if the proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce finds that the association's activities will

(1) tend to prevent, restrain, limit or restrict competition,

(2) tend to fix, prescribe or advise or suggest the fixing of the price of any such article or commodity,

(3) tend to restrain, limit, restrict or diminish the output or supply, to divide or apportion the territory between actual or potential competitors or to encourage such competitors to keep out of or fail to enter any given territory in competition with one another,

(4) fail to effect a more beneficent, efficient and economical production,

marketing, transportation or distribution of any such article or commodity in free and open competition,

(5) tends or is calculated to promote or encourage unreasonable profits to any member of such association or to any other person, firm or corporation engaged in a similar business,

(6) is discriminatory between persons or localities or injurious to the interests of the state, or

(7) is in any other manner calculated to interfere with unrestricted competition or is otherwise adverse to the public welfare.

No right of appeal to, or review by, the courts was provided in the bill, in event that an association be denied a license.

Besides the powers above described, the bill entrusted the proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce generally with the "encouragement, development, assurance, protection and regulation" of "free and open competition in the production, manufacture, marketing, purchase, sale, exchange, use, hiring, storing and distribution of any article or commodity in common use", and specifically with investigating the cost of such articles and commodities and "securing the production, manufacture, marketing, purchase, sale, use, hiring, distribution and exchange of such articles and commodities upon a fair basis and at prices regulated solely by competitive conditions, uncontrolled by restraints or restrictions of any kind".

The proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce, according to the bill, would have "full access to and the right to inspect and take copies of all books of account, documents, correspondence and other papers relating to the business and affairs of all corporations, joint stock associations, trade organizations and other bodies", whose activities in any way comprise or affect trade or commerce within the State.

Desirable as are coöperation, trade associations, and exchange of trade information, may not their price be too high? Is not Government regulation of prices and profits an excessive concession to ask of any non-public industry in time of peace? Where is the responsibility when the State regulates prices and profits in all industries? Our war-time experiments with Government price fixing, supported though they were by patriotism and the national emergency, were nevertheless all so unsatisfactory

that immediately after the Armistice they were wholly abandoned with universal relief. Would any industry, for the privilege of coöperation, ever concede such power to a Government Department? And what Government Department would ever dare approve in advance any arrangement that might result in the maintenance or raising of prices? If some unforeseen consequences were to follow, the standing and even the existence of the Department might be imperilled. Approval of any agreement in advance would always be full of risk. Withholding of approval would always be the only way of avoiding risk. Can there be any doubt as to how any Government Department would view requests for such approval? Few requests if any would ever be granted, except in circumstances so special that the same result, under competent legal guidance, would probably be obtainable without resort to any of the machinery suggested in the bill above analyzed.

A better solution seems to lie in a direction suggested by the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover. "We should have," said he recently, "more timely, more regular and more complete information of the current production and consumption and stocks of every great commodity in the United States."

Secretary Hoover cited two illustrations, the coal boom in the fall of 1920 and the rubber slump in 1920 and 1921. "If the public," said he, "had realized that our stocks of coal on the surface were probably above normal, that at the time they were bidding for coal at $15 per ton, the actual realization at the mine was probably less than $4; if they had been aware that the capacity of the coal mines was even then not running over 80 per cent; that the limitation of supply was due to railway difficulties which would be solved with a little patience; then, I am convinced that many sensible people would have stayed out of the coal market, and that we should have had no buying panic, with its profiteering, its consequent slump and great losses." If in the rubber industry, continued Secretary Hoover, "there had been an accurate monthly statement of the current ratio of production capacity and operation in the different branches of the industry, and of the stocks of major manufactured and raw materials in hand, they would have been saved tremendous losses

not only in over-accumulation of goods, but also in over-expansion of equipment."

Though some statistics are now being collected and published by the Departments of the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Reserve Board, statistics of the detail and freshness that Secretary Hoover mentions can most readily be gathered and disseminated only by trade associations. Business men dislike the intrusion of the Government into business, and the question of whether Federal Government bureaus, whose jurisdiction is limited to interstate commerce, can legally require periodical information relating to production and prices and other matters primarily in intrastate commerce will, for a long time, continue to embarrass the Federal Government if it attempts any compulsion in collecting such information.

Now that a trade association, according to the Supreme Court, cannot legally gather and disseminate such information, if in the association's meetings and bulletins the members are told how they may best act upon it, perhaps business men will be more willing than before to report such information to Government bureaus. Legislation may eventually be necessary, but meanwhile, even under the present state of the law, there seems to be a field for joint action between the trade associations and the Government.

In the Hardwood case, the mischief began when the Association in its meetings and bulletins tried to instruct its members how best to act upon trade information. May it not, therefore, be possible for trade associations merely to collect such trade information from their members, and to distribute it not only among their members but also among the Government bureaus, the trade press, the daily newspapers so far as they are interested, and the fast growing number of statistical service organizations that in recent years have sprung up for the purpose of interpreting to business men the tendencies and developments in business throughout the country?

No development in business life is more significant than the increase of financial and industrial services that furnish information to enable business executives to take their bearings and

determine their course according as conditions develop from week to week in their industries, their markets, their country and the entire world. The trade press, and even the daily newspapers, are undertaking more and more of this work, and many of the larger banks and trust companies, as a matter of service to their clients, now maintain large statistical organizations and publish monthly business reviews. With these rapidly increasing facilities for the expert interpretation of trade statistics, entirely insulated from any control or influence by the trade associations that merely collect and disseminate the figures, business men ought now to be able to obtain the knowledge they need in order to run their businesses.

To further this purpose, Secretary Hoover, on February 16, 1922, made public his correspondence with the Attorney-General of the United States regarding trade association activities. This correspondence endorses many activities, such as standardization of quality, grades and technical designations, elimination of wasteful processes, prevention of dishonest practices, handling of group insurance, coöperative advertising, promotion of welfare work, coöperative representation on legislative questions and transportation matters, and coöperation with Government departments and bureaus, that have never been legally questioned. Most interesting of all, however, are the Government's views on the interchange of trade information through trade associations.

Briefly, the Attorney-General advises the Secretary of Commerce that if there be no purpose or effect, whether intentional or unintentional, of curtailing production, enhancing prices or suppressing competition, trade associations may—

(a) collect statistics from each member showing his volume of production, his capacity to produce, the wages paid, the consumption of his product in domestic or foreign trade, and his distribution thereof, specifying the volume of distribution by districts, together with his stock, wholesale or retail;

(b) on receipt of the individual reports of each member, compile the information in each report into a consolidated statement which shows the total volume of production of the membership, its capacity to produce by districts of production, which, in some instances, include a state or less area, the wages of districts of production, the consumption in foreign or domestic trade by districts, the volume of distribution by districts, and the stocks on hand, wholesale and retail, by districts;

(c) file the combined statement with the Secretary of Commerce for distribution by him to the members of the association through the public press or otherwise and to the public generally and to all persons who may be in any way interested in the product of the industry, it being understood that the individual reports for the members should cover either weekly, monthly, quarterly, or longer periods as may be deemed desirable by the members, and, when a period is adopted, the report for each member shall cover that period, and the combined report shall be for that period;

(d) have their members report the prices they have received for the products they have sold during the period taken, specifying the volume of each grade, brand, size, style, or quality, as the case may be, and the price received for the volume so sold in each of the respective districts where the product is sold;

(e) consolidate all of the reports into one, and show the average price received for the total volume of each grade, brand, size, style, or quality, as the case may be, distributed in each district covered by the distribution statistics for the period covered by each individual report; and

(f) send the compiled report as to average price, as aforesaid, to the Secretary of Commerce, to be by him distributed to the public and to any or all persons who may be interested in the particular industry making the report.

That Secretary Hoover is ready and willing, and that his Departmental facilities are adequate, to disseminate promptly and periodically all information collected by trade associations and filed with him for distribution as above proposed, is the promise held out as the result of conferences held by Secretary Hoover in Washington in April, 1922, with representatives of most of the trade associations in the country. Unquestionably, this is the most ambitious project for Governmental assistance to business ever proposed in this generation.

GILBERT H. MONTAGUE.

THE PLIGHT AND HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY WALTER ROBB

THE Philippines are at present a liability and a source of weakness to the United States, according to the preponderance of expert military opinion, which must be accepted as reliable. This is due, however, quite as much to the very awkward administration of the Islands, which can be corrected without further delay, while Governor-General Leonard Wood is the chief executive of the Philippines, as it is to their extensive and almost defenseless coastline. Abetted by notoriously incompetent American favorites, Filipino administration of the Philippines since October, 1916, when the Jones Law, the present organic act, went into effect, has not only been inept but in glaring and vital instances has incurred the imputation of dishonesty.

The egregious failure of the *ilustrados* to govern the Philippines has now reached a point where it infringes upon the treaty obligations of the United States. For example, there is but thirty cents gold back of the Philippine peso. The gold standard fund notably, and trust funds only less so, have been dissipated and the country plunged into a chaos of debt and financial entanglement. By the time the Government is again a going concern, the territorial debt will most probably not be less than one hundred million dollars gold, or twenty pesos per capita. There has been maladministration of justice and delayed administration of justice, quite general enough to raise the question whether or not life and property are secure. The American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippines has declared that investments in the Islands are not secure; it has a mass of evidence to corroborate its statement. It does not mean, of course, that through some extraordinary action by Governor Wood security of investment cannot be maintained during the brief period in which he will be chief executive of the Philippines. It has no quarrel with the

Governor upon this or any other point. But its members are not in the Philippines for a day or a year; they are permanently settled there and look at matters of government from that permanent viewpoint, just as do the nationals of foreign Powers with which the United States has treaty obligations bearing upon the Philippines.

Instead of shouldering responsibility for the lamentable conditions prevailing, the Osmeña-Quezon Government is evading, extenuating, palliating and excusing them. No public opinion halts them. The people are practically in a feudal state; a vassal may not say his overlord nay. The people are an indentured, custom-bound, untutored Malayan mass, which will be their condition for an indefinite time to come. There is not yet a third of the school population provided with the means of obtaining primary education. There is a sort of *patois* spoken indifferently by a few hundred thousand throughout the Islands, but it is scarcely recognizable as English; and this is the nearest approach to even a common language. Under the disturbed and desultory political policy of the United States toward the Philippines, which for almost a quarter of a century has been pursued with very negligible results, when viewed in relation to the progress made in all other territory under the American flag, the Islands still bask in that indolence which is derived fundamentally from the want of motive for effort; that is, the hopeless conditions imposed by peonage. Meantime, knowledge is more and more widespread concerning the natural wealth and potential economic resources of the archipelago—which has a land area nearly equal to that of Japan proper or the British Isles; larger than the New England States with Pennsylvania thrown in; larger than Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, by more than 3,000 square miles; and far exceeding the area of any of the great Western States excepting two, California and Texas.

All these facts, seemingly fundamental, are more than apt to overwhelm the judgment and make America's position appear much worse than it really is. Viewed logically, and in the light of our plain duty to ourselves and the voiceless masses of the Filipino people, it is not desperate at all.

The one thing in particular to be done is to withdraw from the

jurisdiction of the Philippine Government the administration of the United States public domain in the Islands, and to get this land surveyed and registered and under cultivation, and the mines worked and the forests exploited, as widely as possible and as early as possible. Americans who have never visited the Philippines may be surprised to learn that their vast empire of public domain in that territory has for many years been administered by Filipinos who know nothing of the spirit of American public land administration, who have hampered Americans in settling upon these lands, and some of whom have left office under the cloud of taking advantage of official position to purloin lands for themselves. They have excluded foreigners from acquiring these lands and in specific instances have driven bona fide Filipino homesteaders, of the "governable" element, off their holdings after the homesteaders had worked their fields for years. It was even written into the homestead law recently that the Director of Lands could, after granting a homesteader's application for a homestead, amend that application or cancel it altogether; and the helpless peasant who is subjected to these intolerable regulations is not given his day in court, either: it is all a star chamber proceeding from the outset.

General Frank McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in the War Department, defines the public domain in the Philippines as "property of the United States in lands . . . administered by the Philippine Government." These lands were acquired by the American people from Spain, in the Treaty of Paris. They constitute one of the nation's most magnificent inheritances, and their development not only would add billions of dollars annually to the national trade, but would be a veritable bulwark of our commerce in the East as well as the inexhaustible source of certain essential sinews of war—those embraced in the multitude of tropical products we can grow nowhere else under the flag.

As the Department of the Interior administers the public domain in other territory of the United States, it should administer the public domain in the Philippines; and Congress should transfer immediately the public domain in the Philippines to this Department. As all projects for Philippine investments are founded

upon the utilization of the public lands,—the investment of his labor and a few pesos by the homesteader and small lease-holder, and the investment of millions by corporations,—such action by Congress would prompt a flow of capital to the Islands heretofore undreamed of. Whether accelerated by immigration or not, development would be most rapid; and if it were accelerated by immigration, as it ought to be, within the next quarter of a century fifty million prosperous people could be domiciled in the Philippines.

The Islands would then no longer be defenseless, no longer a national liability. The climate is not inimicable to the white race. The immigration would, naturally, require control; but much of it could come from Europe, much from the homeland, and more from overpopulated China. Personally I do not believe the Islands would ever be a Mecca for Japanese settlers, though of course they are for Japanese traders, and while they are sparsely inhabited and meagerly tilled they are Japan's constant temptation.

It should be borne in mind that we have no other extensive tropical territory, and that our use of tropical products is enormous. Arthur C. Fischer, Director of the Philippine Bureau of Forestry, is authority for the statement that the Islands can produce America's total supply of tropical products: all the rubber, all the guttapercha, all the camphor, all the gums and resins, all the drying and semi-drying oils required to supplement the local supply, and all the vegetable oils from which to extract edible fats. This statement contemplates the development of the public domain, the more than sixty million acres of forest, agricultural and mining lands owned by the American people in the Philippines. The land privately owned is but ten million acres, of which only half is under cultivation. This supports the present population, ten million in round numbers, and created a foreign trade of sixty pesos per capita, equal to that of Japan, in 1920. In Japan proper, approximately of the same area as the Philippines, seventy million people are living. They can cultivate but twelve per cent of the land, while in the Philippines seventy per cent of the land is susceptible of cultivation. Japan can grow but one crop a year, and it is poor in mineral resources. The

Philippines can grow from one to four crops a year, and they are rich in mineral resources. Sugar cane matures in twelve months in the Philippines, against eighteen to twenty-four months required in other good sugar regions. Corn grows the year around and cattle grow and fatten without grain.

Among the mineral deposits within the public domain in the Philippines are iron (of the best quality), coal (including good coking coal), manganese and sulphur—the essentials of a huge future iron and steel industry. There are also abundant gold, copper and asbestos deposits; also silver and other valuable minerals, including marble and granite and asphalt. No less than three million tons of semi-anthracite coal have been blocked out in a single deposit on the Zamboanga peninsula, in Mindanao. This brief recital shows how negligent we were of the public interest when we placed administration of these resources in the control of Filipinos adept in pursuing a policy of passive resistance toward our best intentions, and at the same time indifferent to the welfare of their countrymen.

If we continue that policy, the Philippines will remain a national liability and a source of weakness.

For we cannot be free from them. There is no possible way by which we can set them adrift. Even if tomorrow we granted them absolute independence, either the aggression of a foreign Power, or a sanguinary internecine conflict, or infringment of treaty rights and obligations and the rights of our own people, would call us back. It is not difficult to discern that it might be a combination of all these causes. In view of everything revealed by the Wood-Forbes mission, it is wrong for any statesman or any legislator to inveigle the American people into believing they can ever rid themselves of the Philippines, or that it would be best or wise to do so. Without infringement of any promise or encroachment upon the self-government the Filipinos now enjoy—and abuse—the Islands can and should be held forever.

As we avail ourselves of the national wealth we have in the Philippines, as we link the islands closer to the mother country by commercial and social ties, the need we may have at present on their account for a strong fleet in the Eastern Pacific will be gradually diminished. In making these Philippine resources

profitable in peace, we shall make them instantly available for war; and so we shall be the more formidable.

I conceive a future, not far distant, when by frequent steamers over a direct route, commerce running into billions of dollars a year will be coursing between the Philippines and America; when in this little valley of the Islands there will be a thriving American community, in that one an Italian settlement, or a Greek, and in the next a Malayan (Filipino), freed of native timidity because of the precept and example of the white man; and all united by the bonds of a common faith, a common language, common ideals and common business interests.

On the alternative, the inevitable corollary of our abandoning the islands, I will not look. I will not see the Filipino *taos*, now lifting their eyes to a dawn where Columbia stands smiling, sink again into the thraldom of debt, into that mass despair which would come from the unchecked despotism of the *ilustrado* rule.

> How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
> When this dumb creature shall reply to God
> After the silence of the centuries?

I will not see the wreckage of their commerce tossed and broken on tariff walls erected against them at the ports of the mother country; and they (for seventy per cent of their commerce is with America, and only one-and-a-half per cent of our commerce is with them) made mendicants in the marts of the world. If this is what Congress would do, this what the American people would sanction, then indeed are the Philippines a liability. Then indeed will they cost us much—in blood and treasure.

WALTER ROBB.

PERSONNEL AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

BY JOHN M. GAUS

Constitute government how you please; infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state.—Burke, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

EDMUND BURKE, when he wrote *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, had in mind a particular political situation,—the relations of George III to the ministry and to Parliament,—but his idea has a significance for our own political problems. Stated briefly, our Governments to-day—Federal, State and Local—are performing many new functions, and functions which cannot, from their nature, be nicely and adequately adjusted and controlled by legislative statute. They require, for successful administration, prudent and upright civil servants; and again, these civil servants must be given wide discretion to apply the general principle which alone can be enacted into fixed law. It is this fact which creates a new civil service problem for our generation, and it is this fact which is behind the discussion and adoption of such technical projects as classification of positions and salary standardization. An administrator like the Budget Director, General Dawes, with his Federal Personnel Board, is after all an attempt to apply some of the implications of Burke's penetrating comment.

But it is a fact which, as a nation, we have not comprehended. The movement for Civil Service Reform of the 'seventies and 'eighties, which had such leaders as George William Curtis and Carl Schurz, was essentially moral and political in its aims, rather than administrative. It represented the hatred of the true democrat of the abuse of the ballot and of the party system which existed. For obviously the use of appointment to office as a means of securing party funds, and the use of the party for securing appointments, prevented the free expression of opinion

even within the narrow limits of the party system. The result of these practises upon the personnel of the Government was, of course, noticed and deplored. But the chief attack was centered rather upon the way in which the function of the citizen as a voter and party member was distorted and debauched.

But since the 'eighties, the functions of government have greatly increased in number and changed in nature. A Commonwealth like Massachusetts employs over 10,000 people, in over one hundred different trades and professions. The civil servants of the Federal Government are over half a million in number. Their duties—the duties of those, let us say, in a State Workmen's Compensation Department, a Public Utilities Department, a Health Department, or, at Washington in the Bureau of Standards or the United States Employment Service—require a freedom from too detailed statutory control, a wide measure of discretion, and a cultural and technical training. Lord Haldane in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Coal Mines (republished in this country by the Dunster House Bookshop as *The Problem of Nationalization*) has outlined the implications of this new status of the civil servant in the future, when great industries may be administered by public agencies. As an administrative problem the new place of the Civil Service needs to be reconsidered and adequate provision made.

The status of the Civil Service is not only a pressing administrative problem, it is also a large factor in our governmental budgets. The means whereby salaries adequate for securing properly trained civil servants are to be secured through legislative financial control needs also to be provided in any even tentative solution of the civil service problem. The popular impression is that the chief issue here is the overpayment of the Civil Service. Actually we are confronted with the fact that the Civil Service does not offer a promising career to able men and women, not alone for the lack of relatively open opportunities for assuming initiative but also because of inadequate salaries and the lack of system in appropriations. This inevitably is reflected in the kind of service which our financial outlay purchases. The adoption of such direct taxation as the income tax has caused an even sharper scrutiny by legislative committees of the appropriations

for services requiring the employment of civil servants of great technical training and administrative equipment, who are least accustomed to organizing in self-defence and using methods which the lesser skilled workers have used to their own advantage. There is, also, the lack of any objective standard of salary by which even the most well-intentioned committees can properly appraise the value of various employments and positions, and in the rough and tumble of appropriations the more numerous but less skilled are favored.

The new status of the Civil Service causes a third difficulty. The increase in the volume and the nature of the relations between government and citizen brings into clearer view the problem of the legal liability of the State for the official acts of its civil servants. The civil servant is himself—for those acts—ordinarily liable before the courts. But it is increasingly evident that many times justice cannot be done, either to the individual who has been wronged by an act of a civil servant who has been honestly attempting to execute the law, or to the civil servant himself. The establishment of special administrative tribunals which recognize the inherent liability of the State to a more careful scrutiny of private claims evidences our growing recognition of this problem. Furthermore, our courts are for the most part ill-equipped to review and set aside decisions in complicated and technical matters which have been made by administrative authorities. This is in part recognized by the admission by the courts of a province for final administrative action under the "separation of powers" theory, in part by a reluctance to review questions of fact rather than law. Yet the line between the latter two is vacillating and fluctuating, and is frequently moved in a direction that seriously hampers the execution of a social policy which the other departments of government have accepted.

Finally, the existence of hundreds of thousands of civil servants raises the problem of the relation of the State to its employees. How may their loyalty and energy be best recruited to the valid purposes of the State? With what organization may there be best erected channels of communication through which their collective desires or grievances may be most justly dealt

with? How may their contributions to the service, their initiative, be focused and not inhibited?

These problems—the recruitment of educated civil servants, the payment of adequate salaries, their relation in their acts to the citizen, and their relation to the State—constitute the outstanding challenge to our political ability. They constitute, incidentally, the subject matter of a school of research in administration.

What is needed to secure a Civil Service adequate to the new problems outlined above? What are the minimum qualities which the Civil Service as a profession must possess? They are, I think, four; the opportunity for a career open to ability and effort; the opportunity for taking initiative and responsibility, adequate protection for the rights of the citizens being assured; adequate salaries, pensions and physical working conditions; and opportunity for representing and expressing the point of view of the Civil Service before administrative and legislative bodies.

It will be impossible for us to secure able men and women for the Civil Service unless we can offer them opportunity for progress and advancement within the service on the basis of their capacity and seniority. This cannot exist, of course, if at any point in the service appointments may be made not for these qualifications but rather for party contributions or services. This has been in some measure eliminated in the lower posts. But unless higher posts—for example, at Washington, Bureau Chiefs and Assistant Secretaryships of Departments—are also open as a reward for ability within the service, there is stagnation which reaches down to lower levels as one blocked train will hold up all others behind it. The values returned to the service when such appointments are made are well presented in Mr. Lowry's portrait of Assistant Secretary of State Adee, in *Washington Close-Ups*.

It is clear that to attract men capable of developing a career in the service there must be adequate salary arrangements. Salaries cannot, of course, for the higher posts, approach the salaries of executives in great business houses, although the task

of the civil servant is more difficult, because salaries of business executives are larger than the community, as a whole, would approve. In the lower grades of work requiring practically no skill and only physical ability, a wage adequate to a healthy standard of living for a family of five in the locality should be the minimum. There are various training positions which would have to be excepted. For higher administrative posts and for technical positions perhaps a fair standard would be the salaries and retirement arrangements of the faculties and chief administrative officers of leading universities and colleges. This is not the place to discuss the details of salary standardization; it is important that the need for objective standards of payment whereby shifting legislative committees can come to appraise approximately the salary items fairly with some realization of their relation to adequate Civil Service personnel, be admitted and recognized.

The quality which sets off the Civil Service from ordinary employment is a sense of sharing in a corporate life, a sense similar to that of the minister or the college teacher. That is too rich, too valuable a part of the service to be ignored or deliberately crushed. It should, on the other hand, be encouraged and given a channel for expression. It is significant that such organizations as the Society of Civil Servants in England and the National Federation of Federal Employees in this country are thinking not only about matters of salary, leave and pension, but administrative reorganization and the study of the history and development of public services. In short, they are developing not merely a professional but a cultural approach to their work. There are, too, many questions concerning which their opinion and their judgment should be consulted as a matter of justice and intelligence—questions of physical working conditions, including salaries and pensions; questions of discipline; and questions of procedure and organization. Without some representation of the interests of the rank and file of the Civil Service, there is bound to be not merely discontent but a waste of valuable experience which should be at the disposal of the State.

The admission of the need for opening up avenues for a career in the Civil Service, adequate salary and retirement provisions,

the recognition of the corporate character of the service—these are fairly obvious basic facts in the governmental personnel problem. But one must include in even a very brief survey a notice of the relation between the civil servant and the citizen where it is affected by judicial action. With the great extension of governmental control, the individual citizen needs more adequate relief from injury done by a civil servant. Many years ago the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in *Commonwealth vs. Sisson* (189 Mass. 247) stated that for many acts of administrative bodies (when performing "legislative" functions), relief could be had only by appeal to the legislature. Again, the ordinary relief is to be had from and through the courts. Either of these methods may be expensive and slow; and in the end, the individual civil servant may be unable to give any adequate compensation to the citizen. Furthermore, the civil servant may have committed an injury in honest discharge of his duties, or of the orders of superiors, in which case there is a real injustice in requiring him to pay damages. All of these facts point to the usefulness of a system such as that of France and Germany, where cases involving the administrative agencies are tried in special administrative courts, where litigation is cheap and reasonably expeditiously handled. Remedy is obtained from the State itself, and the State may then discipline the civil servant for his acts which caused the wrong. This furthermore raises the issue of the wisdom of permitting the ordinary courts to review the decisions of administrative agencies on technical matters—a review that does much to block or to stultify the efforts of able public servants in coping with problems of social control.

The problem of the personnel through which our social policies shall be applied has become acute, therefore, not only because of the extension of the use of the State as an agency of social control, but also because of the nature of the problems confronting the State—problems requiring great administrative skill and knowledge and discretion and judgment. To meet these difficulties certain minimum needs of our personnel organization must be recognized and provided for—the recognition of ability as the basis of service, up to the posts directly under the political officials; freedom from legislative and judicial interfer-

ence in matters of detail or requiring expert knowledge, with safeguards for individual rights; adequate compensation, and representation of the interests of the civil servant.

To secure these minimum requirements new devices and arrangements are necessary, striking at the essence of governmental organization.

Very important results may be expected of measures which were initiated at Washington last winter for reorganizing the personnel administration of the Federal Government. On December 23 Mr. Dawes, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, issued Circular Number 52, establishing the Federal Personnel Board. This Board, under the Chairmanship of the President of the United States Civil Service Commission, is composed of a personnel representative of each department and independent establishment. Its duties are "to formulate policies and plans designed to place the personnel administration of the Federal Government abreast of the best practise in private enterprise, with due regard to the peculiarities of the public service." The details of its programme include a study of examinations, service records, promotions, training, retirement, and similar problems. This is one of the most promising steps in advance yet taken by the Federal Government and should be productive of good.

Also during December the Lehlbach Bill (H. R. 8928) passed the House and went to the Senate Committee on the Civil Service. This bill provides for a reclassification of the service on the basis of duties and functions and qualifications of the Federal employees at Washington, by the department heads subject to the review of the Bureau of the Budget. The Civil Service Commission and the Bureau of Efficiency are authorized at the same time to assist in the administration of the act. Of more dubious value is the inclusion in the act of standard salary schedules for each grade of each service. In the administration of personnel classifications in such States as Massachusetts, where in recent years reclassification measures have been adopted successfully, the fixing of salary rates has been left with the budget-making authorities, to permit the desirable flexibility of administration. It has been stated, however, that the practise of statutory fixing of salary rates was demanded by Congress because of its jealousy

of financial control over administration. In any event, the principle of a standard classification of all governmental positions at Washington is being recognized, and this is the necessary first step to any really sound personnel system. The Lehlbach Bill is largely based on the report of the Joint Committee on Reclassification. This Commission was aided by committees representative of the rank and file of the Civil Service as well as of the higher administrative authorities. It should be noted that many States, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and others, and a number of our cities have already undertaken reclassification studies. Their experience is a valuable basis for further advance toward solving difficult personnel problems.

Discussion of the issues raised by President Harding's dismissal of employees in the Bureau of Engraving in the Treasury Department suggests that too many continue to regard the personnel problem of the Government as political, and fail to recognize the new character of the public employment problem. Social policy enacted into law to-day to be effective requires a delicate and elaborate administrative organization; and such organization is dependent, in the last analysis, upon a substantial group of voters and party members who agree, regardless of other issues, upon the necessity of providing for a satisfactory career for men and women of ability in the Civil Service.

JOHN M. GAUS.

THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

I

THE LETTERS OF MRS. TROLLOPE

DURING the greatest distress of the Carlyle family, one of the brothers announced to Thomas, who was then fighting his way in Edinburgh, his intention of emigrating to America. Carlyle's response was characteristic: "You shall never," he shouted, "you shall *never* seriously meditate crossing the great Salt Pool to plant yourself in Yankee-land. That is a miserable fate for anyone, at best; never dream of it! Could you banish yourself from all that is interesting to your mind, forget the history, the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland—that you might eat a better dinner, perhaps?"

No true Victorian could do it, least of all the Victorians whom I shall mention. To plant oneself in Yankee-land for the sake of a good dinner? Never! However, to visit Yankee-land, to return to England, weighed down with lecture receipts, with copy for books on America, and with disgust at Yankee-land—this was another matter. In fact it was a practical way of getting the better dinner, both then and for one's posterity. We hear of various motives for English men of letters coming to this country. But let one in particular be noted: they wanted better dinners, then and unto the fourth generation, amen! It would be easy to make these selections from Victorian letters sound like the record of the export of American gold. These visitors deplore our table manners and sing Te Deums on the profits of their lectures. Everyone has heard of Dickens's rhapsodical description of Niagara Falls in his letters from America. This is nothing. Dickens is really lyrical when he sends a check to his London bankers. No one need wonder that English lecturers have come to us. Dickens's financial returns were enormous, even as the American

adoration of him was fatuous. Repercussions of his brass-band receptions penetrated Carlyle's sound-proof room in Chelsea. He growls, in *Past and Present:* "All Yankee-land follows a small, good 'Schnüspel, the distinguished novelist', with blazing torches, dinner invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah!"

You may deny this materialism. If you do, I shall suspect you of not having read the American letters of these Victorians. Whatever their motives, they came, they saw, and they wrote about us; a far more deadly way of dealing with us than the tepid Cæsar's, who, you recall, merely conquered his enemies. Or, if he wrote, as I remember now that he did, he wrote dispassionately; he made few comments on hotels, and habits so personal as chewing tobacco. The Victorians wrote about us, and their letters have an indelible interest. They describe the beginnings of our culture, the founding of Main Street. The letters that I commend to you were written by four men and women of genius, and they cover more than a half-century of American history; from, to be exact, 1827 to 1884. The writers of these letters have ceased to be, and are now part of the great traditions of English literature. And the America which they described has also ceased to be, and belongs to our traditions of the past. It is something, I think, to see these pasts revive, and meet.

Moreover, these four were the first to "visit America" in the rôle of the distinguished literary man or woman. Now, of course, they come in boatloads with secretaries and private wireless. They debark at special depots, from which they begin the grand tour of America, Niagara Falls, Chicago, and five thousand women's clubs. A New York newspaper prints the exhausted comment of a steamship captain: "My God, why don't they stay on their foggy atoll?" Well, these were, I repeat, the first; the first to accept our hospitality, the first to raise curious eyebrows at our trains, our dress, our literature, our crazy-quilt flag. They were the first to see Main Street. These were the outriders of the whole motley throng, the precursors, the precedents, the predecessors, the forerunners, the van-couriers, the pioneers, the *prodromoi*, the bell-wethers. Yes, all Roget cannot make it too strong; this was the beginning of the invasion of America.

Perhaps it was symbolic that the first of these visitors should

have been chased on the way to America by a pirate-ship. "Your highness will recollect the proverb, Like to Like." The pirate apparently recognized the English lecturer in America as fair game, although we may question his judgment in not selecting the journey home for the raiding party.

This visitor was Mrs. Frances Milton Trollope, the mother of Anthony Trollope, and later the author of *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. She came, with three young children, in the winter of 1827. After a seven weeks' voyage she landed at New Orleans; she sailed slowly up the Mississippi; and she lived, during the first part of her stay in America, in Cincinnati. Here, stalwart soul that she was, she tried to arrange for her husband a bazaar for the importation and sale of European fancy articles. It was not until August 5, 1831, that she again reached England. During the three years and a half that Mrs. Trollope was in America she saw every city of importance in the young republic. She studied us, every detail, our religion, politics, and literature, and our most intimate family usages. She coolly observed, and as coolly noted down everything that she saw, from the wild hogs in the streets of Cincinnati to the wild and spitting orator of Congress, Mr. This or That of Virginia, who kept entreating the House—such was his lyric cry—to " go the whole hog". Hogs, hogs, hogs! Mrs. Trollope saw them from her windows, she trampled them under foot in the streets, she dreamed of them at night. "I never," she says, "saw a newspaper without remarking such advertisements as the following: 'For Sale, two thousand barrels of prime pork.'" She came to think of the animal as the national emblem, just as she averred that the national perfume was a blend of onions and whiskey. She had, as far as America was concerned, far more than Carlyle "the devouring eye and the portrait-painting hand". These letters printed made, for the most part, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. What a book! Matthew Arnold, here sixty years later, quoted it with a shudder.

Mrs. Trollope's letters are, as all good letters should be, gossipy and *intime*. She says less of our national institutions than of our manners. She threw out, nevertheless, sharp comments on our darling notions of the State Politic. Like most Liberals who

visit us, she was disillusioned of her faith in democracy. She thought, for example, slavery less harmful to America than our fallacious belief in "equality". "You may hear this," she says, "declaimed upon in Congress, roared out in taverns, discussed in every drawing room, satirized upon the stage, nay, even anathematized from the pulpit: listen to it, and then look at them at home; you will see them with one hand hoisting the cap of liberty, and with the other flogging their slaves. You will see them one hour lecturing their mob on the indefeasible rights of man, and the next driving from their homes the children of the soil, whom they have bound themselves to protect by the most solemn treaties." And elsewhere Mrs. Trollope adds: "Strong indeed must be the love of equality in an English breast if it can survive a tour through the Union." As for the consequences of living in this land of equality, the lack of tradition, the lonely frontier life, Mrs. Trollope cannot believe in this type of independence, "the backwoods independence, of which so much is said in America." The following contrast between the humble life of England and America is typical:

> It seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones. Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then, they pay neither taxes not tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsey, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, "God save the King".

The 'twenties and 'thirties in England were the years of Evangelicalism. Strife was bitter among the embattled parties of the Protestant faith. "I would not," John Keble said of the Dissenting churches, "be in one of them at service time for any consideration." Hurrell Froude declared that an Evangelical was one who "turned up the whites of his eyes, and said 'Lawd, Lawd'". It was natural that Evangelicalism should flourish violently in America. Religious freedom was a byword, and there revived many of the old "enthusiasms" of the seventeenth century. The license of this religion Mrs. Trollope could not understand. She

left a withering record of what she saw; so frank and so bitter, indeed, that I have thought best to temper her remarks. The striking fact about the following passage, which describes an American religious revival, is that Mrs. Trollope believes the hysteria she depicts to be typical of the religious condition of America. The first part of the description reveals Mrs. Trollope's feeling for beauty, which was in a large measure responsible for her revulsion before the ugliness of America:

The preachers came down from their stand and placed themselves in the midst of it, beginning to sing a hymn, calling upon the penitents to come forth. As they sung they kept turning themselves round to every part of the crowd, and, by degrees, the voices of the whole multitude joined in the chorus. This was the only moment at which I perceived anything like the solemn and beautiful effect which I had heard ascribed to this woodland worship. It is certain that the combined voices of such a multitude, heard at dead of night, from the depths of their eternal forests, the many fair young faces turned upward, and looking paler and lovelier as they met the moonbeams, the dark figures of the officials in the middle of the circle, the lurid glare thrown by the altar-fires on the woods beyond, did altogether produce a fine and solemn effect, that I shall not easily forget; but ere I had well enjoyed it, the scene changed, and sublimity gave place to horror and disgust.

I pass over Mrs. Trollope's bitter denunciations of what followed, and excerpt only one or two passages descriptive of the ensuing religious excitement:

How am I to describe the sounds that proceeded from this strange mass of human beings? I know no words which can convey an idea of it. Hysterical sobbings, convulsive groans, shrieks and screams the most appalling, burst forth on all sides. I felt sick with horror. As if their hoarse and overstrained voices did not make noise enough, they soon began to clap their hands violently. The scene described by Dante was before me:

Quive sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
Risonavon per l'aere. . . .
Orribili favelle
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira
Voci alti e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

Many of these wretched young creatures were young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I heard the muttered "Sister! dear sister!" I saw the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls; I heard the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I watched their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red.

Mrs. Trollope makes her indictment of this type of religion more vivid by countless incidents:

A very pretty girl, who was kneeling in the attitude of Canova's Magdalene immediately before us, amongst an immense quantity of jargon, broke out thus: "Woe! woe to the backsliders! Hear it, hear it, Jesus! When I was fifteen my mother died, and I backslided. Oh Jesus, I backslided! Take me home to my mother, Jesus! Take me home to her, for I am weary! Oh John Mitchel! John Mitchel!" And after sobbing piteously behind her raised hands, she lifted her sweet face again, which was as pale as death, and said, "Shall I sit on the sunny bank of salvation with my mother? my own dear mother? Oh Jesus, take me home, take me home!" Who could refuse a tear to this earnest wish for death in one so young and so lovely? But I saw her, ere I left the ground, with her hand fast locked, and her head supported, by a man who looked very much as Don Juan might, when sent back to earth as too bad for the regions below.

Religious freedom, then, in America, meant debauchery, just as "equality" meant laxity. (Jefferson, Mrs. Trollope thought, must have been either a fool or a liar.) What of knowledge, of literature and the arts, in the land of the free? Well, if we are to believe our candid cousin, here too were chaos and utter night. The newspapers, the same which were to charm Matthew Arnold years later, had made the most absurd literature accessible to everyone. English literature was in outer darkness. Mrs. Trollope found no better way to evoke a laugh than to mention seriously the names of Chaucer and Spenser. Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot were taboo, not as literature, for no one had their works, but as naughty words. Prudery thrives in Columbia. Mrs. Trollope describes an evening with an American scholar, a Mr. Flint. He was also, the lady observes, what is called in America a "*serious* gentleman", a phrase which piqued her as much as any Americanism she encountered. (A bouquet of these phrases might be culled from Mrs. Trollope's writings. How she pondered over such as these: The past participle "fixed", "getting along", "out-of-the-way places", "we do not happen to have that article".) She talked with the "serious gentleman" about literature:

He spoke as Paul to the offending Jews; he did not, indeed, shake his raiment at me, but he used his pocket-handkerchief so as to answer the purpose; and if every sentence did not end with "I am clean", pronounced by his lips, his tone,

his look, his action fully supplied the deficiency. Our poor Lord Byron, as may be supposed, was the bull's-eye against which every dart in his black little quiver was aimed. I had never heard any serious gentleman talk of Lord Byron at full length before, and I listened attentively. It was evident that the noble passages which are graven on the hearts of the genuine lovers of poetry had altogether escaped the serious gentleman's attention; and it was equally evident that he knew by rote all those that they wish the mighty master had never written. I told him so, and I shall not soon forget the look he gave me.

The conversation turned to the earlier poets:

At the name of Dryden he smiled, and the smile spoke as plainly as a smile could speak, "How the old woman twaddles!" "We only know Dryden by quotations, Madam, and these, indeed, are found only in books that have long since had their day." "And Shakespeare, sir?" "Shakespeare, Madam, is obscene, and thank God, WE are sufficiently advanced to have found it out! If we must have the abomination of stage plays, let them at least be marked by the refinement of the age in which we live." This was certainly being *au courant du jour*. Of Massinger he knew nothing. Of Ford he had never heard. Gray had had his day. Prior he had never read, but he understood he was a very childish writer. Chaucer and Spencer he tied in a couple, and dismissed by saying, that he thought it was neither more nor less than affectation to talk of writers who wrote in a tongue no longer intelligible. This was the most literary conversation I was ever present at in Cincinnati.

American substitutes for literature Mrs. Trollope was unable to read. She could not endure "the inflated tone of eulogy in which our insect authors were lauded." The novels of a Mr. and Mrs. Brooks she found celebrated in an American newspaper as follows: "The lovers of impassioned and classical numbers may promise themselves much gratification from the muse of Brooks, while the many-stringed harp of his lady, the Norma of *The Courier*, which none but she can touch, has a chord for every heart." Mr. Flint's *History of the Mississippi Valley* was praised by everyone, and read by no one. Meanwhile Mr. Pierpont was known as "a very eloquent preacher, and a sweet poet." These are indeed immortal names! Throughout her journey Mrs. Trollope carried with her a horrid sense of guilt: she had never read the forty canto poem of Dr. Emmons called *The Fredoniad*. "But," she adds, "as I did not meet a single native who had, I hope this want of poetical enterprise will be excused." It should be mentioned that at Wheeling she met the famous author of the satirical novel, *Yankee Doodle Court*.

But it is in the delineation of American manners of the 'twenties that Mrs. Trollope is at her best. Her scorn stings chiefly because of the cool literalness of her manner. Real social life in this America Mrs. Trollope was unable to discover. "Billiards," she declares, "are forbidden by law, so are cards." And she adds, despairingly, of the drab life:

> They have no public balls . . . they have no concerts. They have no dinner parties. I never saw a population so totally divested of gaiety; there is no trace of this feeling from one end of the Union to the other. They have no fêtes, no merry-makings, no music in the streets, no Punch, no puppet-shows. If they see a comedy or a farce, they may laugh at it; but they can do very well without it.

Mrs. Trollope's pictures of mixed parties in 1830 make one long to have lived a century earlier. From her we learn that the custom of making interminable calls had its origin in Ohio. From her, too, we learn that the appearance of a second caller never hastened the exit of the first:

> They continued their employment, much as if no interruption had taken place; when the visitor entered, they would say, "How do you do? " and shake hands. "Tolerable, I thank ye, how be you? " was the reply. If it was a female, she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on, and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together, without uttering another word; at length, rising abruptly, they would again shake hands, with "Well, now I must be going, I guess," and so take themselves off, apparently well contented with their reception.

Even more genial were the evening parties:

> The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of Parson Somebody's last sermon on the Day of Judgment, on Dr. T'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the "tea" is announced, when they all console themselves for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe-cake, johnny-cake, waffle-cake and dodger-cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world.

Those who think this an unfair picture of America may perhaps derive comfort from the Americans' treatment of Mrs. Trollope herself. Here, too, although the visitor is frank in reporting what our forbears thought and said of her, the picture we some-

how retain is not of her but of them. The best instance of this is interwoven with Mrs. Trollope's other observations on our manners and language, an aspect of our culture of never-failing interest to her:

> I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced, from the lips of an American. There is something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste. . . . My general appellation amongst my neighbors was "the English old woman", but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term "lady"; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed that in speaking of a neighbor, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as "the lady over the way what takes in washing", or as "that there lady, out by the Gulley, what is making dip-candles." Mr. Trollope was as constantly called "the old man", while draymen, butchers' boys, and the laborers on the canal were invariably denominated as "them gentlemen"; nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves and all sorts of detestable *et cetera* to one of his friends, with this formula, "D——, let me introduce this gentleman to you!"

These ladies put Mrs. Trollope in her place. Indeed she may be said to have been punished in advance for these indiscreet letters of hers. A delicious bit of American society follows: As Mrs. Trollope was trying, in response to a question, to describe London, she was suddenly "interrupted by another lady, who exclaimed, 'Do hold your tongue, girls, about London. If you want to know what a beautiful city is, look at Philadelphia; when Mrs. Trollope has been there, I think she will allow that it is better worth talking about than that great overgrown collection of nasty, filthy, dirty streets that they call London.'"

As the letters proceed, Mrs. Trollope's sarcasm takes on a sharper edge. Her disgust is that of the well-bred; she has no secret sympathy with what she sees. She has contrived to give in these letters, with terse realism, a perfect picture of vulgarity, without appearing in the least vulgar herself. She gets under our skin. No one can read the book, if he cares in the least about America, without something very like personal chagrin, and no one—alas! —can read the letters without feeling that they are true. Wherever we read we find Americans drinking whiskey in saloons, guffawing about the British navy, and sticking countless tons of

pork. We see innumerable Colonels and Generals, without troops. We see them simpering in conscious Victorian propriety over the word "shirt". We see them stand before a picture of Hebe and shout: "What the devil has Hebe to do with the American Eagle?" We see them in the theatres in attitudes indescribable. We see them with their boots on the railings, gazing at Niagara. We see them wallowing in watermelon. We see them in their remorseless use of the English language, and in their no less remorseless spitting. This last seems to have impressed our visitors more than American institutions, American religion, or American morality. It is the burden of every letter of every visitor. And Mrs. Trollope's excuse for mentioning it must also be mine, that no picture of American life can be complete without it. Spitting is at once the national recreation and national art. The perfection of its development filled Mrs. Trollope with horror and with uncanny fascination. She cannot forget it. She speaks of it on the trains, in the theatres, and it is all she can remember of Congress. It inspires her, so level-headed, with fanatical theories: "I am inclined to think," she says, "this most vile and universal habit of chewing tobacco is the cause of a remarkable peculiarity in the male physiognomy of the Americans; their lips are almost uniformly thin and compressed. At first I accounted for this upon Lavater's theory, and attributed it to the arid temperament of the people; but it is too universal to be so explained; whereas the habit . . . enforces that position of the lips, which gives this remarkable peculiarity to the American countenance."

Finally, at the end of her volume, Mrs. Trollope leaves us with this delightful sentence: "I suspect that what I have written will make it evident that I do not like America." Possibly so, Mrs. Trollope. I confess, as one reader, that it *has* occurred to me that you do not care for America, at least for the Main Street of America. But angry as I am, and ashamed, even a century later, I cannot suspect your honesty. I should like to, but I cannot. Nor, if I can become sufficiently indifferent about what you say of us, can I doubt the force of your nature, or the precision and distinction of your style in your letters from America.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

THE SISTERS

BY AMY LOWELL

Taking us by and large, we're a queer lot,
We women who write poetry. And when you think
How few of us there've been, it's queerer still.
I wonder what it is that makes us do it,
Singles us out to scribble down, man-wise,
The fragments of ourselves. Why are we
Already mother-creatures, double-bearing,
With matrices in body and in brain?
I rather think that there is just the reason
We are so sparse a kind of human-being;
The strength of forty thousand Atlases
Is needed for our every-day concerns.
There's Sappho, now I wonder what was Sappho.
I know a single, slender thing about her:
That, loving, she was like a burning birch-tree
All tall and glittering fire, and that she wrote
Like the same fire caught up to Heaven and held there,
A frozen blaze before it broke and fell.
Ah, me! I wish I could have talked to Sappho,
Surprised her reticences by flinging mine
Into the wind. This tossing off of garments
Which cloud the soul is none too easy doing
With us to-day. But still I think with Sappho
One might accomplish it were she in the mood
To bare her loveliness of words and tell
The reasons, as she possibly conceived them,
Of why they are so lovely. Just to know
How she came at them, just to watch
The crisp sea sunshine playing on her hair
And listen, thinking all the while 'twas she
Who spoke and that we two were sisters
Of a strange, isolated little family.
And she is Sappho—Sappho—not Miss or Mrs.,
A leaping fire we call so for convenience,
But Mrs. Browning—who would ever think
Of such presumption as to call her "Ba?"

Which draws the perfect line between sea-cliffs
And a close-shuttered room in Wimpole Street.
Sappho could fly her impulses like bright
Balloons tip-tilting to a morning air
And write about it. Mrs. Browning's heart
Was squeezed in stiff conventions. So she lay
Stretched out upon a sofa, reading Greek
And speculating, as I must suppose,
In just this way on Sappho; all the need,
The huge, imperious need of loving, crushed
Within the body she believed so sick.
And it was sick, poor lady, because words
Are merely simulacra after deeds
Have wrought a pattern; when they take the place
Of actions they breed a poisonous miasma
Which, though it leave the brain, eats up the body.
So Mrs. Browning, aloof and delicate,
Lay still upon her sofa, all her strength
Going to uphold her over-topping brain.
It seems miraculous, but she escaped
To freedom and another motherhood
Than that of poems. She was a very woman
And needed both.

If I had gone to call,
Would Wimpole Street have been the kindlier place,
Or Casa Guidi, in which to have met her?
I am a little doubtful of that meeting,
For Queen Victoria was very young and strong
And all-pervading in her apogee
At just that time. If we had stuck to poetry,
Sternly refusing to be drawn off by mesmerism
Or Roman revolutions, it might have done.
For, after all, she is another sister,
But always, I rather think, an older sister
And not herself so curious a technician
As to admit newfangled modes of writing—
"Except, of course, in Robert, and that is neither
Here nor there, for Robert is a genius."
I do not like the turn this dream is taking,
Since I am very fond of Mrs. Browning
And very much indeed should like to hear her
Graciously asking me to call her "Ba."
But then the Devil of Verisimilitude
Creeps in and forces me to know she wouldn't.

Convention again, and how it chafes my nerves,
For we are such a little family
Of singing sisters, and as if I didn't know
What those years felt like tied down to the sofa.
Confound Victoria, and the slimy inhibitions
She loosed on all us Anglo-Saxon creatures!
Suppose there hadn't been a Robert Browning,
No "Sonnets from the Portuguese" would have been written.
They are the first of all her poems to be,
One might say, fertilized. For, after all,
A poet is flesh and blood as well as brain
And Mrs. Browning, as I said before,
Was very, very woman. Well, there are two
Of us, and vastly unlike, that's for certain.
Unlike at least until we tear the veils
Away which commonly gird souls. I scarcely think
Mrs. Browning would have approved the process
In spite of what had surely been relief;
For speaking souls must always want to speak
Even when bat-eyed, narrow-minded Queens
Set prudishness to keep the keys of impulse.
Then do the frowning Gods invent new banes
And make the need of sofas. But Sappho was dead
And I, and others, not yet peeped above
The edge of possibility. So that's an end
To speculating over tea-time talks
Beyond the movement of pentameters
With Mrs. Browning.

But I go dreaming on,
In love with these my spiritual relations.
I rather think I see myself walk up
A flight of wooden steps and ring a bell
And send a card in to Miss Dickinson.
Yet that's a very silly way to do.
I should have taken the dream twist-ends about
And climbed over the fence and found her deep
Engrossed in the doings of a humming-bird
Among nasturtiums. Not having expected strangers,
She might forget to think me one, and holding up
A finger say quite casually: "Take care.
Don't frighten him, he's only just begun."
"Now this," I well believe I should have thought,
"Is even better than Sappho. With Emily
You're really here, or never anywhere at all

In range of mind." Wherefore, having begun
In the strict centre, we could slowly progress
To various circumferences, as we pleased.
We could, but should we? That would quite depend
On Emily. I think she'd be exacting,
Without intention possibly, and ask
A thousand tight-rope tricks of understanding.
But, bless you, I would somersault all day
If by so doing I might stay with her.
I hardly think that we should mention souls
Although they might just round the corner from us
In some half-quizzical, half-wistful metaphor.
I'm very sure that I should never seek
To turn her parables to stated fact.
Sappho would speak, I think, quite openly,
And Mrs. Browning guard a careful silence,
But Emily would set doors ajar and slam them
And love you for your speed of observation.
Strange trio of my sisters, most diverse;

And how extraordinarily unlike
Each is to me, and which way shall I go?
Sappho spent and gained; and Mrs. Browning,
After a miser girlhood, cut the strings
Which tied her money-bags and let them run;
But Emily hoarded—hoarded—only giving
Herself to cold, white paper. Starved and tortured,
She cheated her despair with games of patience
And fooled herself by winning. Frail little elf,
The lonely brain-child of a gaunt maturity,
She hung her womanhood upon a bough
And played ball with the stars—too long—too long.
The garment of herself hung on a tree
Until at last she lost even the desire
To take it down. Who's fault? Why let us say,
To be consistent, Queen Victoria's.
But really, not to over-rate the Queen,
I feel obliged to mention Martin Luther,
And, behind him, the long line of Church Fathers
Who draped their prurience like a dirty cloth
About the naked majesty of God.
Good-bye, my sisters, all of you are great,
And all of you are marvellously strange,
And none of you has any word for me.

I cannot write like you, I cannot think
In terms of Pagan or of Christian now.
I only hope that possibly some day
Some other woman with an itch for writing
May turn to me as I have turned to you
And chat with me a brief few minutes. How
We lie, we poets! It is three good hours
I have been dreaming. Has it seemed so long
To you? And yet I thank you for the time
Although you leave me sad and self-distrustful,
For older sisters are very sobering things.
Put on your cloaks, my dears, the motor's waiting.
No, you have not seemed strange to me, but near,
Frightfully near, and rather terrifying.
I understand you all, for in myself—
Is that presumption? Yet, indeed, it's true.
We are one family. And still my answer
Will not be any one of yours, I see.
Well, never mind that now. Good night! Good night!

AMY LOWELL.

AMERICAN PLAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHAT benefit is there to be had from a careful reading of the American plays of our forefathers? They are mostly crude, largely trivial in plot, and, in their verse, imitative of better dramas abroad. Out of the many hundreds of paper-backed editions, which are the coveted prizes of book collectors, scarcely one of these old dramas holds the stage to-day; their influence upon the living theatre is a negligible factor.

Yet there is an essential need for the study of these American plays of our forefathers. I claim for them the same right of consideration that is asked for the polemics of Patrick Henry and James Otis, for the Indian stories of Cooper and Simms, for the backwoods novels of Paulding and Bird. They have the value of contemporary portraiture when they depict the figures of Washington and André and Jackson; and they retain some of the fire from the political skirmishes of Whig and Democrat. In other words, wherever a native product is fighting through raw material into expressive form; wherever it evolves in national consciousness, coincident with the awakening of social and political rights, such a play is compelled to reflect the forces of the times; it is of value because of the nearness of its intent to the conditions it purports to reflect.

Hence a study of American drama prior to 1870 is a survey of influences from which a nation gets its self-expression. Surely it would be strange if a people—a branch broken from the Anglo-Saxon stem—should repudiate its early expression merely because it smacked more of the culture from which it came than of the soil to which it consciously attached itself. We find the various *Vindications* of the New England churches and the many *True Relations* of the Southern Colonies thoroughly London and in no way Plymouth or Roanoke. Is it therefore strange that our first comedy, *The Contrast*, should be a pale

likeness of *The School for Scandal?* Do we deprecate the British parliamentary form of Patrick Henry's orations?

Squaring the early American drama with early American literature,—political, polemical, fictional and otherwise,—I believe that the native dramatist held his own surprisingly well. In fact, in the field of historical plays he probably had a higher quality of patriotic fervor than can be found in Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch or William Gillette. I much prefer the *André* of Dunlap to the *André* of Fitch; the sprightly Revolutionary touch of Oliver Bunce's *Love in '76*—artificial though its manner be—is superior to any modern comedy of that era.

The same battle was fought by the early American playwright that was vigorously maintained by the early American novelists—a prejudice against Americanism in art, a dislike of homely characteristics, as being more native than aristocratic grandiloquence. However much our political ideals were jealously guarded and protected from foreign influence or modification, our culture ran contrary to the maintenance of home atmosphere.

Our early theatres were, in large measure, conducted on the lines of English theatrical tradition. The old Park Theatre, under Simpson, Wallack's, Brougham's, Burton's, Daly's, Palmer's—you found there the splendid legacy of old English comedy and the inspiring maintenance of Shakespeare well done. Only now and again did some robust personality, like that of Edwin Forrest, champion the cause of the American drama.

The many historians of the early theatre in this country acknowledge the unexplainable prejudice against native plays; when they were accepted for production, they were slipped across the footlights like thieves, trespassers in the night. Here is what W. B. Wood writes, in 1813, of James N. Barker's dramatization of Scott's *Marmion:*

> The merit of the piece was positive, but the old difficulty remained. I knew the then prejudice against any native play, and concocted with Cooper a very innocent fraud upon the public. We insinuated that the piece was a London one, had it sent to our theatre from New York, where it was made to arrive in the midst of rehearsal, in the presence of the actors, packed up exactly *like pieces we were in the habit of receiving from London. It was opened with great gravity, and announced without any author being alluded to.* None of the company were in the secret, as I well knew "these actors cannot keep

counsel", not even the prompter. It was played with great success for six or seven nights, when, believing it safe, I announced the author, and from that moment *it ceased to attract.*

Insidious as such prejudice may be, it was none the less a potent factor in the slow fight of American literature for recognition, carried on by its own workers—like Poe and Cooper and Simms. Even as late as the 'eighties the manager A. M. Palmer deplored the fact that Bronson Howard had taken the Civil War, rather than the Crimean, for his dramatic theme, and thus frowned upon the writing of *Shenandoah.*

Heretofore the literary historian has neglected the study of early American drama in relation to the social forces inspiring it. I am sure that by so doing he has missed vivid material. And he has blotted out from his consideration aspects of taste that were very real to men like Irving, Robert Montgomery Bird, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, Cooper, Simms, and Kennedy. These men attempted the drama in no mere spirit of condescension. Simms was active in the history of the Charleston Theatre; Irving collaborated with John Howard Payne in a manner so vigorous as to demand more careful consideration. These men loved the drama as a form, they were flattered if their novels were selected for dramatization—though the melodrama of dialogue sometimes scared them and made them feel their florid romance misrepresented.

This close contact with the theatre was noticeable in every walk of life. Our early Presidents were friends of the actors, and corresponded with them as well as with the playwrights. One reaches the conclusion that never, since the 'seventies or 'eighties, has the playhouse in America been so closely in touch with the social life of the people. I like to run through Washington's expense book to measure how frequently he bought tickets for the play; I enjoy the correspondence between John Adams and our polemical dramatist, Mrs. Mercy Warren; and did not John Quincy Adams carry on a spirited debate with James H. Hackett, of Falstaff fame, regarding the plays of Shakespeare? It was a known thing in those days for legislatures to adjourn that an actor might be seen by the lawmakers.

The romance of the play in America, therefore, is the romance

of America in the making. The reminiscences of the actors recall the customs and habits when primæval forest gave way to the blazed trail and the stagecoach. To read what Tyrone Power, the elder, wrote of this country in the 'thirties, is to find reflected the pioneer crudeness of American condition. There is no better picture of early New York below Canal Street than Fanny Kemble offers in her vivacious *Journals*. Dunlap and Dr. Francis, in their stage records, present vivid pictures of after-Revolutionary atmosphere.

It is this social atmosphere that is, to me, the determining factor in the value of a study of early American drama. To some it may be of vast importance to settle whether the theatre in Williamsburg, Va., or the theatre in Charleston, S. C., or the theatre in New York, housed the first actors in America, and whether these Thespians arrived in 1756, or 1750, or 1703. For such I might explode a bomb by saying that the first actors to sail across seas were not those found in the West Indies and the Colonies, but those who came with Cortes, in 1524, and who formed the amateur company for the amusement of Champlain in the winter of 1606–7.

In the study of American drama I cannot go as far back as that, but we may say with certainty that 1714 marks the beginning of playwriting in this country—a bitter satire penned by Hunter, the Governor of the Colony of New York, against those persons and forces of Trinity Parish expecting of him outlets he failed to grant, by reason of which he was accused of political compromise with the Dissenters.

The play was called *Androborus: A Biographical Farce*, and, though printed, only one copy survives—once owned by David Garrick, Kemble, and the Duke of Devonshire, and now in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of New York. It was never acted. The censor might strongly object to the epithets and thinly veiled invectives and allusions in this piece. Everything is found to be based on actual incidents. Hunter was a friend of Addison and Steele; he knew the value of wit and satire as a lampoon. Here, in this manuscript, for the first time, the mirror is held to the face of American conditions. In recent years, W. J. Hurlbut wrote a piece for the theatre, *The Writing*

on the Wall, which dealt with tenement conditions in Trinity Parish. American dramas repeat themselves in subject matter.

Previous to the Revolution, poetic tragedy and Indian romance raised their heads almost simultaneously. Thomas Godfrey, Jr.'s *The Prince of Parthia* (1765) was the first play written and printed to be acted; and George Cocking's *The Conquest of Canada* (1766) was the second. Robert Rogers's *Ponteach* (1766) presents the Red Man with the same historical accuracy of detail that is later used by Parkman, but with more intimate authority. But there are secondary characters in this latter play which show conclusively, at the outset of American playwriting, that there was a strong attempt at realistic portrayal of frontier life, of government officials, and of the main characteristics of Colonial social relationships.

Take, for instance, this thumbnail sketch of trading ethics, from *Ponteach:*

M'Dole.—A thousand Opportunities present
To take Advantage of their Ignorance;
But the great Engine I employ is Rum,
More pow'rful made by certain strength'ning Drugs.
This I distribute with a lib'ral Hand,
Urge them to drink till they grow mad and Valiant;
Which makes them think me generous and just,
And gives full Scope to practise all my Art.
I then begin my Trade with water'd Rum,
The cooling Draught well suits their scorching Throats.
Their Fur and Peltry come in Quick Return;
My Scales are honest, but so well contriv'd,
That one small Slip will turn Three Pounds to One. . . .

The Prince of Parthia, given a recent revival by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, first saw the stage under the direction of Hallam in 1767. At this time our native playwright made his bow before the colonial public. As a student of the College of Philadelphia, Godfrey had come in contact with the painter Benjamin West, and had been shaped by the same influences that affected the career of Francis Hopkinson. The latter was instrumental in writing *Dialogues* reflective of political allegiance and independence, characteristic of theatrical efforts made by students of the College of Philadelphia and the College

of New Jersey. Theatricals flourished both North and South. The colleges were the cradles of amateur players: at William and Mary, and Harvard, the Restoration spirit was maintained. But here, in a form used so successfully by Hopkinson, by Hugh Henry Brackenridge and Freneau, we come in contact with the temper of the time. At one moment these *Dialogues* flaunt *The Military Glory of Great Britain;* at another *The Rising Glory of America.* Now you get George III exalted, and then you have the fall of British tyranny. In other words, these exercises, fostered by the colleges, reflect Colonial resentment and individual pride.

These writers displayed a certain amount of literary feeling. Rogers was on sure ground with the Indians; Godfrey had the usual attitude toward romantic drama and Elizabethan verse one might expect from a Colonist. In possibly the same creative spirit George Sandys, on reaching the Virginia Colony, sat him down from his labors and penned a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses.* But I find that in Mr. Archibald Henderson's definitive edition of *The Prince of Parthia* there is suggested a rich vein of culture forming the background for Godfrey, and in Mr. Allan Nevins's historical edition of *Ponteach,* there is attempted justification, well founded, of Rogers's fitness for writing Indian drama. Thus, in the future, might some student justify the modern frontier spirit of Colonel Roosevelt by the editing of his *The Winning of the West.*

The Revolutionary period is clearly demarked in the history of American drama. The various theatrical companies that had amused the Colonists with Shakespearean and Restoration drama found themselves abandoned by Acts of Congress at the commencement of war, just as they had been hemmed in before by Colonial Puritanical acts against performances of any sort within certain districts. One of the excitements of the stage history of this period is how the actor escaped the magistrates in Boston, in Hartford, and other towns!

No sooner were the theatres closed for the better conduct of the war than they were reopened by the British—in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, so long as Tory tenure of those cities was kept. Generals Clinton, Howe, Burgoyne were pa-

trons—more likely managers as well—of the playhouses under redcoat régime. In fact, Burgoyne was himself no mean dramatist. He ridiculed the enemy in a manuscript now lost, *The Blockheads of Boston;* which was immediately answered in stinging words of retaliation by Mrs. Mercy Warren, with her *The Blockheads, or, The Affrighted Officers* (1776). The study of the Tory theatre is as full of color as any other phase of early American social life. Major André was the popular scene-painter of the day.

But it is the polemical character of the playwriting done which adds to the pictured heat of the time. In an excellent pamphlet, written by P. I. Reed, as a college thesis,[1] it has been very convincingly maintained, not only for this period but for all native dramatic compositions before 1870, that there is a plentiful amount of realistic treatment of character in our supposedly crude drama. Mrs. Warren's *The Group* (1775), Jonathan Sewall's *A Cure for the Spleen* (1775), Brackenridge's *The Battle of Bunkers-Hill* (1776) and John Leacock's *The Fall of British Tyranny* (1776) are a mixture of polemics, of timely history,—close upon the event,—of correct portraiture and powerful, relentless caricature. It is the bombast, however worthy the sentiment, which sounds strange to modern ears. Leacock makes Washington say:

> I have drawn my sword, and never will I sheath it till America is free, or I am no more. . . . Finding they cannot conquer us, gladly would they make it up by a voluntary free will offering of a million of money in bribes. . . . Blasted, forever blasted be the hand of the villainous traitor that receives their gold upon such terms—may he become leprous, like Naaman, the Syrian, yea, rather like Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, that it may stick to him forever.

Political figures, military personages, farmers, men and women in all walks of life, from the ladies and their beaux to slave servants with rudimentary negro dialects, are here portrayed, and are variously improved upon in years to come.

All of this suggests that even before Royall Tyler made his momentous visit to the theatre in New York—his first visit, like forbidden fruit—there was in the literary atmosphere a self-

[1] *The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays Prior to Eighteen Seventy.*

conscious desire to reflect the life of the time. *The Contrast* is a very evident copy of *The School for Scandal.* It shows on its face the mark of imitation, but it likewise shows certain definite and original traits. The society setting is the Battery, New York; the society spirit is the London drawing room. But the importance attached to this poor copy of Sheridan is that it definitely, and for the first time, launches the Yankee type on a long career of evolution, through various stages of caricature, through different lingoes and every variety of costume inventiveness could prescribe.

The Yankee's marks of tongue are as distinguishing as his chin beard and striped trousers. In *The Contrast,* Jonathan says "dang it", "tarnation", "'tarnal", "gor", and uses other such New England phrases. He sings *Yankee Doodle,* and has a provincial horror of the theatre, though he is human enough to sit enthralled when he accidentally finds himself in one. From the very outset there is a downright, common honesty about the type—always emphasized on the stage—which lends striking contrast to the high-flown social ambitions of the society group, grubbing for money and for social prestige.

The success of Tyler with his comedy started William Dunlap on the road to writing plays and managing theatres. And thus, in one fell swoop, *The Contrast* is responsible for the Father of American Comedy and for the Father of the American Theatre.

The plays of our forefathers developed along broad lines. Though many of them are preserved, and differ in details of treatment, there are dominant streaks of development which may be succinctly summarized. The after-Revolutionary period of drama shows the conflict of views on the Constitution, when political parties were having their factional arguments and often splitting families, as Tory and Loyal feeling rent homes in the Revolution. Samuel Low's *The Politician Out-witted* (1788), *Federalism Triumphant* (1802), by an unknown hand, and many other similar pieces are illustrative of this interest. Let us eavesdrop and hear what the fathers of a youthful couple in love have to say, each to the other, of their political opinions—differences which threaten to upset the even tenor of their children's romance:

LOVEYET. I tell you it [the Constitution] is the most infernal scheme that ever was devis'd.

TRUEMAN. And I tell you, sir, that your argument is heterodox, sophistical, and most preposterously illogical.

LOVEYET. I insist upon it, sir, you know nothing at all about the matter; and give me leave to tell you, sir—

TRUEMAN. What—give you leave to tell me I know nothing at all about the matter! I shall do no such thing, sir—I'm not to be govern'd by your *ipse dixit.*

LOVEYET. I desire none of your musty Latin, sir, for I don't understand, not I.

TRUEMAN. Oh, the ignorance of the age! To propose a plan of government like the new Constitution. . . .

I should say, therefore, to those who asked what plays amused our forefathers, other than the standard repertories brought them by visiting actors from London, or maintained by native actors of the same mould, that they were political in character, rural, historical, dealing with all the wars, and distinctly social. The American theatre kept close to the life about it—for Indians were among its audience and often appeared as participants on the playbills, and the darkey invited the early development of the minstrel, who was a much more highly developed type than the plays written for him would suggest. It is unfortunate that in the study of American plays—not as literature, but as vehicles of entertainment, and thus the measure of current theatre taste—these unliterary scripts are not regarded as being amplified by the skilled acting of the period. From 1800 to 1870 the American drama developed along lines encouraged by the tragic proportions of the actor Forrest, and the comedy skill of James H. Hackett. There was likewise that interest in the theatre which clings to literary groups of writers; and so we have dramatists of the Philadelphia school and of the Knickerbocker school, who were frequenters of first nights and approached the stage through encouragement from and personal touch with the players.

Native characteristics were continually developed, and thus we have as long a list of Indian plays as of Yankee pieces. Cooper did not usurp the field. And to add to the vividness of the type, Forrest gave memorable performances, beginning in

1829, of *Metamora, or, The Last of the Wampanoags*, which exactly suited his animalism and his colorful dignity.

Polite drama, otherwise known as high comedy, came to the fore when Anna Cora Mowatt wrote *Fashion* (1845), and this piece is typical of a long line of similar plays: from James N. Barker's *Tears and Smiles* (1807) and Mrs. Bateman's *Self* (1856) through Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* to the polished irony of Landon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*. The social ambitions of the *nouveau riche*, the directness of the American Yankee, undazzled by pretensions and wealth, the disrupting demands of climbers, seem crude in every point, but they were real to the dramatists and audiences brought up amidst Victorian morals and manners. Take Tiffany, in *Fashion*, and you will note what one writer has termed the "high pressure system" at work which characterizes present-day American business methods. The dialogue of these plays is not brilliant, the plots are meagre, but they are first-hand note-books of manners. In fact, we are told there were New York parvenues who did not care for Mrs. Mowatt after she had written *Fashion!*

The dramatists of our forefathers were always true to current events. Leacock's *The Fall of British Tyranny* introduced Washington for the first time in fiction. When Dunlap wrote his *André*, the Major was still alive, pointing to a contemporaneousness not often equalled.

Read John Murdock's *The Politicians, or, A State of Things* (1798) for conditions during Washington's second administration; turn to Dunlap's *Yankee Chronology* (1812) for the temper of the war; consult A. B. Lindsley's *Love and Friendship* (1809) for a reflection of the Embargo. Smith's *The Eighth of January* (1829) deals with Jackson's victory at New Orleans; Mead's *Wall Street, or, Ten Minutes Before Three* (1819) reflects some of the crudities of the banking system; Freemasonry is discussed in Kendall's *The Doleful Tragedy of the Raising of Jo. Burnham* (1832); and Mormon life of 1853 is discussed in a play by Thomas Dunn English.

Is there not some value to a kodak picture of Wall Street traffic in the following from Mead's play? Mr. Oldtimes goes to a bank with a check:

OLDTIMES. What a crowd here is, pushing and shoving, and counting money—*paper rags*. I can remember when good old gold and silver were all the money we had; and then every man was his own banker. But, now, we have banks, and brokers, and shinners, and shavers, and along with them your merchant tailors, and your merchant shoemakers, and your merchant this thing and that thing.[2]

There is no end to such plays, and most of them have served their contemporary purpose, and have not the literary merit to survive. Political parties, Clay and Jackson, trade conditions, fashions, French influence, the approach of Abolition—all these themes were very live to the dramatists of the day. And as such, they hold the picture of the moment. Here is a glimpse of the politician's grip on voters in Virginia, in 1824, a scene from L. Sawyer's *Blackbeard*:

TURPIS. (*A common people's candidate for representative to the State Assembly, to a constituent.*) I'll stand to it, I want no better friend than this jug, with what little I can put in slyly between drinks. The bottle's the best electioneerer, after all. . . .

MULEY. That's right, stick to the bottle. Treat the children with cakes, and their mothers with . . . punch: it will set their tongues running in your praise. . . . If you can gain the women, you are sure of the men, as the head of a ship is steer'd by the stern, or—

TURPIS. Or as a butcher steers a calf by the tail. Yes, I think we shall get the advantage of Candid, eh, Muley? For though he has got more book knowledge, I have got more impudence, which will stand me in its stead, with a majority. . . . Have you seen old Roughy? We must gain him; for he has more influence than any man in the county. His sons, and brothers, and uncles, and their connections could nearly elect a man of themselves. . . . But do you have me a jug of whiskey on the grounds. Zounds; I can't afford to give away brandy; it would cost six pence a vote, but with whiskey I can get them for half that.

This philosophy is easily sustained by the results of the democratic vote: Turpis won!

Tyler's *The Contrast*, in the rôle of Jonathan, gave us the first Yankee in the theatre. A book might well be written on this personage, so well held in the popular mind by the figure of Uncle Sam. Appealing to the groundlings at first, superior acting brought it to its highest form. There was pleasant rivalry

[2] Quoted in P. I. Reed's Thesis.

among the comedians of the day, whose power of mimicry and appreciation of Yankee eccentricity were their chief assets.

The form of entertainment that encouraged such Yankee delineation as that in which James H. Hackett excelled—in which he varied the evening with passages of New England drawl, of Irish brogue and of French vivacity—was probably suggested to him by the success of the English actor, Charles Matthews, in a similar programme. But the character of the Yankee, as a creative being, was indigenous to the soil.

A long list of plays exploited the type. There were L. Beach's *Jonathan Postfree, or, The Honest Yankee* (1807); Samuel Woodworth's pastoral, *The Forest King, or, American Farmers* (1825); Logan's *The People's Lawyer* and *The Vermont Wooddealer* (1844). The very names of the lanky countrymen are suggestive of the long drawl and the short manners: Horsebean Hemlock, Solon Shingle, Deuteronomy Dutiful, and Sam Slick.

George H. Hill and Dan Marble were two other actors who made the Yankee peculiarly their own. In fact, so great a reputation did they attain that one only had to address a letter to "Yankee" Hill to have it reach him, wherever he happened to be.

None of these actors had any far-fetched notion that they were helping to develop a phase of the American drama. They dropped into eccentric acting through their peculiar, specialized gifts, and plays were adapted to their ability. These were the requirements, when an actor asked a playwright for a drama—to fit him with a cloak of his artistic texture. All of the prizes offered by Edwin Forrest in the interests of American playwriting were awarded on condition that their results might contain rôles suited to him. That is why our early American tragedy—examples of which are perhaps richer than in any other form—modelled, as was John Howard Payne's *Brutus*, on English lines, might be called the muscular school of American drama.

Strange to say, in the midst of all this romantic tragedy that went far afield in setting and plot from the homespun of America, there breathed, as for instance in R. T. Conrad's *Jack Cade* (1835), a spirit of liberty which overcame the foreign strangeness of subject and won American sympathy. When Henry DeMille wrote his French Revolutionary *Paul Kauvar*, he aimed to

appeal to the justice, the law abiding spirit, of the American people.

Forrest was not an exception to the rule in his demands on the dramatist. When James William Wallack, in 1836, offered one thousand dollars, through George P. Morris's *Mirror*, for "some striking and powerful American subject", he added the customary requirement,—"of course, I am desirous that the principal character should be made prominent, and adapted to me and my dramatic capabilities, such as they may happen to be." Nathaniel P. Willis, though not competing, was fired through this announcement to essay his hand at drama, thus entering the field in a series of attempts, the most noteworthy of which was *Tortesa the Usurer* (1839).

Had it not been for Forrest, it is certain that at least nine, if not more, plays of veritable merit would never have seen the light—plays which were brought to notoriety through the power of highly stressed reading, distinctive of the period. These were John Augustus Stone's *The Ancient Briton* (1833) and *Metamora, or, The Last of the Wampanoags*(1829), Bird's *Pelopidas* (1830), *Oralloosa* (1832) and *The Gladiator* (1831), together with his *The Broker of Bogota* (1834), Richard Penn Smith's *Caius Marius* (1831), George H. Miles's *Mohammed* (1850) and Robert T. Conrad's *Jack Cade.* There was another playwright who did not come under the Forrest régime, but who created the one poetic drama, *Francesca da Rimini* (1853), which has persisted to recent times—George Henry Boker, who, in his correspondence said much about discrimination against the American author.

Even in the field of dramatization, the actor usually turned to literature for types suited to his capabilities. Hackett sought throughout the works of Washington Irving for American themes and characters suited to him. He prompted Kerr in the first version (1829) of *Rip Van Winkle;* he attempted, with small success, a play based on the *Knickerbocker's History of New York;* he encouraged the backwoods drama, when he persuaded James K. Paulding to write for him *The Lion of the West,* containing the rôle of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire.

There was another species of play encouraged by the theatre

of our forefathers' day—the drama of local interest, centering about the cosmopolitan life of the city—especially of New York: John Brougham's *Life in New York* (1856), Dion Boucicault's *The Poor of New York* (1857), and others of like character, culminating in Augustin Daly's *Under the Gaslight* (1867). Such plays created two city types, the discharged soldier of the Civil War, who became a messenger-boy, and Mose, the fireman, who, as delineated by the actor Chanfrau, became the idol of the Bowery.

But, even with this rich welter of dramatic materials, the theatre, until Tom Robertson's time in England, was dominated by stereotyped melodramatic situations which gave opportunity to Dion Boucicault, the "hack" dramatist of the day. Otherwise, the bulk of material for stage presentment was adapted from French and German sources. This habit of translating was pernicious to the native product and began with Dunlap's arrangements of Kotzebue; it filled much of the writing energy of Augustin Daly. Then came the "cup and saucer" plays, with their new methods of acting, and the modern manager with his new methods of exploiting. And the era of our forefathers was at an end.

And these dramas, so full of contemporaneous detail, were put upon the shelf, where, as far as the living theatre is concerned, they may remain. Their real flavor was partly due to the acting which served to keep them alive. The texts were the short-hand delineations for the player to fill and round out. Had it not been for John E. Owens, where, for instance, would have been the substance of Solon Shingle, as contained in the printed text of *The People's Lawyer*?

Up to 1870, except in these vaudeville excellences, with which our theatre was made native, there was written scarcely a play worthy to be called literature. But there is no disputing that these varied pieces served their varied theatrical purposes. And that they reflected the immediate interests of the day can be clearly seen. In type, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a play is scarcely readable. The early versions of *Rip Van Winkle* are crude. *Metamora* was never published, and, after Forrest's voice was stilled, the manuscript passed slowly out of sight; in its

entirety it is not yet located. Only now after many years of obscurity have the plays of Robert Montgomery Bird been published for the first time, and their value is hardly in their poetic distinction, but in the flavor they still contain of a highly colored emotion. There is a list of missing names from the dramatic library of the past. Murdock's *Davy Crockett*—where is it? And where Benjamin E. Woolf's *The Mighty Dollar*, with the famous Judge Bardwell Slote, M. C., so vividly played by W. J. Florence? Where is Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age*, whose Colonel Mulberry Sellers stepped forth a living creation under the art of John T. Raymond? Yet these plays represented the popular taste of theatregoers in the days of our forefathers. With their passing, a distinct era passed also. But their types persist in the modern play.

We even look askance at Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is not now allowed general circulation in our schools, which, in its dramatized form, seems as impossible as the ten-, twenty- and thirty-cent melodramas we have rejected on our stage, but accept with equanimity in our movies. Mrs. Stowe, you will recall, refused to have the book dramatized on the score that any Christian movement—such as that for the abolition of slavery—would be contaminated by its connection with the loose morals of the theatre. She never received a cent from the thousands of performances given of the play. If we to-day refuse the dramatization, it is merely because the issue is over, the technique of the theatre has changed, and there remain only exaggerated types amidst lurid situations. This paper will have been written in vain if it is not realized that apart from the contemporary impress of manner and character, the bulk of the plays of our forefathers are valueless and dull. In some of them there is literary quality, but when these are found they are a surprise and not the general rule. Yet no student of American manners and customs can avoid them. A past life is their present redeeming trait.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

CRITICAL ARCHITECTURE

BY STARK YOUNG

Mr. Edwards had been over for several months and I had seen him in the pension at Siena. He was a man moderately tall, with brown hair and faded blue eyes, a little screwed up with an old intention not to be taken in. There was a sense of power about him, not so much about him exactly as about his forefathers; compared to some image one got through him of them, he seemed weaker and generally less, an impression of a strong mass shrunken, a kind of Christian ram that had dwindled and shrunk and got pointed up here and there. And his mouth twitched downward at the corners.

He was here in Italy because the doctor had prescribed the change for him. A nervous condition generally he had, which the war had greatly aggravated. Mr. Edwards had taken the war very seriously, had swallowed all the newspaper propaganda, and had raged from the outset to go to the aid of the Mother Country, as he called England. Since the war Mr. Edwards had not seemed able to pull himself together. He had worried too much, besides, over the atrocities and he had knitted socks too much in the evenings, he said, to recover at once.

Mrs. Edwards had not come over with her husband. She had launched some civic work at home in Durham which she expected to benefit the whole of Western Massachusetts and she had felt that she ought to stay and see it through. And so it had been hard for Mr. Edwards at first alone in a foreign country. But he had got to liking Italy; and when I had seen him last in Florence he was buying with great abandonment at Mr. Coles's in the Borgo San Iocopo prints, of terrible works it must be said, Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Sassoferato's Madonna with the blue veil, and educational pieces, mostly Roman ruins, for his son, who was a professor in a theological seminary somewhere in the State. I had come, then, to think of Mr. Edwards in Florence among the

more second-rate glories there, looking up historical spots like Savonarola's cell and the tomb of Amerigo Vespucci.

So that I was surprised one day in Venice to find him in the Piazza San Marco at one of the tables of a little café that had been thrown out over the quay for the season.

It was autumn, the season in Venice when the moist wind is touched with the perfumes of that delicious death everywhere in the gardens of the town. At night the moon and the stars shone; and all day the light flooded the palaces by the canals, which were golden and rose and blue and white above their floating images. Over the bright walls dead leaves drifted down on to the paving stones of the streets and floated on the water. The church bells, coming in crowds at their due hours, fell on the sharp clearness of the air like great brazen flowers shaken down. And now as I sat there, I could hear music somewhere, a girl singing, poignant, almost shrill, like some secret entreaty to all the sails going out smaller and smaller on the rim of the sea. The sky was golden fading into dusk above the golden darkening water. But in this golden twilight Venice seemed more rose-tint and aureate than ever, more magnificently proud, more gorgeous in her dream. Everything had something in it that lifted the city and its life into a kind of deeper truth, like that of art. The substance of it seemed to tremble and dilate itself.

It was the contrast of this with Mr. Edwards that had started Venice afresh in my mind. When I came back to the thought of him he looked more drab and more Durham than ever in this gorgeous world, far more so than in Siena or Florence, which have after all their crabbed spots and their narrow pinch of Puritanism.

"Do you know," he said immediately after my opening salutations and inquiries, "I've come here every evening I've been in Venice to look at this Library of St. Mark's."

"Really?" I said, not quite understanding.

"It seems to me very good."

I looked at Sansovino's façade which I had known so long, those columns and pilasters and the panels above and that sculptured frieze; the elegant arrangement, the superb sophistication of it. How cold the mind was there! And how much knowledge, how much of the spiritual indifference and magnificent mentality of

the Renaissance! The golden lights fell across it now at this hour, the figures coming more alive than their creator meant them to be, and some of their suave and fertile invention running fast away from its rich restraint toward a sheer ecstasy in that enchanting light.

But these reflections could not help me with Mr. Edwards.

"The façade, you see," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"I find it very interesting."

"And of course," I said, "in this light, just after sunset."

"It seems to me very unusual. Excellent. I presume there is a good photograph of it. I must see about that."

"Photographs are unsatisfactory, of course," I said luminously; "the reduced scale and no color."

"I can get a colored one perhaps. I want you should go with me," he said, "if it is not too inconvenient."

I agreed.

My *casate* came, and he was finishing his. We sat eating for a while in silence, both of us looking now and again at the Library of St. Mark's, which in the blue dark air had become like some great figured ivory stirring with the rhythms of its profound surface. Now and then I saw the gondoliers going down to their craft; and a seller of flowers with pyramids of jasmine passed us, and of oleanders, dull rose in the growing dusk, their perfume spreading on the languid sea air.

"I want to see my home again and my family, of course," Mr. Edwards said at length, "my wife and son and his wife—he's been married a year to-morrow. But I am sorry to leave all this. One gets accustomed to it, I guess."

"One develops new æsthetic needs," I replied absently.

But Mr. Edwards was now going to talk. "And yet after all it will be good to be at home," he began; "after all it is where one belongs. And Durham of course is an exceptional place, though I am a citizen who say it. You've been there? Yes, I remember now you said you had. An exceptional place, excellent streets, splendid shade trees, elms, unusually good educational advantages and churches and a good business town." I nodded, and he went on: "And splendid old houses. Do you know the

James Brown house, 1783? The Brewer house, that was 1745?" —and so on. I did not remember them, though I privately remembered that they were about as different from one another as a set of chairs. They were simple, Mr. Edwards continued, very simple, of course, but full of a fine restraint and taste. Those phrases I recalled myself from Durham. He was going by on his way up, to see his son and his daughter-in-law, a fine young woman, very unusual for these days. The daughter of a professor in Brown University. A splendid, ideal young woman. She could read Greek, could sew and could cook, and she had written a pageant. He thought his son very fortunate. Then Mr. Edwards suddenly stopped and pulled himself together. "That reminds me," he cried, at least he almost cried, "if I'm going to-morrow I'd better go see about that photograph now while I think of it. You have your coffee on hand—no, don't trouble. I'll come back." He hurried away.

The light had died like a passion that changes little by little into a memory. And now with the darkness falling, the lamps of the Piazza had come on. And now the façade of the Library of St. Mark's was like a great painting in grisaille, incomparably complete in itself, and magical with a kind of intellectual rhythm strangely apparent in the dull glare of the lights; quietly ornate, and broadly sure of itself; and sure of those forms in it that arrested and held in marble the fleeting glory of thought.

But I was more absorbed with my problem. Romantic Venice, I could see that; the gondolas, the water, the serenades, the color of the Doge's Palace, the ices, Byron, Browning, the glass, the legends, and the rest. Or I could have understood some pious or mystical structure, some emotion of the soul built up in stone and full of prayers and half-lights. But not the Library of St. Mark's. What Mr. Edwards found there for himself puzzled me beyond measure.

I tried to go over in my mind this Mr. Edwards from Durham. His pinched face was full of character, a sort of tart aspic of character, it was true, but character all the same, the force to keep himself in a continuous unit of thought and will. I thought of his Durham, its homely tone, the sense in it of a green-shaded calm in a teacup. Of those college girls on the streets with their

athletic random, their slang and their unlovely voices. Of those ladies going by in closed automobiles, so many of them settled there on the easy cushions with tightened lips and a grim determination on their faces, but toward what, I could never make out, the determination to be determined, I suppose. I thought of those fine and tingling winter days, all whiteness, full of energy and drive. And of their dull evenings, propped up with the middle-class Anglo-Saxon's reverence for mere dullness, or by the citizens flattering themselves that all this was a deep life of thought. I recalled most of the culture in Durham, a passable taste in safe, stale things. I thought of Durham's pious political eloquence, slightly catarrhal; of its churchgoers and its sly gay dogs. And of the handful of people of living and beautiful worth, torturing themselves into staleness for lack of enough to whet their lives upon in such an atmosphere. And I thought of those houses, Browns, Brewers, and the rest, that Mr. Edwards had remembered phrases to praise. They did have a certain simplicity, charm, or even elegance in a small way. The poetry, too, they had of old tea-caddies and candlesticks and parental affection, however quiet, of long-dead faces and half forgotten hymnologies. But what a pity that so much attention as they got could not be also applied to an art more ample, august and significant and capable of wider experience!

What I pondered was this: If Mr. Edwards was so impressed with Sansovino's façade, what effect did it have on him? How could he like Durham architecture and Sansovino's, of which in style Durham's best was a distant descendant? But that much was not so difficult. The two things satisfied two wants of his nature. Or they were compensations for repressions that had gone on, inhibitions. And perhaps his mind was compartmental, watertight compartments—to use the phrase attributed to a hundred people. Very well. But my problem remained, nevertheless.

How can you really see the point of Sansovino's art and that art not be a criticism on yourself, on the rest of your living and thinking, on your taste, which after all emerges from the kind of man you are? It ought not to make you dislike Durham, but it ought certainly to make you see how lean a phrase Durham is in life and art. The problem reminded me of professors I have

known who spoke of being in a state that they described as reading through an author, Sophocles for example. But what exactly do they get from it of any depth if the Sophoclean does not become a comment and criticism of their minds and souls, a part of their lives? They would try to evade this point by calling it an emotional reaction, which of course it is in no sense that living through a day is not emotional. But without that do they see the Sophoclean point at all? If Mr. Edwards really saw Sansovino's art, there ought to be something in its formal elegance, warm rhythm and dignity and copious invention that would make him demand some august and fertile distinction in his own life and thinking and relationships. And that would make him want a number of added qualities in his daughter-in-law before she became Ideal Woman. And if Mr. Edwards really sees the point in Sansovino, the famed sincerity of the Brown house ought to sink somewhat into unvoluminous proportions by the unavoidable comparison with Sansovino's work, with that rich, fluent and elaborate material here unified into a large simplicity by the rhythm, pattern and cogency of fine artistic domination. At least Mr. Edwards would have to take a stand on these two estates and credos of living. It is quite all right to love Durham, but not to talk nonsense about it. Or must one be an artist to make this large transcription of art into one's own condition?

I thought of the arid cramp of those speeches in praise of the Library of St. Mark's; and then of the monologue about Durham and its virtues. The image of that face rose again in my mind; something about it of a wistful, converted snapping-turtle. It looked more pinched than ever in the midst of all this accomplishment, this release, this abundance of living, these *invenzioni mirabillissime e infinite cose*, these inventions most marvellous and infinite things that Leonardo used to tell his pupils of; this goodness and delight that spread from a profound art into the body and mind. By contrast with all this how pitiful seemed the record written on that intent face, of foolish inhibitions exercised often with no intelligent end or foresight but only for their own sake; the stamp there of egotistical indulgence in remorse and conscience and meaningless negation, sustained by complacent and

jealous provincialism. I wondered what Sansovino and Venice had done to all this. If Mr. Edwards found himself the same and his satisfactions with Durham the same after all this, how much did he see at all what Sansovino meant?

He came back.

"The man had none in stock," he stated, "or so he said. I had to order a photograph sent to me. I suppose he is reliable."

"Quite," I said, automatically.

"Well, then, I must say goodbye and get back to my hotel and have my dinner and pack up. I leave early in the morning." We shook hands. I wished him a pleasant journey.

"If you should come to Durham again, let me know", he said; and turned away. I saw him stop a little way off and look around him once, slowly; then he disappeared down the arcade.

The late moon had come up now and the Piazza lamps had been cut off save for a few here and there. Venice had grown quieter, for the evening gaities were not yet arrived. From my far corner of the great square the noises of the city seemed far away. The dip of an oar measured the silence. The hour seemed to be made up of the silence that preceded a sound and the silence that followed it. But the measure of the oar was like a living pulse. There was nothing sterile or mechanical in it. And the rhythm of it everywhere, I knew, would be moving in the sleeping water the reflections of the stars. The moonlight now was creeping across the wide Piazza, strangely white; it touched the firm elegance and definity of the marble columns where they rose from the silver pavement. I watched the light climb higher and higher and rest at length on the frieze, whose figures sprang with that into life again, and whose elegance settled again upon it. The mind, I thought, has its passionate distinction, and the magnificent chaos of emotion in us has its deep urgency of order and pattern and its cold unity underneath. And in great art like this I could see the gorgeous and august necessity of life; and the heroic need of a large nature for moral domination of its powers.

I realized, as I sat there thinking, that Durham was fast becoming a problem in æsthetics. But it was human, too, and humanly it seemed far away and most unfruitful, and yet not with-

out its poignant hidden beauty and pathos and heart. But like, too, a tune played on a little organ by a villager, stern and thin and insistent and quavering, with one stop always out and heard by hosts of Edwardses, who like it well enough and speak of it a little stubbornly as fine and simple. And how much, I asked myself, could Mr. Edwards read of this design by which an artist has written at least one comment on Durham's meagre ways of life? And how far was Mr. Edwards Durham-blind to the elaborate and abundant art of the Library of St. Mark's; in which the silent music of the motionless lines was so powerful that it created an illusion of a life richer and more beautiful than this life we have? Not of the highest reach of the soul, not that, but yet the music of intellectual beauty remaining true even now beneath the pressure of the moon's poetry and the Venetian night.

STARK YOUNG.

A LEOPARD BY LAKE ELMENTEITA

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Is there any animal more astounding, more amazing than a leopard? With what terrible precision their gilded limbs have been designed to deal out death, and in what a wonderful way their furtive and treacherous beauty symbolizes the soul of the strange continent which they inhabit!

"Bwana, bwana, chui n'kwesha pigga m'toto gombi!" "Master, master, a leopard has killed a calf!" Well do I remember how those words came to me from the cattle yards as early one morning I emerged from my hut in the highlands of British East Africa. I had been in the country only a few weeks and it was the first time an open attack had been made on the homestead by a leopard. I had heard them about often enough. The house I lived in was situated on the edge of a great forest and almost every night I would lie awake listening with awestruck intentness to the sound of their barking as it went echoing between the white pillar-like tree trunks. Until the sound was over all else would be silent, the very tree hyraxes remaining mute as with small blinking eyes they waited for its menace to die down into the circumambient darkness. With padded footfall to and fro these great cats would steal over the maiden-hair ferns and moon-lit mossgrown stones of the forest floor, but until this particular night none of them had approached the farm buildings which were built out upon the open veldt. I went to the shed and was shown the place between two rough cedar logs through which the leopard had crept. There had been rain in the night and with the help of some natives I tracked it by its spoor for a considerable distance until the grass grew so thick that we could no longer

find any trace of it. I concluded that it had got away for good and returned to my house. At noon however a Masai herder came in to say that he had discovered the half-eaten body of a calf near the shore of Lake Elmenteita. He conducted me to the place and there under the shadow of a high cliff which jutted out over the water I found the mangled animal. Very little of it had been devoured, so that there seemed every prospect of the leopard returning to the kill as soon as darkness fell. I therefore made up my mind to wait for it.

The late afternoon found me clambering about the rocks of the escarpment looking for a good position in which to pass the night. I found what I wanted at last, a flat, inaccessible ledge some forty yards above where the calf lay. The moon I knew was almost full, so that if the sky remained clear it seemed that there was a good chance of my taking my revenge. I stuck a tiny piece of white paper on the sight of my rifle so as to render it visible even in a dim light.

It was a weird and isolated place, that escarpment, and as I sat watching the sun slowly sink towards the rim of the mountain range beyond the Rift Valley I became aware of a strange thing. It was as though all Africa at that enchanted hour was under some curious influence, as if it waited expectantly with indrawn breath for this half of the earth's globe to turn itself once again towards the spangled darkness of ultimate space. Unfamiliar noises rose from the water before me, and it was not till several minutes had passed that I realized their origin. Slowly, surely, from every quarter of the lake the monstrous amphibia were drawing in towards the shore. Presently I could see their colossal hippopotamus-heads rising to the surface, now here now there, as they lolled and yawned together in fabulous droves waiting impatiently for the fall of darkness when they would be able to come up out of the water and graze upon the cool dew-drenched grass of their midnight pasturage. The sun went down at last and from where I crouched I watched their huge unforgettable forms slipping and floundering through the rushes which bordered upon the edge of the lake where the silver froth lapped against the strand.

With the coming of the night the whole air became vibrant,

quivering, palpitating. From innumerable minute scaly throats a song of praise rose to the creator of the world. In shrill and high tones that fantastical chorus throbbed and hummed against my ear drum. Now and again far above my head would sound the romantic alien call of some wild fowl winging its solitary way through the night. I waited and waited. A damp air, chilling and invisible, rose from the lake. It had about it the smell of thousands of unrecorded years that had passed in quiet procession over these remote waters, while century after century trees grew to their prime and rotted to water-logged decay, while century after century the bones of fabulous equatorial animals accumulated upon the slimy mud of the lake's bottom. It had about it the smell of water-pythons, of incredible crustacea, and of the fecund spawn of insects.

Then suddenly, loud and clear, breaking in upon the stillness of that wide moonlit stretch of water till every flag and every reed seemed to tremble, sounded the harsh note of a hungry leopard. And not only the reeds trembled, for scarcely had the first echo subsided than like a city slum waked suddenly from sleep a deafening clamor rose to the stars. The baboons which roosted in the rocks amongst which I sat had heard it. Turning my head I could see them clambering higher and ever higher in the dim light, clinging with their muscular black hands to the stony shelves or huddling one against another, hairy limb against hairy limb, in the deeper recesses of the cliff. It was then for the first time that I realized how nightly the barbarous imaginations of these hideous monkeys are haunted with panic fear of their crafty and subtle enemy, which leaps suddenly upon them out of the darkness and tears out their eyes! Gradually the barking of the leopard grew nearer. I got my rifle ready. I surmised that the animal was coming along a narrow game path which threaded its way between the boulders at the foot of the escarpment. All now was once more silent. Not a rustle, not the cracking of a twig to tell of the animal's approach or to disturb the spell-bound stillness of that amazing midnight landscape which under the liquid light of the moon lay extended in agonized suspense.

Like some wide plain of abandoned polar ice the tropical lake lay silent and immutable, and from the depths of the dark

forest away on the left no sound rose. What had come over the baboons? I wondered. Were their superficial brains once more clouded in a nervous sleep? or were they, with narrow wide-open antique eyes peering over their grotesque snouts in abject alertness for their enemy?

Suddenly the leopard, elongated and serpentine, was crossing an open space below. There was something horrible and uncanny about the absolute silence of its movements. For a few moments I watched it. Delicately, daintily, it nibbled at the carcass, stepping round the mutilated body with fastidious tread. I pulled the trigger at last. Undoubtedly I had missed, for look as I might through the uncertain light I could see nothing. It was just as though at the report of my rifle a ghost-leopard had vanished into the air.

Slowly the time dragged by as I waited for the dawn. In the small hours of the morning I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already past six and the first rays of the great equatorial sun were glancing down upon Africa. Cold and stiff I stood up and looked about. Shafts of fine golden light were slanting down upon the basalt rocks, upon the flamingoes in the shallows,—and upon the miraculous spotted body of a dead leopard which, outstretched in all its bizarre beauty, lay by the edge of those far-off mysterious waters which are called by the natives Elmenteita.

Llewelyn Powys.

TENDENCIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

It seems premature yet to look for the essential changes which the Great War has brought into literature, as it undoubtedly has into other forms and conditions of life, in France. It does not appear, at first glance, that any considerable change has recently taken place in French literature. The same names of authors are printed on the covers of the same magazines. These names, however, are not as numerous as they were before the summer of 1914, since many of them, including some of the best known, are now written on small wooden crosses on the battlefields of the Aisne and the Marne. Thus is written the name of Péguy, one of the youngest and most promising poets of the new school; so is that of Ernest Psichari, who in his last book, *L'appel aux Armes*, seems to have foreseen and foretold his own glorious death. But the roll of honor is too long to be fully recounted here.

Most of these young men belonged to the new school of literature, which was founded by a young professor, newly out of the *École Normale*, the school where the intellectual élite in France, after having passed a very difficult examination, undergo a wonderful training in Arts or in Science before being appointed to professorships in one of the Universities. This young man, Romain Rolland, author of the much-discussed pacifist book *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, had scarcely left the *École Normale* after being graduated when he became the editor of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, a magazine which soon led him to pecuniary bankruptcy. Around these *Cahiers*, an élite of young intellectuals began to meet, and a new literary formula found its expression among them.

The inspiration of this new literature was usually obscure or foggy in itself; and it was often made more so by the recondite character of its expression. Too often the writer indulged in

or sought for some symbol, which was supposed to summarize a great number of high truths, deep thoughts and rare sentiments. And it did not matter if the plain truth were lost in the symbolism.

This school, so much opposed to the French genius, of which the formula is clearness, harmony, moderation and measure, does not seem to have survived the war. And although Paul Claudel, who is to-day the best representative of it, has some late admirers and some very young disciples, it seems to have yielded its ephemeral vogue to still less worthy and more ephemeral groups, such as Dadaism, which is to Literature what Cubism is to Art—a depressing parody, of which the less said the better.

Real French literature, which has always found its better expression in classicism and in realism,—the latter not to be misunderstood for naturalism,—is now as ever presented in the old and best-known magazine *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, the conservative review *Le Correspondant*, and the more advanced magazine, *La Revue de Paris*.

The inspiration which is now dominant in the articles, notably in the novels, published by these magazines, presents a characteristic departure from that which prevailed before the war. From the realist, dogmatic, social and almost eventless type of the spring of 1914, and after the great success of the master-novel of Paul Bourget, *Le Demon de Midi*, this inspiration has in the last two years become romanesque, sensational and decidedly individualist. Study has yielded to imagination, reality to extravagant fiction, analysis and observation to action. No better illustration of this is to be found than in the last book of Paul Bourget, *Un Drame dans le Monde*, first published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

In *Le Demon de Midi*, the whole story presented by Paul Bourget was, through some pictures of country and Parisian life, the normal development of normal characters in a situation of everyday life. No thrilling episode, almost no excitement, was to be found. The plot was smooth, devoid of sensation. How very different is his *Un Drame dans le Monde*! Of course there is still the basic and—in his novels—almost essential triangle. But this is only the means of studying a character caught in the storm of passion, incited and nearly forced through ex-

traordinary circumstances to commit a low and abject crime (murder of an old relative to get her money), and then seized by the anguish and agony of remorse. It is in fact the subject of the great novel of Dostoievsky, *Crime and Punishment*, transferred to high society in Paris in the year 1920. The only difference is that in the Russian story the centre of interest is in the fears of the murderer that he will be caught by the police and be sentenced to death, while in Paul Bourget's novel it is in the internal and never-ceasing remorse of the culprit who, secure from all suspicion, is terrorized by her own conscience as by an ever-present and ceaselessly-calling judge or executioner.

A woman who belongs to the smart set of Paris, the elegant and attractive Countess Odette de Malhyver, "tall and slender, with an extremely aristocratic profile, where every feature told the race," knowing no other rule than the customs and tolerance of her social circle, is deeply in love with the elegant and handsome Xavier de Larzac, who, heroic in the war, since peace has been signed professes in his club to hate war and to despise heroism. He had been infatuated with the fascinating Odette for a long time before the war, but is now seriously engaged in flirting with a society butterfly, the very rich and charming Cecile Machault. Odette's husband, the Count of Malhyver, is a half-dreamer, half-scientist or laic apostle, comrade of heroism in the trenches and always the friend of Xavier. Educated by the war, he believes now that every man, every citizen of a country, has a duty toward his country. He is anxious to fulfill his new duty created by peace, which he sees in the traditions of his family; he wishes to live with his peasants, socially helping and morally leading them, in the land of his forefathers. He is confirmed in his resolution by the fact that he has just learned that, through his wife's extravagance and his own carelessness, and because they have maintained their old *train de vie* in the new and high cost of living, they are half ruined.

But the views of Odette on the subject are entirely different. She wants to stay in Paris because the man she loves is in Paris. And no consideration, however social or moral, can divert her from this aim. Then a means of avoiding country life and simultaneously the dreaded ruin is offered to her, from which

she at first recoils. She has been called to the bedside of an old, narrow-minded and very rich aunt, who, as she knows, has disinherited her. She is left alone to pass the night in the sick room. She knows that the will which contains her fate is somewhere there, and she has every reason to believe that there is no copy of it. If the will is destroyed, of course she will inherit; and this means that she will stay in Paris with Xavier.

The scene of the hesitation, of the repulsion, then the quick succession of decisive actions, looking for and finding the will, throwing it into the fire, is a masterpiece of art. So is the following scene, when Odette suddenly perceives that her aunt, momentarily a helpless paralytic, has seen her act; she realizes that as soon as the old woman recovers the use of her tongue she will denounce her; and she concludes that the only way to safety is to pour an overdose of digitalin into the beverage that has been prepared to soothe the invalid's pain and help her to sleep. In a mad fit, Odette mechanically pours the poison, refills the bottle with water, and flies from the room. Everything goes as she expected. The nurse gives the poisoned beverage. The old woman dies. Nobody suspects that the death has not been natural. Odette inherits.

Then commences the slow, relentless gnawing of remorse, made acute and alive by every detail of Odette's everyday life. She has a son, the very sight of whom, the son of a murderer, brings a new pain to her. The conversation, the mere presence, of her husband, with his lack of suspicion, she cannot bear. But her remorse reaches the climax when she discovers that her beloved Xavier is false to her for the sake of the captivating Cecile, and that he loves her no more; and she realizes that the haunting crime which she perpetrated for his sake and love was committed in vain. It seems to her that she has filled up the measure of abjection and misery when, after a highly dramatic interview, in which she at last confesses what she has done, the man who has been the direct cause of all only tears himself from her, orders her out, and shrieks to her, "Go! Go! You fill me with horror!"

Her punishment begins. She flies to the old castle, where her husband lives with her son. And there we witness, through

small daily events or through the diary written by the utopian, blind and straightforward husband, the progress, slow and sure, of the incurable pain and agony, until Odette can bear the suffering no more, and until she is morally and physically obliged to confess to her husband both her crimes. There the interest of the book ends. Why the super-husband forgives, and how Odette strives to merit that forgiveness by staying for the remnant of her life in the old country home, devoting herself to the education of her son and to moral and social improvement of the rural population around her, we do not greatly care.

Such an extended analysis of Paul Bourget's book may not appear useless if we consider, first, that it was the book of the year in France and has supplied themes of conversation in most of the drawing rooms and social meetings in Paris and in the provinces, and second, that it illustrates better than any other example the new tendency of French literature toward sensation and action. Of course this new tendency could be found and just as easily pointed out in many other much-read novels of yesterday and of to-day; such, for instance, as *La Resurrection de la Chair* and *La Chair et L'Esprit*, by Henry Bordeaux. It is still better emphasized in Pierre Benoit's *L'Atlantide*. In a book of an entirely different inspiration, *Saint Magloire* by Roland Dorgeles, is a similar indication.

M. Dorgeles is the young author of *Les Croix de Bois*, a book published during the war which, because of its presentation of war scenes as seen by a soldier in the trenches, appealed immediately to the sentiment and to the very heart of the French public and carried the author to fame. His second book was, of course, waited for with great curiosity. It is always a much to be dreaded experience for a young author to come again before the public when his first appearance has proved such a success. Nobody is, as a rule, inclined to indulgence and the easy sentence, "This second book is not, by far, comparable to the first," seems to be the general verdict. M. Dorgeles was lucky enough, until now, to avoid this criticism and so, if his friends refrain from the first and somewhat excessive admiration which they showed, *Saint Magloire* may remain as one of the good books of this year.

Saint Magloire is the story of a man of medium standing in

country life who, for some not very clear causes, went to Africa in order to evangelize the negroes. The gospel he preaches is a mixture of Manicheism, Buddhism, and Socialism that has very little or nothing to do with the Gospel of Christ and that seems, in fact, to be just as vague or obscure in the mind of the author as it is in the sermons of the Saint. The essential of it appears to be that two principles, one good and the other bad, fight in the conscience of every man, and the good one, after several experiences or after a series of successive lives, comes out generally as a winner, if the circumstances are favorable. How this singular theory has captivated and converted the African negroes is not explained. But we are told that it has been so. And, when the book begins, we learn that the Saint is coming back to his birthplace, a half-industrial, half-agricultural village, where everybody awaits him with emotion and where, against the word of the Christian Gospel, he soon becomes a prophet. However, being thus and unexpectedly favored by circumstances, whatever he tries in good intention turns out for the worse to those he wants to help. His family, where happiness and quietness reigned before his return, knows now fear, restlessness, and care: laughter is no more heard or allowed. The factory, where every man used to be pleased with his fate and where everything ran for the benefit of all, is now torn by discontent, jealousy of the workingmen toward the employers, aspiration of all for more justice, and, of course, for higher wages and shorter work-hours. At last Saint Magloire leaves the village to go to Paris in order to make more people profit by his new gospel. In Paris he enters the Chamber of Deputies during a session and immediately interrupts the debate by addressing the House and preaching solidarity between men and justice. He is not—as may have been well expected—immediately apprehended and gently sent to some asylum. On the contrary, while his adepts, who have followed and cheered him, are duly beaten by the police, he is protected by the same police against his opponents and, after some conversation, he is persuaded to go back to his village.

But while he has been campaigning in Paris everything seems to have gone wrong. On returning home he finds that his family has badly misbehaved, that the factory is on strike and that the

small town is on the eve of a revolution. For all this he is, in some way or another, the only one responsible. In despair over this outcome, but not convinced that anything is wrong in the cause, he goes back to his negroes, the only people, as it seems, who are capable to understand him entirely and to realize the beauty of his gospel.

The intention of the author in writing this book is somewhat obscure. If he intended to teach us a new truth, expressing at the same time the thought that we might not be mature for it, we might agree that he was entirely right as far as the second proposition goes, but we are none the less sure that his new truth is worth listening to. If he only desired to illustrate once more the fact that the best man in the world, animated with the best intentions for the greatest happiness of all, may innocently sow discord, hatred and wholesale murders among his fellowmen and possibly destroy the whole world, we may find that the book is not wholly conclusive. And we may prefer to it the short story of Voltaire, *Memnon, or the Human Wisdom*, where the author, with incomparable interest and wit, presents to us the man who, "having decided one morning that he would be perfectly wise, commits nothing but foolishness during the whole day long." But if M. Dorgeles chose his subject as being the most convenient to show us the numerous circles of private and public life as pictures of life, we must agree that he succeeded.

This too rapid study would not be complete, however, if we did not at least indicate some of the progress of other currents of French literature, particularly that of History. The historians have been pursuing their great task, which now above all consists in fixing for generations to come the causes, the responsibilities, the developments and the achievements of the Great War. It is extremely difficult to take some *vues d'ensemble* of events which are still so near that we can scarcely see them save through the particular, detailed and inevitably prejudiced views of those who have been their spectators or actors, more often both. Each of these witnesses has seen only a small part, but naturally feels inclined to think that this small part is the most if not the only important one. It will be one of the interesting effects of the war to prove how often the most reliable

documents can be candidly falsified, even by the most truthful and sincere person. The great work of the historians of to-day is not merely to search for and to gather documents, but also to find, among all the documents they have, the few which they can rely on, from which to write a trustworthy history of the war. This delicate and difficult work has already been tried with much success by Victor Giraud in his *Histoire de la Grande Guerre*. It is still methodically and scrupulously pursued in every part of the monumental *Histoire de la Guerre* prepared by the most prominent historians under the direction of M. Hanotaux. The great care of each and all of these writers is to achieve a true and scientific history, in opposition to the well-known and sceptical definition of Anatole France: "History is not a science. It is an art. One succeeds there only by using his imagination."

The same praise we have just given to the historians of facts and events should be awarded to the historians of Art. The *Histoire de l' Art*, published by the most capable French writers on Art under the direction of André Michel, will certainly stand, not only in France but in all countries interested in Art, a monument of the history of all the different arts from their origin down to their latest achievements in modern time. It counts already many volumes, all gorgeously illustrated with many and the most curious reproductions and engravings. The last volume published deals with Art during the seventeenth century, and is in all points worthy its predecessors.

The same tendencies which have been indicated in the French novel may be marked in the theatre of to-day. But by a strange anomaly, while the novel seeks movement and action, the theatre, at least the young theatre, conscious of its own importance, becomes an analyst and individualist. The action, when there is any, is secondary, and comes at the will of the playwright only to help the development or the explanation of some part of the leading character. Instead of being the real centre of interest, the action turns around one individual, placed by the author in exceptional circumstances which constrain him to reveal the depths of his mind and soul.

The best examples of this are furnished in many of the plays

presented at the theatre of Le Vieux-Colombier, which, since its return from its three-years' course in New York, is considered the most advanced theatre of Paris. At this house, *Le Pauvre sous l'escalier* was the best play of the type we have just defined. All the play is the very sad story of Saint Alexis, of his religious calling, of his return to his creed, of his penitent life, of his death. Of the same inspiration and type is *L'Annonce faite à Marie* of Paul Claudel. It is the long, lamenting, dull, gloomy and—to the healthy and unprejudiced spectator—quite unendurable story of the election of a soul by God, the retirement of the elect from the world, her purification, her reward, her martyrdom.

The Nouveau Théâtre produced *Le Cœur des Autres* and *La Souriante Madame Beudet*, also comedies or dramas of personality. The first one shows an artist wholly unable to enjoy life, even so far as to feel as others feel, because through his profession, his art, or simply his mania, he reduces the feelings and hearts of those who cross his way, and perhaps who love him and whom he might have loved, into dramatic episodes and literature. The second play studies the secret hatred and the spirit of revenge which slowly grow in an oppressed and humiliated heart. *La Comedie du génie*, by François de Curel, is also the story of a soul. At the Théâtre de Paris *L'Homme à la Rose* has given a new study and a fresh incarnation of the eternal Don Juan. A somewhat similar motive may be detected in the last play of the well known playwright, M. Henry Bataille, *La Chair Humaine*, which was presented at the Vaudeville recently.

The main idea of the play seems to be that many or all of us who, during the War, were capable of great sentiments and noble thoughts, returned to our true nature immediately after the armistice was signed, and with the peace renewed their prejudices.

This familiar banality is exposed in the story of a certain man, Levasseur, who has two sons, one illegitimate, Boulard, and the other, known to all, Pierre. During the war Boulard has been a hero and is supposed to have been killed, whilst Pierre has only been a slacker. And, of course, the family Levasseur has been enthusiastic about the gallantry of Boulard, and the father has said many times, and has really meant it every time he has said

it, that if Boulard had not been killed he would have felt proud to give to this noble son the name to which he was entitled. Armistice has come. It begins to be known that Boulard has not been killed as first thought but has been made prisoner in a German camp of retaliation. He comes back. And all those who were so proud of him a few months ago have had time to cool off, and are now in the grip of the old routine, and they find themselves much embarrassed, reserved, and almost hostile when he comes. This scene is excellent. Finally Boulard, who is a philosopher, understands that the praise he received while in his camp was, in fact, addressed to the war hero that he was and there is no place in this family for the man of peace that he actually is. So he decides to leave this "human flesh" and go back to his own mother. This study of the influence of extraordinary events on ordinary character of every day life is one of the best plays produced during these three last years.

So the French theatre seems to incline toward the tragedy of character. And, doing this, it may appear that it is only returning to its old tradition and to what has been the first formula of the classic theatre. In fact, however, a striking difference exists between the two. For the ancient play of characters, such as we find at its best in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and even more in the comedies of Molière, was always the study of a general, almost universal, character, where every spectator could detect and vindicate some part of his own humanity. The hero, in the classical theatre, was surrounded by other characters which helped him to develop his own. In the modern play, on the contrary, the hero seems to recoil upon himself, as far away from humanity as he seems to believe it elegant to be; and the external world is only to him the accidental occasion of enjoying his supernatural or ridiculously artificial isolation. The study of dramatic literature shows that whenever the theatre has given itself to the presentation of exceptional characters, its literary as well as its social value has decreased, and it has scarcely, and only for academic interest, survived its epoch. It is somewhat distressing to acknowledge that it is this course that is being followed by the French theatre of to-day.

GEORGES LECHARTIER.

ON READING POETRY TO-DAY

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

It was Goethe who said that to act was so easy, to think was so hard. However that may be, most human beings wake up some day to discover that the only enduring resource is thinking, for thought is life and without thought there would be—could be—no life, not even any conception of it. Thought is life. Without thought there could be no consciousness that life is. The body may be a matter of concern, but a greater concern is consciousness. Edna St. Vincent Millay in her *Renascence* knows well how the sky can cave in on the flat mind:

> The world stands out on either side
> No wider than the heart is wide;
> Above the world is stretched the sky,—
> No higher than the soul is high.
> The heart can push the sea and land
> Farther away on either hand;
> The soul can split the sky in two,
> And let the face of God shine through.
> But East and West will pinch the heart
> That can not keep them pushed apart;
> And he whose soul is flat—the sky
> Will cave in on him by and by.

Matter—human bodies and all other bodies external to them—represent the necessity, the needs, checks, imprisonment and releases of existence. These consciousness must meet and use. And it is only by the uses which consciousness makes of these necessities that man becomes quit of the bondage of matter. Thought of whatever degree is a relation, not a substance.

The poet may have done all that Rossetti would have called "fundamental brain work", yet he may fail of an audience. To-day the average audience is thought-emasculated; it is glad to enjoy, but refuses to think what the meaning of a poem is, and hides behind the suspicion that it has no meaning anyhow. The

not infrequent conclusion, however, that the poet himself did not know what he meant, does not release the reader of poetry from an obligation to discover what he can of the meaning of a poem. Instruction is for parrots, but education is to develop thinking human beings. And the object of education is not so much to make mankind ready to meet to-morrow as to grapple with to-day—even in reading—in the struggle and relaxation and joy and sorrow we call life.

Big is the world of poetry and many are its types and the functions of those types. The many unknown mansions of heaven are the known attainable mansions of poetry on this earth—an advantage for those whose imaginations refuse to be projected into Paradise. The house in poetry one reader chooses may not be at all the one someone else cares to live in. But it can be seen that the first has made a home of his both in thought and feeling; and that his love and his problems cause him the same excitement as—or similar to—those of his neighbor. That is the way with love-affairs; they have humorous similarities! These lines from a fragment of Sappho's may mean much to one lover of poetry and almost nothing to someone else: "Evening, thou bringest all that bright morning scattered; thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother." But lines from Sara Teasdale may mean far more to someone else and less to another:

I asked the heaven of stars
  What I should give my love—
It answered me with silence,
  Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
  Down where the fishers go—
It answered me with silence,
  Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
  Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
  My whole life long?

If a poem is a trinity of feeling, thought and form, then the thought of a poem is the aspect most neglected. In the light of

Le Bon's dictum that the æsthetic is what pleases, the lucubrations of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Julia Moore, make the reader meditate. Her preface to *The Sentimental Song Book* is too good to be true: "Dear Friends: This book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died or drowned are truthful songs; others are 'more true than poetry'. They are all composed by the author." In all sincerity did she write *William House and Family:*

They once did live at Edgerton,
They once did live at Muskegon,
From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow.

It was William House's family,
As fine a family as you see—
His family was eleven in all,
I do not think it was very small.

The great tragedy in Julia Moore's life was when she discovered that the unmistakable popularity of her poems was due not to their art but to their artlessness, and she closed her remarkable career with the lines:

My childhood days have passed and gone,
  And it fills my heart with pain
To think that youth will nevermore
  Return to me again.
And now kind friends, what I have wrote
  I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some have done
  Hitherto herebefore.

There is a split between the usual public and the artist—the reference is not to Julia Moore and her public! If it is asked what it is the reader is chiefly eager the poet should express and whether he intends to receive a poem from the point of view of the poet who wrote it, it will be found that the usual concern of the usual reader is himself. He may widen out into an interest in life as such. But his chief interest is seldom or never art. He wishes the poet to express such feeling as he can understand and approve. On that basis, of course, much that is greatest in art the usual reader will ignore or throw into the discard. Things

that are easy and popular are all too often cheap. All great art, like all great experience, is difficult. And from the discard of the present, the future recovers with difficulty something of the best that is lost. Even the business of creating an audience requires a standard, and that implies knowledge of life and of the world. The only material out of which a good audience can be created is a social organism filled with what Matthew Arnold would call "fresh thought, intelligent and alive".

Attitudes towards poetry are as various as its kinds. And the reader must have thought over these attitudes when he considered the problem of creating an audience or becoming part of one. Some excellent people, not ill-educated either, look upon poetry as one of the elegancies of life, withal a little superfluous. Others think poetry is sugar-water. It is, sometimes. So are some people, and there are no federal laws for putting them out of the way. Some men and women regard poetry as sentimental nonsense. In that it might be said certain types of poetry are like any cross section of human nature to be found anywhere. The most damaging of all attitudes is that which holds that poetry is inimical to the facts of life and of science. Some poetry is. The greatest poetry, speaking the common speech of common human experience and love for nature, never is.

As an energy has poetry been as useful in the life of man as electricity has been? Certainly it has been harnessed to the service of mankind for a much longer time. And, like electricity, it is an energy. Mankind has become over-practical in some ways. Possibly men need to live more in a world of ideas. Possibly it would not harm mankind to measure worth more by the amount of light from ideas it can turn on than by the number of electric bulbs in its houses. There are all sorts of aspects—unguessed at—of common things to be seen when the light from ideas is strong enough; for example, that beauty is only truth from another side; or that, according to an analogous theory of Einstein-refraction, some things comfortably fixed in beauty and truth and goodness are not at all in the position in which they are thought to be! It is even conceivable that beauty has a fourth dimension, and that the conduct on which men pride themselves, mankind may look back upon some day as having

been as primitive from the moral decorative point of view as tattooing is from the æsthetic.

Matthew Arnold in his famous *First Series* of essays said: "Who ever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this very small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all." The public is never stable and never to be depended upon. At one moment it despises the poet; at another makes a god of him. And with neither of these extremes can those seeking the best in beauty and in truth have anything to do. Leave the expression of beauty to the crowd and the highest expression of it likely to be achieved in poetry would be the ballad, or at best the folk song; in the drama, group activity will not travel much further in creation than the miracle play, or than in appreciation for the "movie". The approach to truth is many-sided and multiform in self-control and immolation of self. Neither truth nor beauty can be found because they are attacked with struggles and loud cries. The lover of poetry will have gone very far in the difficult art of sweeping himself out of the way before he can think—not to say write—such lines as these from Meredith's *Thrush in February:*

> Full lasting is the song, though he,
> The singer, passes: lasting too,
> For souls not lent in usury,
> The rapture of the forward view.
>
> With that I bear my senses fraught
> Till what I am fast shoreward drives.
> They are the Vessel of the Thought.
> The Vessel splits, the Thought survives.

And it is only to the extent that a man succeeds in forgetting or losing himself that he can find those things which are of greater value.

In the greatest ages books are never the only levers for raising the mental level or lifting the dead weight of the untrained mind. Wordsworth condemned books because they were poor records of human feeling and thought. He believed that the study of human nature could be followed best among simple

people. Our more limited American Wordsworth, Robert Frost, seems to think so, too. For example, Robert Frost would not have dared to venture out, had he not thought with Wordsworth, with such a title as *The Death of the Hired Man.*

There is no separation between poetry and life. They are one. From time to time a reader projects himself into poetry with the mistaken idea of "developing his soul", whatever that may mean. Yet the world "which is the world of all of us" is the poet's foundation upon which must rise whatever superstructure with words he builds—a twofold affair of body and spirit. Balanced love of poetry—as balanced living—means honor for the body as well as the following of those things which are called spiritual. If the human being is to be free to make the highest use of his powers, his body as a mechanism obliges him to be intelligent about it. So, in a sense, his body, which is matter, becomes a lever to something higher.

The human being who wanders into poetry looking for his soul is merely looking for himself, enlarged, in the poetry he reads. Poetry is a kind of looking-glass which he holds up, hoping it will be kind; and which he is too apt to put down as a cracked old mirror if it is unkind. But some readers live long enough to admit that the looking-glass of poetry is more interesting because it contains more than one image. Lola Ridge often holds up a mirror to human nature which seems unkind. Miss Ridge's *Ghetto* and *Sun-Up* have many pages which are difficult to face because they show brutality. Even the quietest of her songs, *Lullaby*, gives again the cruelty of that East St. Louis race riot when a white woman flung a colored baby alive into the fire:

> Rock-a-by baby, woolly and brown . . .
> (There's a shout at the door an' a big red light . . .)
> Lil' coon baby, mammy is down . . .
> Han's that hold yuh are steady an' white.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Rock-a-by baby, up to the sky!
> Look at the cherries driftin' by—
> Bright red cherries spilled on the groun'—
> Piping-hot cherries at nuthin' a poun'!
>
> . . . . . .

An' the singin' flame an' the gleeful crowd
Circlin' aroun' . . . won't mammy be proud!
With a stone at her hade an' a stone on her heart,
An' her mouth like a red plum, broken apart.

. . . . . .

Hear all the eagah feet runnin' in town—
See all the willin' han's reach outah night—
Han's that are wonderful, steady an' white!
To toss up a lil' babe, blinkin' an' brown.

Rock-a-by baby—higher an' higher!
Mammy is sleepin' an' daddy's run lame . . .
(Soun' may yuh sleep in yo' cradle o' fire!)
Rock-a-by baby, hushed in the flame.

Indeed there comes a stage when readers tip the mirror so that they may see even those who are passing in the street below—figures Chaucer and Shakespeare would not have despised; just the eternal human pilgrimage. The greatest poetry brings not only pleasure to the ear and exaltation of the imagination but also truth and wisdom.

Poetry is the human effort to express life in some way that is satisfying. A poem is primarily a matter of emotion, secondarily of thought, and invariably of music. It is a threefold product, the medium of which is music of one sort or another, music made by means of rhythm, metre, rhyme. Poetry is something besides words: it is music. And the speech of music is not always articulate in the fashion of words. In the mind of the receiver a poem completes itself in much the same way as a musical composition. Take, for example, Swinburne. Often and undeniably the thought of his poetry remains unborn—without speech or the possibility of speech. That is a negative illustration. A positive example would be significant music beyond the reach of words or articulate thought. It is found in such a passage as this from *Tintern Abbey:*

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,

> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

What Wordsworth does not say in these lines is more important than what he does say, for the senses are in a higher state of communion than is possible either to reason or analysis. In this ecstasy things lose their opacity and become translucent. To quote Blake, the poet sees *through* not *with* the eye. And this super-vision, this super-meaning, great poetry always has—something which, as in music, passes beyond, is above actual or exact expression. Even Byron wrote: "What is Poetry? The feeling of a Former world and a Future. Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure . . . does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow, a fear of what is to come, a doubt of what *is*—retrospect to the past, leading to prognostication of the future?" Every great moment in poetry is something beyond what is actually known, just as every great moment in life has revelation in it that transcends the actual. Through the reading of poetry, imagination, its relation to that which is spoken and unspoken, should be kindled. Such reading and such reading only can be called creative reading. Wordsworth would have been hard put to express in words the "elevated thoughts" which were awakened in him. Yet the fact that they were there, beyond the reach of speech, was the lever which lifted his poetry on to its highest reach. In the curious and inscrutable economy of nature speechlessness in things spiritual serves its high purpose.

Great creative epochs in literature are rare. "Because," as Matthew Arnold has said, "for the creation of a master-work of

literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control." Behind the creative power must be a critical power which has learned something or much about life. Man and nature are the materials of his art; and of the two, for most of us, man is the more important. Psychologically this must always remain true. Byron's knowledge of life was warped and wayward; Goethe's extensive and steady. Byron's poetry has not stood the test of years in holding interest; Goethe's has. It is easy to draw the right conclusion and to reach out towards similar tests for the challenging poetry of to-day. A mind really at work must be bound by no considerations of either caste or policy; and it must not be limited wholly to a practical world nor wholly absorbed in transcendental ideas. Only by a full impersonal consideration of human nature and the world of nature does a lofty education become possible. A poet cannot have too great knowledge nor a memory too profound. If a mind is to develop muscles, it must be free to move around unlaced by conventionality; and it must have plenty of ideas to feed upon. For the energetic mind the Victorian era, because of its mental stays and laces, was difficult to move and breathe in. We might say that a Robert Browning *per saltum* burst Victorianism, but that Matthew Arnold breathed its air with difficulty, fought its bondage in his essays, and succumbed somewhat to its strictures—at least to the point of needing that "anodyne" of which he writes so often in his poetry.

Clear thinking is scientific thinking, but that does not limit such thinking to the material of science. The art instinct is just as natural as the instinct to analyze and classify which we call scientific. The art instinct is racial, and we find it at work everywhere, from the tattooing of lines and figures on a savage up to the creation of the greatest of poems. When a people ceases to be artistic the trouble is not with art but with the civilization which has killed the instinct. It is as "scientific" to be able to think clearly about a poem or in a poem as it is to be able to think clearly about some crustacean. It is as scientific to be able to think clearly about a standard of conduct (and that im-

plies ideas as a basis for comparison and freedom of mental movement) as it is to think clearly about some fossil of the palæozoic age. Any clear thinking means hard work, delving and digging up of material, patient assorting and classifying and patient fixing in the memory all necessary scaffolding. Haziness is inferiority. This is true mentally and it is true of the artist. Joubert has said that what is only half understood can be only half expressed—one of the reasons why facility is so deadly, for it comes from those whose comprehension is limited or inferior. It is or should be the business of the poem to make others conscious of how difficult great art—a great poem—is, either to conceive or to express.

The intention of life, the simple movement that runs through the lines, that binds them together and gives them significance, escapes the average eye. This intention is what the artist tries to regain, in placing himself back within the object by a kind of sympathy, in breaking down, by an effort of intuition, the barrier that space puts up between him and his model. Poetry breaks down innumerable barriers. It can and does, for example, bridge the gap of hundreds, even of thousands, of years. Carl Sandburg's *Cool Tombs* is a recent example of this power in poetry:

> When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
>
> And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
>
> Pocahontas's body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?
>
> Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

Does art carry mankind on by the uses of instinct and intelligence through life to something higher? Certainly by it men manage to construct something which is higher, more beautiful than life itself. It fulfils, in the only way it ever can be fulfilled, man's longing for perfection. Art wins for humanity in a spiritual world, a world of the mind, the only contenting or

adequate victory it will ever know. Art is the poet's very life. In one sense he is always in heaven—no doubt one of the reasons why he makes so many mistakes on this earth! And assuredly the reason why he, more than most men, suffers so from the disparity between the real and the ideal world!

Everybody can love poetry, for such love is as natural as love for the earth or for a child. Perhaps men study the philosophy of a poet, but it is not that which is primarily of interest to them, for like every love affair that ever has been or ever will be, poetry is an affair of the heart. Men set out to read poetry and make themselves very wise by much reading and much study. In the end what all readers of poetry learn is something unalterably, fundamentally human upon which all the accumulated facts and wisdom in the world can but throw light but not create: an enlarged experience.

JEANNETTE MARKS.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A MYSTICAL TONE-POET

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THE sum total of his work has brought about an artistic revolution unequalled in the whole history of the arts. . . . He gives us a completely new system of harmony. Moreover, at the time of his death he was experimenting with the unification of the various arts of sound, light, and bodily movement; and, as if all this were not enough, he wove a system of philosophy into the art of his latest period."

Who, the reader may well ask in some excitement, is this remarkable æsthetic revolutionist whose achievements are thus summarized by a distinguished British musicologist, Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, Mus. Doc. (Oxon.) and editor of *The Monthly Musical Record* of London? The reader shall not be needlessly tortured: This extraordinary music-maker is none other than Alexander Nicolaievitch Scriabin, who was born at Moscow in 1872 and died there in his forty-fourth year, in the second spring of the Great War. The casual reader may think that Scriabin was young to have accomplished all that Dr. Hull and his other celebrants claim for him. But let it not be forgotten that Mozart wrote his first symphony when he was eight years old, and that when he died, in his thirty-sixth year, he had composed in all forty-seven symphonies. To be sure, most of them are negligible —a truth which is indicated (though not necessarily proved) by the fact that only three of the forty-seven remain in the concert repertoire. Nevertheless, Mozart was a very pretty fellow in his day. His life was nine years shorter than Scriabin's; so let us grant, at least as an hypothesis, that it was perfectly possible for Scriabin to accomplish all that Dr. Hull and others say that he did. At all events, it is clear that his work deserves consideration. He is to-day one of the most fashionable of modern

composers. His symphonic poems are heard in our concert-rooms with increasing frequency. It is said that in Russia he has pushed poor Tchaikovsky to the wall; and elsewhere in Europe his ghost disputes with Stravinsky the distinction of being the idol of *Les Jeunes*. We have not before discussed him in these pages; so let us now glance at certain aspects of his music—which, for our present purposes, shall be his orchestral works in their philosophical and æsthetic aspects; though his later piano pieces are worthy of special attention, and may tempt us to it at another time, in connection with an examination of what Dr. Hull calls his "revolutionary" technique.

Scriabin's vogue in the Western world began about fifteen years ago, when Mr. Modest Altschuler and his Russian Symphony Orchestra (whose services in the cause of musical education have never been adequately acknowledged) performed Scriabin's *Le divin Poème* in March, 1907. But it is only within the last decade that Scriabin has disclosed his full stature as a significant figure in contemporary music.

The later orchestral works of Scriabin cannot be fully apprehended unless it is borne in mind that for him they represented something much more than adventures in æsthetic expression. These last symphonic scores of his—*The Divine Poem*, *The Poem of Ecstasy*, and especially *Prometheus: The Poem of Fire*—do not primarily aim (in Wagner's phrase) at "the susciting of pleasure in beautiful forms". Nor are they "programme-music" in the more familiar sense of the term: music designed to convey those moods and emotions that are common to all men—joy, desire, passion, grief; the contemplation of nature, the delight of the senses in the beauty of the world. Scriabin intended these orchestral tone-poems as mystical rites, and we cannot meet him even half-way unless we try to understand his point of view, with as generous an attempt to grant his premises as we can achieve.

The essential fact to bear in mind is that Scriabin was a wholehearted and uncompromising mystic, and that he regarded music as a vehicle for the transfer of religious experience (we are speaking of the mature Scriabin, not of the earlier composer of Chopinesque salon-music). He was dubbed by those about him "the Muscovite seer"; and his friends have testified that, for him, "Art and

Religion were one"—that he employed music as a means for "the expression of great inner truths". It was "the language in which he prophesied". Scriabin has been called a Theosophist, and undoubtedly he regarded himself as such. "He had made for himself," wrote Paul Rosenfeld in his *Musical Portraits*, "a curious personal religion, a bizarre mixture of Theosophy and Neoplatonism and Bergsonian philosophy,—a faith that prescribed transport; and these works [the symphonic poems] were in part conceived as rituals. They were planned as ceremonies of elevation and deification by ecstasy, in which performers and auditors engaged as active and passive celebrants. Together they were to ascend from plane to plane of delight, experiencing divine struggle and divine bliss and divine creativity. The music was to call the soul through the gate of the sense of hearing,—to lead it, slowly, hieratically, up through circle after circle of heaven, until the mystical gongs boomed and the mass-emotion reached the father of souls, and was become God."

Those whom Scriabin endorsed as his spokesmen have told us that he desired, like Wagner, to unite all the arts in the service of an ideal purpose. But in Scriabin's case this end was not "the perfect Drama, but the perfect Rite". In his *Prometheus* he intended that the "symphony of sounds" should be accompanied by "a symphony of color-rays"; and to that end he invented a keyboard instrument which he called a *Tastiéra per luce*, or *clavier à lumières*, by means of which effects of colored light were to be projected upon a screen, synchronizing with the progress of the music, and having a symbolic association with its expressional purposes. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a still more elaborate synthesis; a "Mystery", in which the music was to be associated not only with synchronous effects of light but with perfume and the dance as well. Thus "the secondary arts" (it has been explained) would enhance "the dominating arts—those subject to the will-power; symphonies of music, words, and gestures being accompanied by symphonies of color and light". In the projected "Mystery", no less than in the realized *Prometheus*, he endeavored to "do away with the barriers which divide the celebrants of the rite from those who are passively initiated (the onlookers and listeners), so that all shall experience the evolution

of the creative spirit. In this way, every art will be called into requisition in order to produce an ecstatic condition, affording a glimpse of the higher spiritual planes"—thus Mrs. Newmarch, who acted as interpreter for Scriabin's mystico-æsthetic doctrines when *Prometheus* was performed for the first time in London on February 1, 1913, and whose exegesis evidently had the approval of the composer, since he consented to its being reprinted unchanged at a subsequent performance of the work. Therefore we may assume that Mrs. Newmarch spoke with authority when she proceeded to set forth the meaning which the subject of Prometheus had for Scriabin in his tone-poem.

We are warned, at the start, that the legend of Prometheus as embodied in this work "differs very widely from the version with which we have been familiarized by Æschylus and Shelley":

> The Promethean myth [Mrs. Newmarch continues] is much older than Hesiod, who relates it. It belongs, indeed, to the dawn of human consciousness. The design on the cover of the score is by M. Jean Delville, the leader of the Theosophist cult in Belgium, and shows us no ordinary conception of the Titan, "rock-rivetted and chained in height and cold," with the vulture perpetually gnawing at his vitals, but one of that class of adepts symbolized at a much later date by the Greeks under the name of Prometheus. These "Sons of the Flame of Wisdom", who were closely allied with the purely spiritual side of man, were alone able to impart to humanity that sacred spark which expands into the blossom of human intelligence and self-consciousness.
>
> According to the teaching of Theosophy, the nascent races of mankind, not yet illuminated by the Promethean spark, were physically incomplete, possessing only the shadows of bodies; sinless, because devoid of conscious personality —in Theosophical terms, "without Karma." From this condition they were liberated by the gift of Prometheus—the fire which awakened man's conscious creative power. But among those shadowy entities some were already more prepared to receive the spark than others. The more advanced understood the value of the gift, and used it on the higher spiritual planes. . . . The less highly organized turned it to gross material uses, involving suffering and evil. Thus the Promethean gift assumed a dual aspect: on the one hand it proved a boon, on the other, a curse.
>
> We have here the elements of a fairly definite and infinitely varied psychological scheme: the crepuscular, invertebrate state of Karma-less humanity; the awakening of the will to create, in both its aspects; the strange moods of bliss and anguish which follow the acquisition of self-consciousness; probably, also, the last, fierce rebellion of the lower self preceding the final ecstasy of union, when the human mingles with the divine—with Agni, the fire which receives into itself all other sparks in the ultimate phase of development.

Thus it is evident that *Prometheus* is a work dealing with concepts far more elusive and esoteric than those which lie at the basis of even so thoroughgoing an example of "philosophical" music as Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* And this is equally true of his other orchestral tone-poems—*Le divin Poème* and *Le Poème de l'Extase.*

Let us turn, for a moment, to the forerunner of *Prometheus, Le Poème de l'Extase.* In this work, according to Mr. Altschuler,—who was the composer's intimate friend and confidant,—Scriabin "sought to express something of the emotional side of his philosophy. He was neither a Pantheist nor a Theosophist, although his creed contained elements common to both." According to Mr. Altschuler, the expressional scheme of *Le Poème de l'Extase* "may be divided into three connected parts: (1) His soul in the orgy of love. (2) The realization of a fantastic dream. (3) The glory of his own art."

But Dr. Hull says that "the basic idea of this fourth orchestral work of Scriabin is the Ecstasy of untrammelled action, the Joy in Creative Activity"; and he quotes the lines extracted by Scriabin from his literary *Poem of Ecstasy* and used as a motto for the *Fifth Sonata,* composed immediately after the symphonic poem:

> I call you to life, O mysterious forces!
> Submerged in depths obscure
> Of the Creator Spirit, timid embryons of life,
> To you I now bring courage.

Attend, further, to Mr. Montagu-Nathan (in his *Contemporary Russian Composers*): In the *Poème de l'Extase,* he says, "the divine play of the soul reaches its apogee," and the music portrays "the spiritual movement of the soul . . . its struggle to obtain entrance into a state of energy describable as an orgy of creative activity. The soul, in an ecstasy, scorns achievement and rushes on towards the undertaking of further and mightier tasks. The soul here represents, we are told, the personal element evolving itself from the cosmic chaos."

Mr. Albert Coates has said that in the *Poème de l'Extase* "we find Scriabin's love of light. In the great climax representing the very height of ecstasy he had the picture in his mind of the human being, now freed from the fetters and trammels of everyday life,

standing on the mountain-tops, with arms flung wide and head thrown back, bathed in a radiant splendor of dazzling golden sunlight."

Now it will be obvious to those who are familiar with mystical thought that Scriabin's philosophy, as expounded by his spokesmen, is, as Theosophical doctrine, altogether spurious. For it is wholly at variance with the Theosophical categories, which are based upon the cardinal distinction between what St. Paul called "the psychic body"[1] and that other element of the human complex, "the spiritual body." Scriabin's philosophy, as it is quintessentialized and projected in his symphonic poems, is a curious blend of exalted emotionalism and voluptuous revery. Of genuine spiritual rapture it has almost nothing. To view Scriabin as a true spiritual mystic is to misjudge his qualities.

But, happily, the music that results from his *état d'âme* is not dependent upon a philosophy for its effect. This music has an independent existence of its own; in and of itself, it communicates emotions that are purely æsthetic. Its truly rhapsodic power, its beauty that is both gorgeous and delicate, are inherent in the outgivings of Scriabin the musician, the master of an imaginative and eloquent tone-poetry. So that, even if one is loath to follow Scriabin the mystic and metaphysician along the difficult Path to that strange world the seers tell of, "the world at the back of the heavens," there remains the magician of tones who was, as Dr. Hull insists ("notwithstanding all his explainers and annotators"), the "champion of absolute music, music pure and simple. Read what you like into it". That will seem to many to be going rather too far. This music is undoubtedly a good deal more moving and impressive to those who bear in mind its special character as an expression of cumulative mystical ecstasy, than it could possibly be to those who chose to listen to it merely as a pattern of sound. Nevertheless, so divinely indulgent is the Goddess of Music, that she will yield to the listener almost anything he asks of her.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

[1] σῶμα ψυχικόν.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FROM MAYFAIR TO PITTSBURGH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE *American Diary* of Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the eminent British aristocrat, has the inestimable value and interest possessed by all frank disclosures of the foreign outlook upon our national scene; and who can doubt that Mrs. Sheridan is frank? It is the keystone of her autobiographical arch. It is her badge—her gonfalon. She wears the symbol of frankness as proudly and superbly as Cyrano wore his plume. "Deliciously frank" is the phrase contrived by her publishers to characterize the Diary. We shall not quarrel with the adverb, even though it is not precisely the one we should have chosen ourselves. But there are other epithets employed in the same public card of introduction: "Intimate, sparkling, gossipy revelations . . . of the impressions made upon this famous English society woman and sculptress by our leading men and women of society and letters." In addition, it may be recalled that Clare Sheridan is the famous lady who invaded Bolshevist Russia and persuaded Mr. Trotzky, Mr. Lenin and other distinguished Muscovites to sit for their portraits in (we suppose) clay. And then Mrs. Sheridan, as is well remembered, came back and told the world all about the insides of contemporary Russia, through the medium of a diary published in *The New York Times*.

Her career, so far as it is generally known in these parts, has therefore been one of pitiless publicity. She is, it might be respectfully said, for open-work diplomacy. This was made manifest without delay upon her arrival in America in the winter of 1921. Mrs. Sheridan, as soon as she had docked, retreated to the austere seclusion of the Biltmore; but she was immediately informed that she had better submit to the addresses of the

[1] *My American Diary*, by Clare Sheridan. Boni and Liveright: New York.

newspaper reporters—"for if she were impatient or cross they would write something nasty" ["nasty", we hasten to remind those whose culture is of low visibility, is an Anglicism—strange to the American language—meaning simply "disagreeable"]. Mrs. Sheridan learned her lesson quickly. She was neither impatient nor cross. She even let a reporter ride with her in the taxi when she went to lunch—though she seems not to have made any attempt to get him past the butler. But no matter: she herself tells us all about those luncheons. "Hen luncheons," she calls them—"on Fifth Avenue." These functions were attended by "women with bare white chests [what color did Mrs. Sheridan fancy they would be? you cannot help wondering], pearls, and tulle sleeves. There is never a man." Mrs. Sheridan wonders if they can be contented. From this initial convocation of social poultry Mrs. Sheridan descended a bit lower—though not much lower—in the social lift. She was dropped at the *Vanity Fair* office, and there she encountered Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Heywood Broun. Mr. Crowninshield qualified at once as "an angel", and a "humorous" angel; but Mr. Broun is more delicately extolled; his humor is "rather Latin—*moqueur*". Mr. Broun, having studied at Harvard, will know what she meant.

Two days later we find her dining at the Walter Rosen's with Mr. Louis Wiley and McEvoy the painter. It should have been a nice party; but alas, Mrs. Sheridan had to "leave hurriedly" for a lecture at Æolian Hall, where Mr. Broun, the Latin humorist, was again lying in wait for her, to introduce her to her first New York audience. Mrs. Sheridan found them "very quick and full of humor"—"on the idea before one had time to get to it oneself."

A few days later Mrs. Sheridan lunched with *The Times*. Mr. Wiley sent his car for her, and someone ("they", she says, but one suspects Mr. Rollo Ogden) gave her orchids. The next day was quieter. Mrs. Sheridan dined with Archer Huntington. It was a small party, and everyone talked low, and there was a great calm; though Mrs. Sheridan confides to us that her host treated her "like Lenin did" (Mrs. Sheridan will soon learn to speak correct American grammar)—which, if you are curious, was "smilingly and lightly", as if she were "not very serious".

Her next adventure was at a lunch given by her publisher at the Ritz. Here Mrs. Sheridan met a white-haired, fine-featured guest, standing "6 ft. 4", whom she quaintly took for a relative of Rupert Brooke, the poet; but it turned out to be only Mr. Barney Baruch (and it is no doubt true, as Mrs. Sheridan explains, that if you say it fast and casually, it *does* sound like "Brooke"). However, Mr. Baruch proved himself "brilliant" and "interesting" and "unprejudiced", and, happily, "a friend of Winston".

Soon after we find her resorting for solace to Pittsburgh, where she went to inspect the national genius in one of its most productive manifestations, the Heinz manufactory. Here, at last, she found serenity, beauty, order. "Everything looked like a Whistler picture." She saw marble columns, fountains, marble busts on pedestals, and a frieze by an English artist representing the various Heinz processes. With fascinated eyes she watched the process of building the nest of the baked bean—saw "the flat piece of tin go into the machine, become round and soldered, move along to have its bottom put on, and, without stopping, go careering along overhead to the next floor to be mechanically filled with baked beans, and have its lid put on"—a process which, she learned, takes just four and a quarter minutes.

Thrilled and uplifted, Mrs. Sheridan boarded a sleeper (where she passed a wakeful night of horror, infuriated by the nocturnal whistling of traveling salesmen and the flouting of her midnight privacy), and returned to New York. Thereafter Mrs. Sheridan's oscillations became almost as swift and engrossing as the enchanting miracles she had witnessed in the home of the Baked Bean. On the 10th of March we find her lunching with the Morgans, where one got "the impression of being with Austrian Royalties"; and then there is a breath-catching transition to Croton, where Mr. Boardman Robinson—"looking like Judas Iscariot, or maybe it's St. Peter"—is to be found lying on his stomach in the grass listening to a girl singing old English folk songs, while Floyd Dell emerges from behind his briary bush, and others of the Hudson Intelligentzia stroll about in blouse shirts and corduroy trousers, "like French *ouvriers*".

And then Mrs. Sheridan went West, to Movieland, where she

had her famous encounter with Charlie Chaplin. She was permitted to "work on Charlie's head"—by which she means that she made a bust of it; and meanwhile she enjoyed the opportunity of studying the great man at his ease. It appears that Charlie's home-life was moody, fluctuant, and slightly sybaritic. He started the morning in a serious vein, garbed in a brown silk dressing gown. But soon his mood changed; he went upstairs and reappeared in an orange and primrose gown. Later, there was a camping trip. Tents were pitched in a quiet spot by the sea, and late into the night they sat over the camp-fire. "A half-moon rose, and little veils of sea, like gossamer, swept over the dunes, and the shiny eucalyptus stems cast black shadows. Mingling with the cries of the night-birds came the rhythmical sound of the sea. One by one the lanterns in the camp flickered and went out. Charlie sat huddled up before the flame, an elfin, elemental creature with gleaming eyes and tousled hair, his little nervous hands raking the embers with a stick. His voice was very deep, the voice of a much bigger man. He ruminated moodily. He said it was 'too much—too great—too beautiful—there are no words—'" Mrs. Sheridan sees for Charlie a great future. "He is so immensely bigger than the work he is engaged in. I believe that if he survives, he may in a very few years take a very big place in our international public life." Mrs. Sheridan envisions him standing for Parliament—for she has heard him "make impassioned speeches to imaginary crowds. He has harangued the sand-dunes". It is an enthralling vision: Charlie in the Cabinet . . . Charlie as Prime Minister . . . Sir Charles . . . Lord Hollywood. . . .

We come, now, to Mrs. Sheridan's conclusions upon the subject of American civilization. She has ranged widely over the national scene, from Charlie's bungalow to the Morgan Library. You have a wild, confused, phantasmagoric impression of blended extremes—mixtures of things that don't mix, yet seem to have accomplished the impossible: Fifth Avenue "hen luncheons" with the tomato sauce of the Heinzes; Mr. Bob Chanler, with his "roar like a bull", singing old English folk songs with Floyd Dell; General Vanderbilt whistling himself to sleep in an upper berth. Yet Mrs. Sheridan herself is clear, definite, convinced. Our

society is "purely social", not intellectual; and hence dull. Elsewhere in the world, a dull society may be varied by its vice. But here we are "less vicious (apparently) and more dull, less intellectual, and more overwhelmingly conventional. In the United States, the Puritan origin has dominated over all other races with which it has eventually become amalgamated; stronger than the Latin is the Puritan—stronger than the German, the Dutch, the Irish, or the Jew. In this amazing country even the mature foreign element is bent, broken, molded, forced into an American! And in a very short space of time. It is this standardization that surpasses individuality. . . ." But let us close upon a happier note. Mrs. Sheridan found here one institution which she can unqualifiedly indorse—the American firefly. Let her tell it in her own lyric prose: "We were sitting on the piazza at dusk [this was at Rye, N. Y., on Long Island sound]. It was a Sunday night. I had one of the great surprises of my life. It will be as memorable as any of the big events that have come to me. I asked, pointing to the bushes: 'Am I mad? What is that?' 'That is a firefly.' I had heard vaguely of fireflies, but no one had ever described to me what a June night in America could be like." Mrs. Sheridan yearns for an American poet who will sing about the fireflies—as, she says, "W. B. Yeats has written of Ireland that '*the night was full of the sound of linnets' wings.*'" Ah, no, confiding Diarist: he wrote something quite different. How can you, with your sensitive artist's soul, bear to misquote a perfect line from a perfect poem? Let us quote, for our pleasure and your refreshment, the matchless lyric that you have jazzed—

> And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
> Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
> There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
> And evening full of the linnet's wings.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

DOGBERRY. You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.
SECOND WATCH. How if a' will not stand?
DOGBERRY. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

THE Genoa Conference, comprising, as we have been reproachfully reminded a thousand times, all nations that were implicated in the Great War save only the United States, was conceived and convened as an exclusively economic body, from which all politics should be inexorably barred. That was the tenor of the invitations to it, acceptance of which implied a pledge to that effect. Also, an unwritten law, as binding upon every honorable nation as though it were a written, signed and sealed convention, forbade any of the participants to engage in any private negotiations among themselves, and required all that was done to be done with the knowledge and in the presence of all. To that Conference Germany and Soviet Russia were invited, for the first time since the war, to sit as equals at the council board of the nations. And their first acts of consequence were to violate flagrantly the two fundamental principles of the Conference, by making a secret treaty between themselves, and by injecting into the deliberations of the Conference purely political issues of a highly controversial character. The Powers promptly, and most properly, bade them stand—annul their treacherous treaty, and withdraw their political issues. This the culprits as promptly and curtly refused to do. Whereupon the majority of the Powers seemed inclined to take no note of them but to let them go—or have their own way. That those two Governments, which had been admitted to the Conference only on sufferance, should have acted with so gross indecency, can scarcely excite surprise; "for 'tis their nature to." That their offense should be regarded by most of the Powers with tolerance and substantial

acquiescence may not provoke us to censoriousness, which would be uncalled-for in a matter which is no direct business of ours, but it must add a special fervor to our thankfulness that we at least are not in that galley.

The treacherous Treaty of Rapallo affords another illustration of the repetitions of history, being the third such performance by the same two countries within a single lifetime. Just thirty-five years ago Germany, under Bismarck's direction, coerced Italy and Austria-Hungary into joining her in a Triple Alliance against France and Russia; and then, before the ink was fairly dry upon the signatures to that instrument, Germany entered into a secret alliance with Russia against Austria-Hungary and Italy. Such was the cynical morality of the "Honest Broker". Thirty years later, at the crisis of the World War, Germany and Soviet Russia made the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, in which the latter betrayed her allies as actually as the former had potentially betrayed hers a generation before. Now the triple cord of treachery is completed by the same delectable pair in the Treaty of Rapallo; an equally flagrant betrayal not indeed of allies but at least of those Powers which had with unexampled generosity consented to repose in them the confidence due only to faith-keeping nations. Strange, that conduct should be condoned among nations which among self-respecting individuals would not be countenanced for a moment. Still more strange—or perhaps less so, in view of the sequence of the events—is the widely proclaimed assumption that Germany and Russia will presently be taken into the full fellowship of the League of Nations and that then the United States will simply have to enter that same fold.

The great coal strike has evoked many suggestions, requests and demands for intervention by the Federal Government, in accord with the precedent set by President Roosevelt in 1902, when the last former strike occurred in the anthracite region. That precedent seems, however, to be not correctly remembered or understood by those who have clamored for instant and dictatorial action; the fact being that President Roosevelt was conspicuously deliberate and non-dictatorial; and though in the end

his course proved effective and satisfactory, it led to settlement through precisely such a compromise as many are now inclined to condemn in advance. In April, 1902, the miners demanded shorter hours, better pay, and recognition of their union, all of which the operators refused. The miners then proposed but the operators refused arbitration; and repeated efforts by the National Civic Federation aggravated rather than ameliorated the trouble. Early in May a general strike began, but not until a month later, when the mines began to be flooded and the distress of famine prevailed in that region, did the President attempt to effect a settlement. His proposal of arbitration was rejected, whereupon he contented himself with directing his Commissioner of Labor to investigate and report upon the general conditions of the mining industry. The "fight to a finish" went on, with much arson, dynamiting, rioting and loss of life. Thousands of State troops were sent to the field, and demands were made upon the President (by the mine operators) for Federal troops, which he refused. At the beginning of October, five months after the beginning of the strike, when the price of coal had risen five or six fold and the public faced winter weather with empty bins, the President again called the leaders of both sides into conference at the White House, but again without avail. But ten days later, through the coöperation of Mr. J. P. Morgan, who had returned from Europe, President Roosevelt got both sides to submit to arbitration, pending the result of which the miners immediately returned to work, more than five months after the beginning of the strike. More than five months later still the arbitrators made their report, exactly "splitting the difference" between the demands of the miners and the contentions of the operators; a compromise which was loyally accepted by both sides and which remained in force for nineteen years, until the present spring. Such was the "precedent" set for Presidential intervention at this time. Perhaps the most pertinent and significant comparison between the two cases is that which shows the root of the trouble to be precisely the same in both, to wit, over-development of the mining industry. So many mines are being operated that if they are kept going all the time there is a production of coal thirty per cent or more in excess of the demand

and use. The mines are therefore shut down and the men thrown into idleness about one-third of the time, and the men have to maintain themselves and their families for three-thirds of the time on the earnings of only two-thirds. Obviously a man is better off if he works 300 days for five dollars a day than if he gets seven dollars a day and works only 200 days. We must therefore regard it as a hopeful symptom that many men are quitting the mines and taking up farming or other occupations. If their places are not filled, but there is a material permanent reduction of the mining force, it will be for the good of all concerned.

Much more attention has been paid to the dismissal—without charges—of a score of employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing than was generally given to the wholesale demoralization of the Civil Service during the preceding Administration; perhaps because much better things are expected of the present than were expected of the former régime. There appears to have been no violation of the spirit and intent of the law, the only question undetermined at this writing being whether certain technicalities of procedure were observed. Immeasurably more serious was the action of Congress in exempting from the Civil Service law the army of agents for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. This utterly indefensible thing was done, it is said, at the solicitation—dictation would perhaps be the better word—of the Anti-Saloon League propagandists. The result, according to Mr. William Dudley Foulke, Acting President of the National Civil Service Reform League, has been that "this branch of the service is so honeycombed with corruption that it is known that hundreds of thousands of dollars of graft have been taken by those engaged in it, some of whom are under indictment". Some members of both Houses of Congress seem to look upon this state of affairs with complacence, and are assuming an attitude of hostility to the entire merit system. It should be very distinctly and emphatically understood by all whom it may concern that while on the one hand the American people do not want the Administration to be embarrassed, its work to be impeded, and its economies to be balked, by the enforced retention of dishonest, incompetent or superfluous employees, on the other hand

with equal resolution they are determined not to permit the merit system to be broken down or impaired and the Government to be dragged back into the debauch of spoilsmanship.

The death of the Pundita Ramabai, occurring almost simultaneously with the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Mohandas Gandhi, suggests an instructive contrast between two of the most noteworthy figures that have arisen in India in our day. Coming of a far more exalted caste and lineage than Mr. Gandhi, and possessing probably higher culture and fuller education,—she was the first Indian woman that ever received the highest academic degree of Sarasvati,—Ramabai consistently aimed at constructive instead of destructive work; she advocated instead of forbidding coöperation with British official and other agencies; she sought to utilize instead of renouncing the modern arts of European and American civilization for the benefit of India; and she accepted instead of rejecting the Christian religion. Thus in almost every important particular she was the exact opposite of Mr. Gandhi. We may unhesitatingly add that the work which she achieved for the education and emancipation of the women of India, and particularly for their redemption from the appalling curse of child-widowhood, greatly outranks in value anything which has thus far been set down to Mr. Gandhi's credit.

The entrance of Arthur James Balfour into the House of Lords follows his acceptance of the most exalted of all the Orders of Knighthood, but is of objective more than subjective significance. There will be no change in spirit from the Great Commoner to the Belted Earl. The scion of one of the proudest and most ancient families of the peerage and imbued with the very quintessence of aristocracy, he has always been masterfully democratic at heart, as both his political course at home and his cordial and affectionate regard for America have shown, and he will be none the less democratic in spirit in his seat in the Gilded Chamber. The chief purport of his translation is the cumulative demonstration which is thus given of the radically changing character of the House of Lords. While a large proportion of the members of that body hold their places by inheritance, the overwhelming

majority of those who exercise real influence are men who won their spurs in statesmanship as Commoners, or who earned peerages by their great achievements in literature, science or art. When we think of the House of Lords to-day we think of such men as Bryce, Morley, Milner, Curzon, Kelvin, Northcliffe, Mount Stephen, Allenby and their compeers. Into such company it does not seem unfitting or incongruous for the Earl of Balfour of Whittingehame to enter.

The commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant was not dimmed nor dwarfed by contrast with the great captains of a far greater war than that in which he rendered his priceless services and won his undying fame. Indeed, its interest was strikingly enhanced by the participation of one of the very greatest—perhaps we might also say, most Grant-like—of those later commanders. For it was happily possible for Marshal Joffre on that anniversary day to be in New York, to pay tribute at the Riverside mausoleum, and to unveil a monumental bust of the great American soldier in the Hall of Fame—which, with characteristic taste worthy of immortal remembrance, he elected to do, wearing the uniform of a Marshal of France rather than the robe of a Doctor of Laws with which the University on that occasion invested him. It would be unprofitable to attempt comparison or contrast between Grant and Marshal Joffre, or any other commander of the Great War. Yet he must be lacking in perception who does not see a likeness so marked as to amount to practical identity between them in what must after all be accounted the supreme respect. One of his shrewdest and keenest critical observers declared that it was in and through his moral greatness, more than all else, that Grant rose to preëminence in the Civil War; and it was precisely that quality which enabled Marshal Joffre to achieve salvation for mankind in the Miracle of the Marne.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE POETIC MIND. By F. C. Prescott, Professor of English, Cornell University. New York: The MacMillan Company.

The work undertaken by Professor Prescott in his book, *The Poetic Mind*, is genuinely needed. Here is no mere classification of literary effects, or eloquent avowal of faiths and preferences, but an attempt at fundamental analysis. Emphatically, it is the poetic *mind*—not simply poetry or poetic people—that is Professor Prescott's theme, and he has undoubtedly chosen the right way to get at the root of the real question. Is poetry mere vagary or mere technique? Is it prophecy or embroidery? Has it a gospel, or does it merely afford an outlet for all manner of emotion? Most of all, is there any ground for the insistence of so many poets upon that tenuous entity called Beauty, and is one who devotes his life to the service of this ideal to be admired or to be scorned? These and a hundred other questions come crowding, the moment we drop the professionally literary manner and endeavor to be human in our consideration of poetry.

One cannot be permanently contented with a poetic criticism which, however inspired and poetic in itself, tends to be occult, vague and temperamental. Nor can we altogether rid ourselves of the difficulty by taking a mainly objective view of the poetic process, as Max Eastman does in his illuminating book upon the appreciation of poetry. It is not enough to know that poetic modes of expression are as common and as instinctive with all sorts of people as prosaic forms of speech; that there is poetry in slang, and that poetry is in the very fibre of our language. What Mr. Eastman has told us about imaginative realization as opposed to purposive thinking is especially helpful, but does not solve the whole problem. Back of all else, there is in the mind of the average person a more or less justifiable "all or nothing" attitude toward poetry. Either this art, with all its extravagances and its quasi-spiritual claims, is justified, or it isn't! And in the latter case it is only a polite amusement, involving in many cases what seems a quite disproportionate "expense of spirit."

There is really no escape from this dilemma. If the public is pleased with such poets as Longfellow and Tennyson, in whom ecstasy is considerably tempered with tact and common sense, along come the critics presently to say that these are, after all, hardly to be reckoned among the greatest poets. Poetry cannot deny its own sense of superiority; it cannot conceal its own claims to inspiration without ceasing to be poetry. Whether one applies the

romantic test—the test of "the light that never was, on sea or land"—or the classic test of universality, the criterion of "the grand style," it is all the same: in each case there is reference to something lofty and not very intelligible. And if we cannot believe in "the consecration and the poet's dream," if we cannot maintain our faith in this despite the absurdities and the childishness with which poetry often seems to be allied, if we cannot, in short, take Shelley seriously, a considerable number of us will be unable to read poetry with any real contentment, though we may continue to be critics or professors of literature and to consider ourselves persons of acute literary discernment.

It is the signal merit of Professor Prescott's book that it presents this question of *inspiration* as the central problem and attacks it boldly. The author propounds queries that would have seemed almost sacrilegious to the poetry-lovers of a century ago, and he has the courage to answer them in a way that risks the appearance of absurdity in the eyes of those who to-day would like to see poetry stripped of all mystery.

The simple truth, as Professor Prescott sees it, is that poetry *is* largely a result either of inspiration or of a more or less successful effort to imitate the ways of inspiration. But what is this inspiration, and whence does it come?

The author finds his answer in the unconscious. He does not seem quite certain, it is true, whether the unconscious is to be regarded as a sort of psychic ocean, or reservoir of cosmic intelligence, as F. W. H. Myers conceived it, or merely as a collection of "neurograms" (nerve traces), which is the view of Dr. Morton Prince. But, on the whole, he shows a decidedly open mind toward the former hypothesis, almost the only hypothesis, be it said, which seems capable of reconciling science with poetry. Through fascinating pages, he draws out the similarities between dream and poetry and the relation of poetic creativeness to such phenomena as those of multiple personality. By and large, the effect of all this is to impart great vitality to the subject under discussion. Poetry, at lowest, is part of our human heritage—like love and hate, religion and war, and many other things good and bad. It is bound up with our nerve cells, and with the organizations of our brains. It may be as haunting as a guilty conscience, or as inspiring as our unexplained good impulses. At all events, it originates not in the region of superficial fancy and speculation, but in the psychic depths. There, it *may* have access—who knows?—to deeper sources of wisdom than the conscious self is aware of. It behooves us, at any rate, to treat it with respect.

The final impression, however, that is left upon one by this excellent book is that we live in an age of twilight speculation and half-science, an age in which robust faith and serene delight are difficult to attain. Thus, poetry in seeking the support of the psychologists seems to compromise herself a little, as does religion when she seeks help in spiritualism. Our knowledge is incomplete. We know enough to be wise, but not enough to be confident in our joys.

Asia at the Crossroads. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company.

In reading books about the Far East one is more or less distressed by the feeling, not that the author lacks information—there is usually even a superabundance of interesting facts—but that there is a certain inequality of information. One suspects no bias, yet is somehow aware of a temperamental leaning. Sentiment seems to determine the attitude of writers on this subject to a greater degree than one would antecedently think probable. Thus, while nearly every book of this class reveals some new aspect of a large situation involving difficult problems, one can seldom feel confident that the emphasis given to facts is quite correct.

An exception to the general rule seems to be Mr. Powell's *Asia at the Crossroads*. The author appears to have written in the expectation that his book would be read, in some cases at least, by those from whom he has obtained information or toward whom he feels for other reasons a certain responsibility. Under these circumstances he has chosen to be quite frank and at the same time to abjure all special pleading. He lays considerable stress, for example, upon the dual nature of the goverment of Japan and upon the importance of the "unseen" government which so often works at cross purposes with the official organs of the Government. But there is nothing accusatory in this. There is little or no true public opinion in Japan, he declares, giving in support of this statement not mere evidence (of the kind that so often fails to convince), but a real explanation of causes and effects. If he perceives the militaristic tendencies of Japanese foreign policy, he also sees no reason why Japan should not be permitted peacefully to penetrate China through the channels of trade. Markets are an absolute necessity to Japan. Some sort of expansion she must have. Faced by three grave and pressing problems,—that of finding sources of raw materials for her factories, that of finding markets for her manufactured products, and that of finding room for the expansion of her surplus population,—she can hardly be expected to be quite so altruistic in her outlook as America can well afford to be. "That her expansion should be at the expense of other and weaker nations is unfortunate, but under the circumstances unavoidable. . . . But Japan must abandon once for all her old policy of monopolization and coercion."

In other words, Mr. Powell wishes to stand for that measure of international morality which seems humanly possible in the world as it now is—this and no more. Humanly speaking, we are well off when individuals, classes, nations, follow out the promptings of their own natures with decency, moderation, and good faith. We ought not to complain that politicians are not saints, but rather to rejoice that there is such a person as a good politician. So it is reasonable to hope for a decent and moderately well-intentioned nationalism in all countries. But it is unreasonable to expect that every nation and every individual will conform strictly to abstract principles; they cannot so easily alter their conditions or their heredity.

Most writers on China fluctuate between admiration for the wonderful qualities of the Chinese people—taking "qualities" in an absolute sense and not as relative characteristics implying equivalent weaknesses—between this and despair over the political situation. Mr. Powell has little patience with the predatory methods employed by various foreign nations, yet he perceives clearly enough the farcical nature of Chinese attempts at republican self-government. There is, however, a measure of justice that can be secured for China without carrying principles of "self-determination" to the verge of absurdity. China should certainly have, for example, control of her own custom house.

Similarly in appraising the results of Japanese occupation of Korea and in dealing with the question of independence for the Philippines, Mr. Powell shows an equal fairness and an equal regard for facts. One detects no political bias in his discourse, no temperamental leaning toward "strong government" and no excess of sympathy for the under dog; no favoritism for any one race or people, though obviously he has had intimate relations with all of whom he writes.

On the whole, there is in this book uncommonly little that savors of propaganda, sentiment, or political theorizing. It is generally satisfactory and convincing.

WALL SHADOWS: A Study in American Prisons. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Tannenbaum's book is distinguished from most of what has been written about American prisons, not so much by the concreteness of his evidence—though the book is based upon thorough personal investigations—as by the acuteness and vigor of the author's analysis of prison psychology—the psychology of the prisoner and still more that of the jailer.

"Brutality," says the author, "is a constant factor—constant as the prison itself; and the publicity which upon occasion makes it known to the public bears only an accidental relation to the thing itself." Cruel penalties become common, not altogether through any innate disposition toward cruelty on the part of those possessing despotic authority, but mainly through the limitation of the field of punishment. When a man has been sent to prison—has been deprived of liberty and of personal property—the resources of further punishment to secure discipline are crude and few. Physical man-handling is a more or less logical result. The keeper, too, is a prisoner, living all day long in an atmosphere of suppressed emotion. There is, moreover, a conflict of two codes of morality. The prisoner feels that he is much better than the keeper and certainly as good as most people in the community. He is often convinced that all people are crooked, and that the only exceptional feature of his own case is that he has been caught. He is wrong, but it is a fact that he thinks thus; he feels it necessary to his self-respect to take this view, and consequently he will adhere to it. On the other hand, the keeper tends to suffer a disintegration of character from association with those whom he naturally deems vastly

inferior to him in the moral scale. A peculiarly subtle and almost irresistible form of egoism comes in on both sides, and under prison conditions only a saintly character could resist its influence. Naturally, neither prisoners nor keepers "grow into plaster saints." It is the system that is wrong.

The best remedy that has thus far been found seems to be the "prison democracy" advocated by Thomas Mott Osborne. Mr. Tannenbaum goes much further than this. Professionalization of prison administration and the destruction of present prison buildings are to him only beginnings. Ultimately he would do away with prisons altogether and would abandon the conception of *punishment*. For these extremer views he can hardly hope to gain acceptance or even serious consideration from the majority of his readers; yet a number of his less sweeping suggestions, such as the establishment of an institution for the examination and classification of convicts and the regular employment of indeterminate sentences, seem enlightened and practical. The really convincing ideas, however, grow out of the author's acute perception of prison psychology. The most striking result of experiments with prison democracy has been the discovery that under this system "the man who is the most insistent upon group approval—that is, the most sensitive and rebellious type under the old system—becomes the most social and serviceable type under democratic organization." The method, moreover, appears to have survived the severest test—that of its ability to deal with the *professional* criminal.

Wall Shadows is a book that is "human" without being in the least sentimental; it is well informed and analytical, yet savors not at all of the academic manner of the professional criminologist.

THE OPPIDAN. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Leslie must have written *The Oppidan* largely for his own satisfaction: the book, if it sometimes wears the appearance of a satire, strikes one as on the whole a labor of love. There is something mysterious in the care with which the author lingers over the pettiest details and spreads a certain glamour over features admittedly mean and unpleasant. A labor of love, then, surely—else why this more or less rapt dwelling upon traditions that are at the same time more or less effectively exposed as snobbish or unreasonable? But the book seems somewhat at war with itself—there is a subdued note of satire and protest throughout the story.

It would be an easy way of dismissing the whole question merely to say that the novel is a realistic story of Eton. But this would be a mere contradiction of terms. Who can write a realistic story of school life, except, perhaps, as part of a larger story? School life is romantic or nothing and it is romantic in its own peculiar way. A purely realistic story of Eton or any other school would be unreadable—nor would a genuinely romantic story of school life be much more acceptable. It is in vain that Professor Canby of Yale points out that our American college life affords perhaps the largest field of romance as

yet unexplored. School life is neither realistic nor romantic—but youthful; that is, full of fun, immature emotions, and crude thinking. Its charm would be utterly destroyed by the dead-earnest, dry-as-dust method of realism; it will not lend itself to the grand manner of traditional romance; and it is, with all its follies and its sincerities, too obvious for the method of the newer romance, which makes life, above all else a complex affair mingled of love and mystery and fate and brute fact. To the schoolboy and the college man, life is generally simple. Try to write of it in any of the truly literary ways, and you will have the boys grinning behind your back.

And so it is no wonder that Mr. Shane Leslie's story of Eton strikes one as a somewhat perplexing compromise between realism and romance, and also as anything but a good story of the immortal Tom Brown type. One cannot remember another tale which one has found at once so persistently engaging and yet so repellant. The atmosphere is so thick, so vivid, so attractive to any one who has, so to speak, the school instinct, and the maze of meanness, snobbery, tradition, social intricacies, poor ambitions, high ideals, irrational customs, noble symbolism, cheap naughtiness, trifling rivalries, and high-minded school patriotism, is so utterly baffling to interest! To live among the young, to play their games and to share their point of view, is exhilarating; but to be plunged into a fictional world in which boys play football listlessly and a caste of classical masters maintains an attitude of scornful neutrality toward a caste of mathematical masters, one feels to be stifling. It is all as absurd, in its way, as the game of croquet in *Alice's Adventures*, and as dryly inhuman as Swift's *Battle of the Books*.

Perhaps what one misses is merely the note of ingenuous sentiment. The taste for sentiment is not a high one, but if there is a place for it this place would seem to be in the story of school life.

A recognizably veracious picture of Eton before the war, *The Oppidan* unquestionably is; but it will scarcely find its way into the minds and hearts of most American readers. One's final impression is that there is a quality of exclusiveness about the whole performance which is identical with the tone of the institution. Let no one naïvely try to love Eton through the medium of this story—Mr. Leslie will not let him! And one also feels somehow warned against formulating for oneself any unfavorable criticisms of the school. Eton is Eton!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LUXURY, ART AND WAR

SIR:

If, as Rear-Admiral Fiske says, in a recent article in THE REVIEW entitled *Luxury and War*, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that war is the twin brother of civilization, one can go farther in this family connection, with little fear of contradiction, and say that luxury is the same. In fine, these are triplets, war, civilization and luxury. For is it not the commonly implied definition of present civilization, that our wonderful advances in Science are the gauge of human advancement during the last seventy-five years? And what is civilization if not human advancement? To all of which I, like the rest, murmur a prayerful "Amen". But when I have stopped praying, and begin to think, how is it that my mind keeps reverting to the well-known phrase about sudden death, which is bracketed with battle, though made upon us by civilization's smoke and noise and haste. And where is the real difference when you are run down and killed, or only mangled, by the motor car of business? Truck or limousine matters not. Deaths were counted by thousands and casualties by many thousands from such warfare of civilization, last year, in our streets. And it is safe to predict that these numbers will be materially increased next year. But I would be fair and not forget that these dead were taken to undertaking establishments, and these wounded to hospitals, far more promptly than would have been the case half a century ago when we were far less advanced.

Admiral Fiske also says that war is waged for obtaining luxuries, and that women create the demand for luxuries, and man, being gallant, goes forth to war for those things which are productive of luxuries. The Admiral is doubtless prepared. He needs to be, for he may expect a prompt and savage feminist attack. Between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets in New York more than in any other area in the world of equal size you will see the fundamental causes of war, he says. Now what do you see there over and above furs, velvets, satins, feathers and splendid motor cars of the latest and most scientific make? Is it not antiques, old furniture, old porcelains, old masters, priceless and made in an age that knew no machinery, no scientific advance, much less strides; an age of little smoke, little noise and small haste? It is these things of a past civilization that cost most, and set the highest standards of the present; things all our science cannot produce; things it takes all our science to produce the wherewithal to purchase; things new palaces cannot exist without; things the great museums covet, and in connection with which

they pray to be testamentarily named. This craze of collecting, public and private, always the sign of an age that is not first rate artistically, cannot be better described than it is by Clive Bell when he says: "A cultivated person is one on whom art has not impressed itself, but on whom it has been impressed—one who has not been overwhelmed by the significance of art, but who knows that the nicest people have a peculiar regard for it." It is this that is being done to us as a people, and it is so the shops, museums and colleges hope to make us a cultivated people. And the support of these is the woman who requires luxuries and the man who fights to get them for her.

We have just fought a great war against Germany and been successful in our part, a small one beside that of Britain and France. The letting of blood is over, but the economic war is just beginning and in that war we, as the richest people on earth, shall take the largest part. We are, because the richest, the most luxurious. Few will deny this. A line in Juvenal's sixth Satire is at least worth thinking about: "Now we suffer the evils of long peace; luxury, more deadly than war, broods over us and avenges a conquered world." To those who object that we are just out of war, it is useless to reply, because they can never be made to realize the difference between tasting war as the United States did, and living on or through it for years as the Allied nations did.

Alfred Mansfield Brooks.

Bloomington, Indiana.

FOSSILS AND GERMS IN IGNEOUS ROCKS

Sir:

You owe your readers both an explanation and an apology for the publication in your April issue of an article by W. H. Ballou on *The Multiple Origin of Man*. Without attempting to discuss the entire article or committing myself at all on the subject of evolution, I will call your attention to the following on page 553, which is utterly misleading both in statement and interpretation:

> The great litholite which fell near Knyahinya, Hungary, proved a veritable mine of fossil forms. Hahn tabulated them as organic sponges, corals, crinoids, etc., small, but perfect in internal and external structure He thus established the universality of life in space. The inference is, that living forms could arrive as well as fossil types.

As a matter of fact a German by the name of Hahn did in 1880 publish a work entitled *Die Meteorite (Chondrite) und Ihre Organismen*. He figured numerous microscopic forms which he imagined to represent corals, crinoids, etc. In this he was almost immediately shown to be utterly wrong. The forms described were peculiar crystallizations of silicate minerals resulting from the hasty cooling of a molten magma in which organic life could not possibly have existed. From that day to this, no worker with more than a rudimentary knowledge of the subject has accepted Hahn's views, and fur-

ther no meteorite has yielded up to date any certain indication of animal or vegetable remains.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE P. MERRILL.
(Head Curator of Geology
U. S. National Museum)

Washington, D. C.

[We have no objection to repudiation of Herr Hahn. Within the last few months, however, Dr. Galippe, the distinguished laureate of the French Academy of Science and the Academy of Medicine, in conjunction with his colleague Dr. Soufflaud, communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of experiments which he considered to be convincing proof of the existence not merely of fossil forms but of actually vital germs of life in meteorites, igneous rocks, quartz, granite and basalt, and volcanic lava, which had been subjected to temperatures of from 400 to 3920 deg. Fahr. Dr. Galippe held that at the origin of the terrestrial crust the micro-organisms of the waters were mingled with sediments and then, under enormous pressures, became embodied in crystallized rocks; that they passed through these changes without losing their vitality or their capability of revivification; and that it is possible now to demineralize them and restore them to activity and reproductive potency.—EDITOR.]

NATIONAL CAPITAL AND INCOME

SIR:

Cannot the nation's business be considered in the light of a unit and the causes of existing effects be ascertained therein? If it may be thus considered, our resources may be stated as follows:

Real Value	$245,000,000,000
Capital Resources	205,000,000,000
Total	$450,000,000,000

The Statistical Abstract for 1920 shows income from capital resources to be $36,000,000,000, which is six and one-half per cent on capital invested, or capital resources and real value liquidated. However, $36,000,000,000 of income from total capital resources and real value figure gives us but one-twelfth of one per cent per annum.

This being the absolute truth of the income figures of the United States, what is to be done to increase our income figures?

Further to inflate capital resources is to reduce income even more and increase real value figure, but will not realize cash net income increase.

Thus we see the utter futility of our government and business borrowing methods. By such methods liquidations can only be accomplished by

sacrifice of our capital resources and real value, if we are unable to discount our obligations for cash.

Truly the nations of the entire world are cramped and bound around by their inability to supply a discount system elastic enough to absorb their entire indebtedness. Each nation retains control of its medium of exchange issue, the scope and volume of which is unlimited. Yet they borrow and tax each other and well nigh ruin themselves instead of using their unlimited power, the medium of exchange, to absorb their entire and total value at a small cost of one or two per cent. This is but business and service to business. If we cannot obtain banking service from our governments in emergencies such as these, then how do we expect ever to eliminate the waste from our present method of business, which waste is insolvency and sacrifice of capital resource for cash?

Truly we should extend our powers of realization, that greater values may be obtained. We cannot count far enough to do us any good.

J. F. Albitz.

Portland, Oregon.

WHAT ARE "THINGS" COMING TO?

Sir:

After reading *Things Are in the Saddle*, in a recent issue of The Review, I came near pitching a manuscript of mine into the fire. Ellen Burns Sherman had expressed it so much better.

But perhaps I should not take that view, as the gospel is in sad need of being spread, if not gracefully, then awkwardly. People who read The North American Review are already equipped with finer discrimination, and less in need of these reminders, than he (I mean she) who is being pelted from all sides of his (her) column by advertisements of *things*.

Arnold Bennett, I believe it was, recently wrote that he would not be surprised at the appearance of an "anti-lux" crusade, though he did not expect it very soon. Will it turn out that you have made the first cry?

At this point in the argument I might be reminded of the present "buyers' strike", but I would call that more of a necessity than a virtue, and believe that should unusual prosperity again descend on an untaught generation we would also witness again a frenzied era of silk shirts.

A look around, and especially into one of those places where you so delightfully pictured poor Adam and Eve, convinces me that we are almost hopelessly steeped in the school which is always telling us to be a "hustler" and a "go-getter". Yet we may some day pile the *things* to such a height that their very top-heaviness will cause a crash.

Geo. W. Rhodes.

Madison, Wisconsin.

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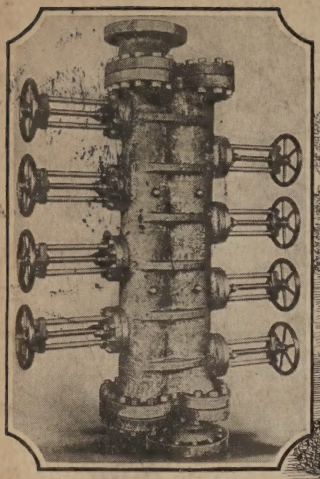

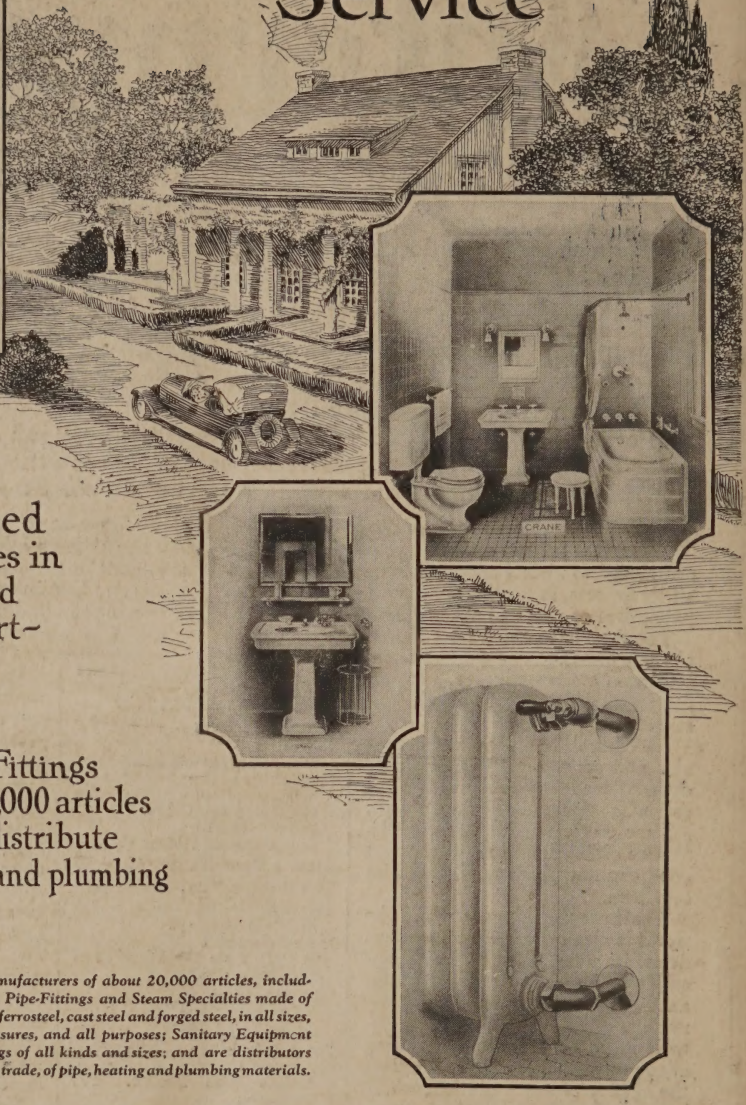

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